



No.50

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
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JULY

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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

AGAINST THE JUNGLE

by THAMES WILLIAMSON

The headwaters of the Amazon flow through the dark jungle where few white men have ever trod. It was to this unexplored and menacing land that Alec Sternway's father had gone, in the interests of science, to search for a lost civilization—and had not returned.

Hope that the lost scientist might still be alive led his son to Brazil. There, he was joined by two white men, who, with native guides, were determined to penetrate the silent jungle in search of him.

In spite of the warnings on all sides of the dangers of their mission, the three refused to be turned from their purpose. By steamer, by dugout canoe and on foot, they made their difficult way up the rivers and through the tangled forest, beset by unknown perils on every side. Poisonous snakes and death-dealing insects, treacherous and defiant native guides, and savage Indian tribes were among the hazards they had to fight as they struggled on.

How they finally came to the end of their quest and rescued the white "witch doctor" held captive by the Wagra Indians makes a surprising and exciting story.

Ask for this book at your library.



SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

FWFSZ CPOE CVZ CMVOUT UIF BY PG UIF
BYJT!



BEYOND DOUBT, AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SPORT IS BASEBALL. WHEN CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE ENCOUNTER A YOUTH WHO POSSESSES OUTSTANDING ABILITY IN THIS SPORT, THEY STRIVE TO GET HIM INTO THE BIG TIME — WITH UNFORSEEN RESULTS. THINGS REACH SUCH A COMPLICATED STATE THAT IT IS NECESSARY FOR THE AMAZING **SUPERMAN** TO STEP IN AND ADJUST MATTERS IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE WAY!

CLARK, I WANT YOU TO GO TO LAUDERVILLE, FLORIDA, AND SEND BACK REPORTS ON HOW THE METROPOLIS BASEBALL TEAM LOOKS IN THE TRAINING CAMP.

THAT'S AN ASSIGNMENT I'LL ENJOY!

PLEASE, WHITE—LET ME GO TOO!

YOU GO? BUT BASEBALL IS A MAN'S GAME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THERE ARE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF FEMALE FANS WHO WOULD ENJOY READING A FEMININE SLANT OF WHAT GOES ON AT THE TRAINING CAMP.

I THINK LOIS HAS SOMETHING THERE!

LATER--ABOARD A TRAIN
BOUND FOR LAUDERVILLE...

WELL, CLARK--IT
LOOKS LIKE YOU
COULDN'T GET RID
OF ME EVEN IF
YOU WANTED TO.

THE
TRAIN
APPEARS
TO BE
STOPPING.



WE MAY BE HERE
FIFTEEN MINUTES.
WHAT SAY WE STOP
INTO THE STATION
FOR A BITE?

CASTLE-
RIDGE, EH?
LOOKS LIKE
A TYPICAL
SMALL TOWN.



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER...

CLARK! THE
TRAIN--
PULLING
OUT!!

ULP!--
WHA--??



IT'S
GONE!
TRAIN WILL BE HERE
FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES,
EH?--LOIS, YOU GOT
US INTO A FINE MESS!



DON'T BE LIKE
THAT. WE'LL BE OUT
OF THIS HICK TOWN
IN NO TIME!

I HOPE
SO!

TICKETS



WHEN WILL THE NEXT
TRAIN BOUND FOR
LAUDERVILLE ARRIVE?

IN
TWO
HOURS!

TWO
HOURS?



IF YOU DON'T STOP COMPLAIN-
ING I'LL GET OFF THIS BENCH
AND NOT SPEAK ANOTHER
WORD TO YOU!

BUT I
ONLY
SAID...



A SUDDEN GLINT OF INTER-
EST APPEARS IN CLARK'S
EYE AS HE NOTES WHAT IS
OCCURRING ACROSS THE TRACKS.



THERE IS AN ALTERCATION BETWEEN TWO BASEBALL TEAMS,...

TIME FOR THE GAME TO START.

BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF STARTING AT ALL? IF STAN PLAYS AGAINST US, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF WINNING. SO WHY PLAY IN THE FIRST PLACE?

YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN NOW!



THE GAME BEGINS, BUT THE REASON FOR THE RELUCTANCE OF ONE OF THE TEAMS TO PLAY IS EVIDENT WHEN STAN, ON THE PITCHING MOUND, RAPIDLY STRIKES OUT ONE MAN AFTER ANOTHER....



... SO THAT NOT A SINGLE ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS EVEN COMES NEAR TO TOUCHING THE BALL...!

AW..! I GIVE UP! THIS GAME IS A FARCE!



SA-AY! THAT PITCHER'S GOOD!

GOOD! HE'S MARVELOUS! LET'S TALK TO HIM!



YOU REALLY CAN HEAVE THAT BALL! EVER THOUGHT OF TAKING UP BASEBALL AS A PROFESSIONAL?

YOU MEAN, TRY AN' MAKE A LIVIN' AT IT? NAW! COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH SUCH FOOLISHNESS.

FOOLISHNESS? WITH THAT CONTROL OF YOURS, YOU COULD MAKE A FORTUNE!



NOPE. NOT INTERESTED.

BUT IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHY?

YES--WHY?



SOME PLANTING TO BE DONE--COULDN'T THINK OF LEAVING THE FARM 'TIL IT'S TAKEN CARE OF.



THE NEXT TRAIN FOR LAUDERVILLE COMES--AND DEPARTS WITHOUT THE TWO REPORTERS.

THERE MUST BE A HOTEL OF SOME SORT HERE.

WE'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THAT BOY HE HAS A CAREER AHEAD OF HIM!



THAT EVENING--CLARK REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF TO SUPERMAN....



ALONG THE DARK COUNTRY ROAD HE SPEEDS TOWARD THE FARM OF STAN'S PARENTS....



ARRIVING, HE SEIZES GREAT BUNDLES OF SEED, SWINGS THEM OVERHEAD....



BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE GREAT FARM RACES THE MAN OF STEEL BURROWING DITCHES...



THEN, RETRACING HIS STEPS, HE PLANTS THE SEEDS AT RECORD SPEED....



UNTIL, MOMENTS LATER, THE JOB THAT ORDINARILY WOULD HAVE TAKEN WEEKS IS COMPLETE



NEXT MORNING...STAN AND HIS PARENTS RECEIVE AN ASTOUNDING SURPRISE....



WHEN CLARK AND LOIS ARRIVE LATER TO ATTEMPT TO ONCE AGAIN REASON WITH STAN, THEY RECEIVE A DIFFERENT SORT OF RECEPTION...







DOWN TOWARD THE CASTLE-
RIDGE-BOUND TRAIN STEAKS
THE MAN OF STEEL, LATER...

HE'LL NOT PASS UP
AN IMPORTANT CAREER
IF I CAN HELP IT!



WITHIN A PULLMAN CAR....

WHAT A CAP I WAS
TO LISTEN TO THOSE
REPORTERS!



CLINGING TO THE SIDE OF
THE TRAIN, SUPERMAN
PERFORMS AN AMAZING
STUNT—HE OPENS A
PULLMAN WINDOW....!

FRED ALLEN WOULD
GET A KICK OUT
OF THIS!



WHO—? YOU'RE COMING
WITH ME!



WH-WHAT
KINDA
STRANGE
PERSON
ARE YOU?

I'M KNOWN AS
SUPERMAN
AND I OFTEN
USE MY
TREMENDOUS
POWERS TO
HELP PEOPLE.
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO BE A
BIG LEAGUE
PITCHER?



YES,
BUT—

WELL, YOU'LL NEVER
BECOME ONE BY
MERELY WISHING.



UNNOTICED
BY GUARDS,
MANAGER
FLETCHER
HAD POSTED
ABOUT THE
CAMP, THE
MAN OF
TOMORROW
EASILY
HURTLES
OVER THEIR
HEADS INTO
THE
CAMP...

7

BUT I STILL
DON'T...

SU-NN!



MINUTES LATER.... IN THE
DESERTED LOCKER-ROOM...

THERE! NOW
THAT YOU'VE
GOT A UNIFORM,
GO OUT THERE
AND SHOW THEM
WHAT YOU CAN
REALLY DO!

OKAY, MR.
SUPERMAN,
BUT I SURE
FEEL SHAKY
ABOUT THE
WHOLE THING!



DOWN TOWARD THE CASTLE-
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THE MAN OF STEEL, LATER...

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WHOLE THING!



STAN NERVOUSLY EMERGES ONTO THE PLAYING FIELD...

OH OH! FLETCHER'S LOOKING MY WAY. HE'S SEEN ME.



HEY! THERE'S THAT RUBE YOU ORDERED OFF THE PLACE! SHALL I THROW HIM OUT?

SO HE DISREGARDED MY ORDERS EH? NO -- DON'T THROW HIM OUT. I'VE A BETTER IDEA. I'LL HUMILIATE HIM BY PUTTING HIM UP AGAINST MY BEST BATTERS. WILL HE LOOK SILLY!



FINE! UNLESS MY SUPER-ACUTE HEARING DECEIVES ME, STAN IS GOING TO GET THE BREAK HE DESERVES.



YOU MEAN-- YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PITCH?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON! NOW GO IN THERE! ("...AND MAKE A BIG FOOL OUTA YOURSELF?")



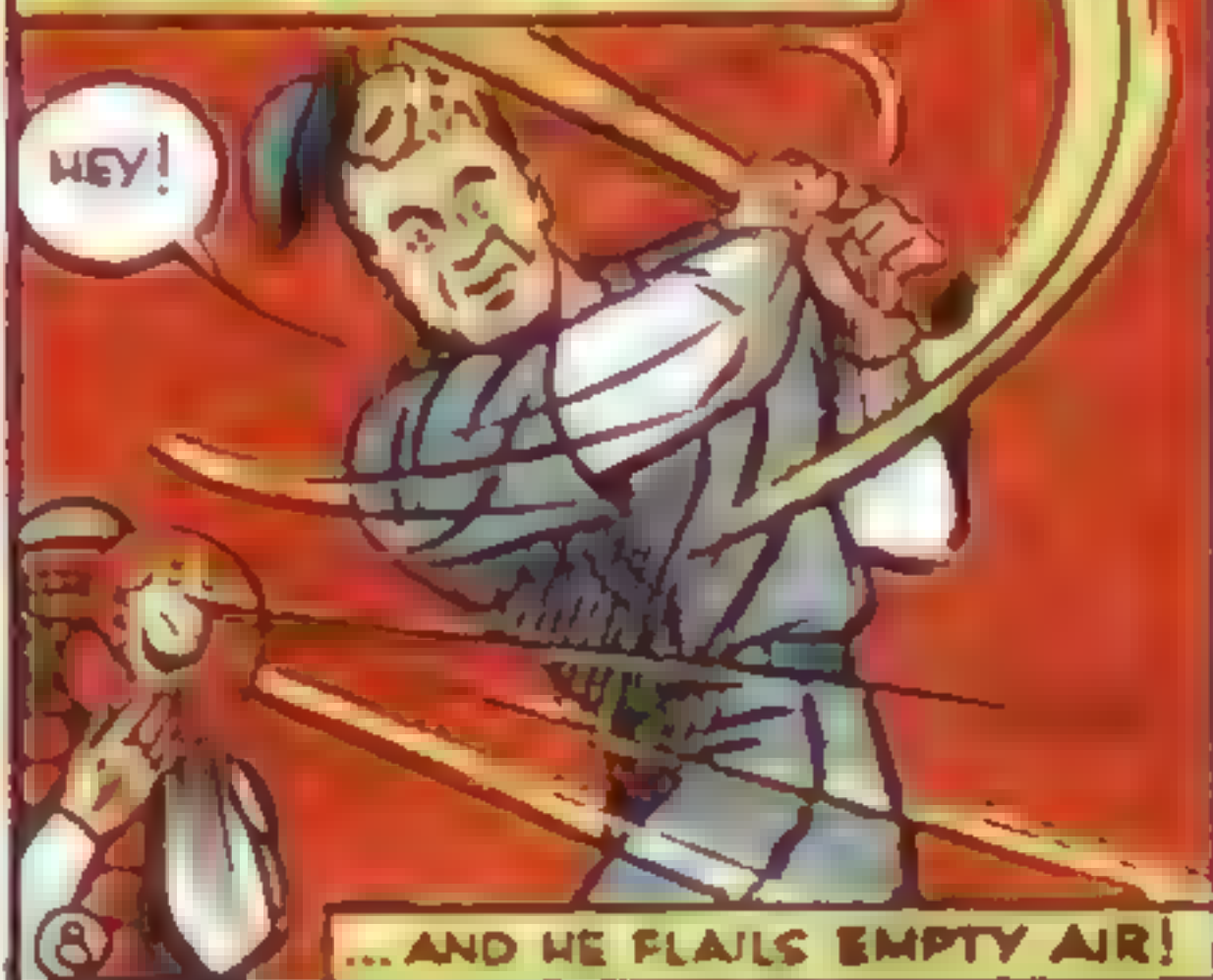
AS JACK STANDISH STEPS INTO THE BATTER'S BOX, HE CAN'T PREVENT A SMIRK OF ANTICIPATION FROM CROSSING HIS FEATURES...

I'LL SMACK THAT BALL SO CLOSE TO THE PITCHER, WE'LL JUMP SKY-HIGH!



BUT AS STANDISH SWINGS FOR THE ONCOMING BALL, IT UNEXPECTEDLY DROPS IN A CURVE...

HEY!

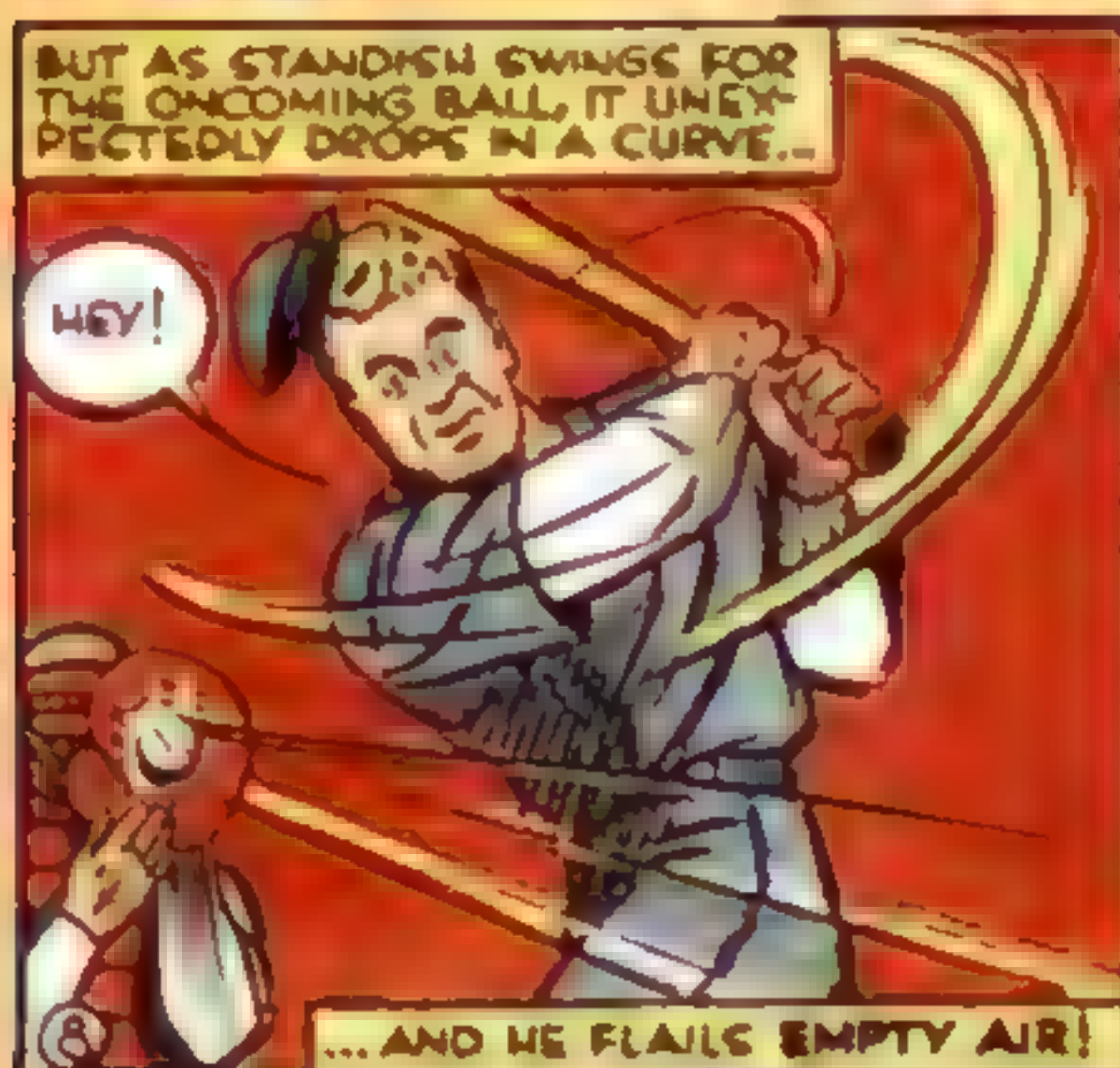
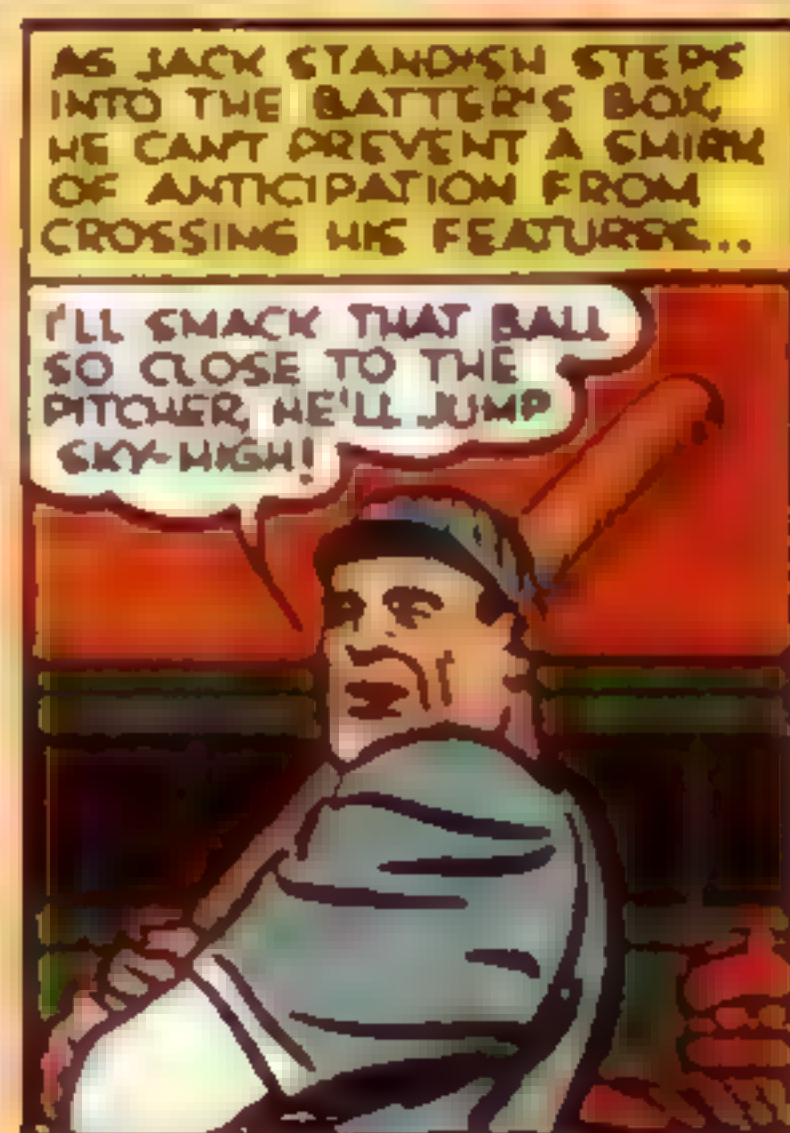


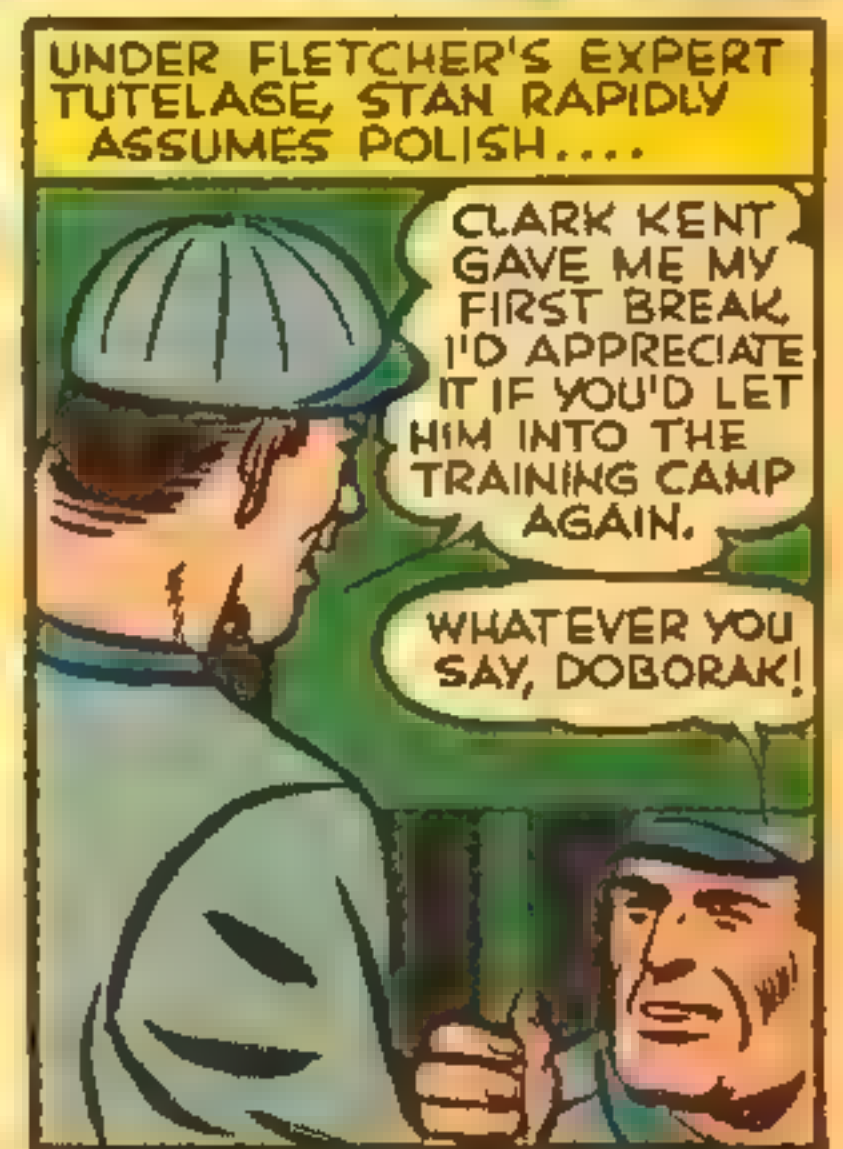
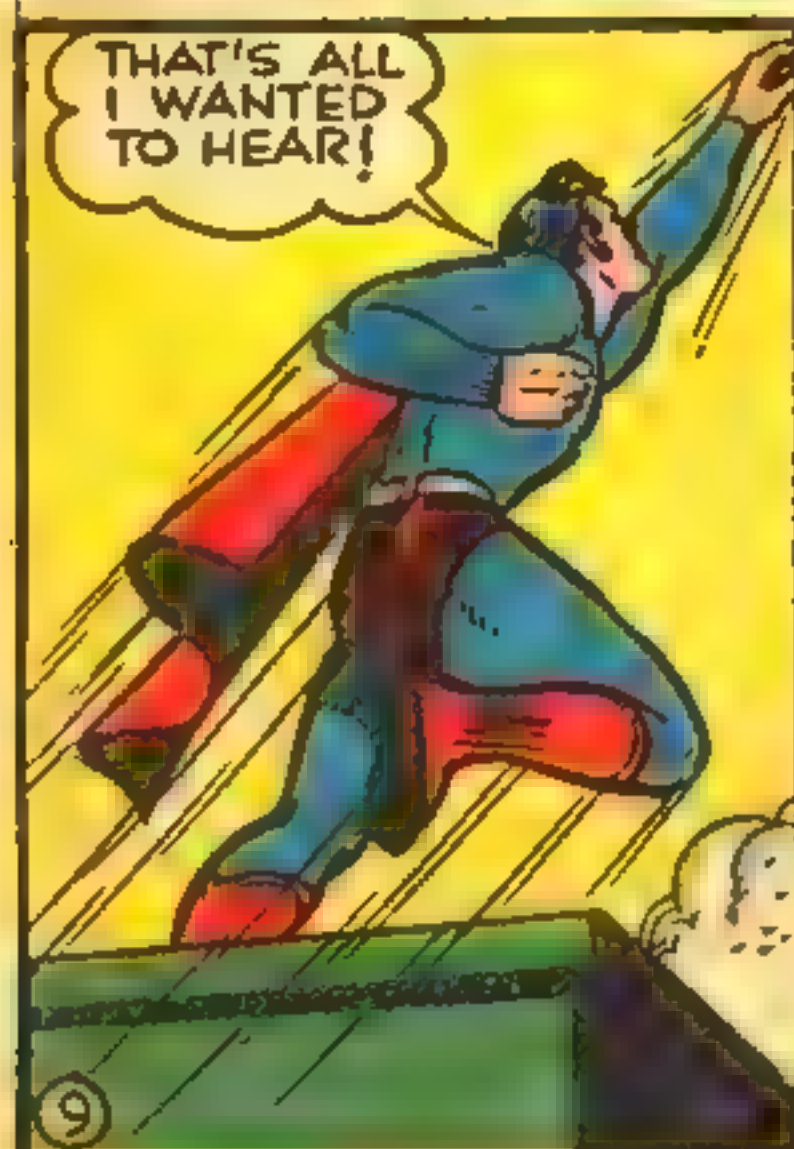
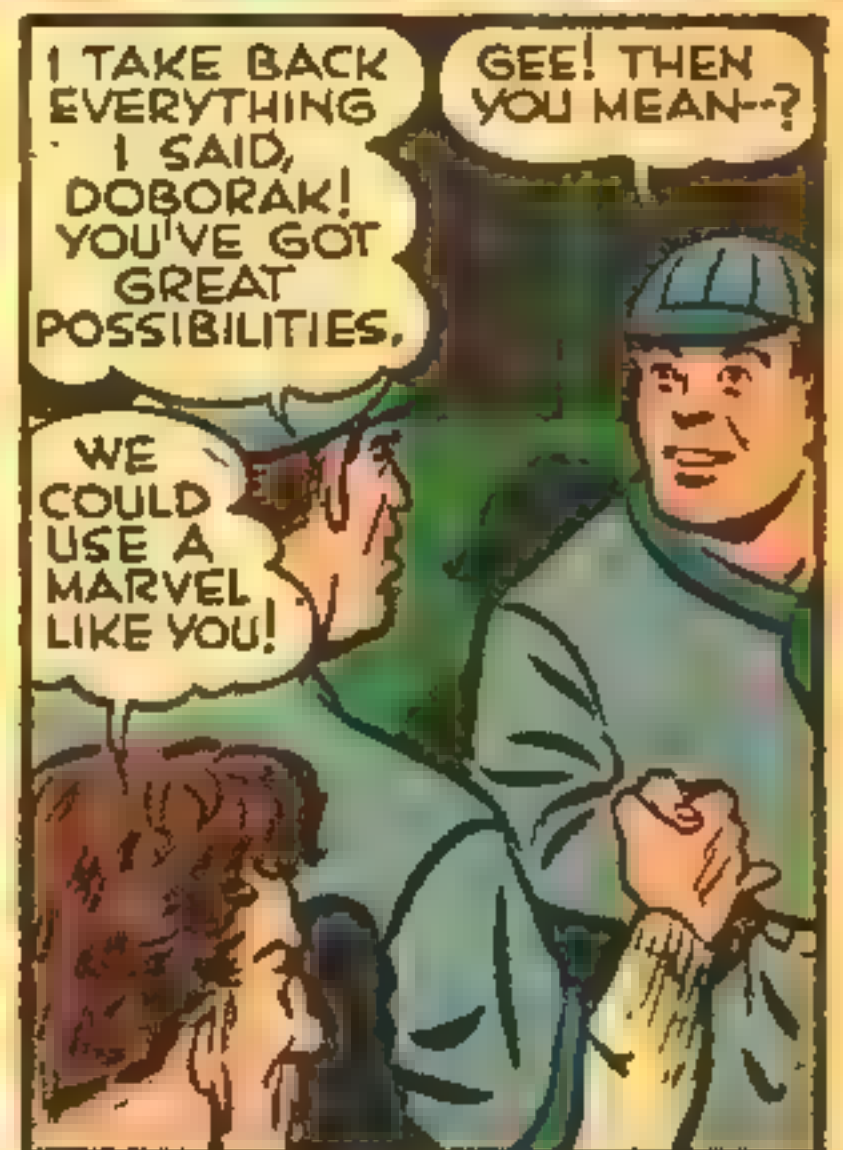
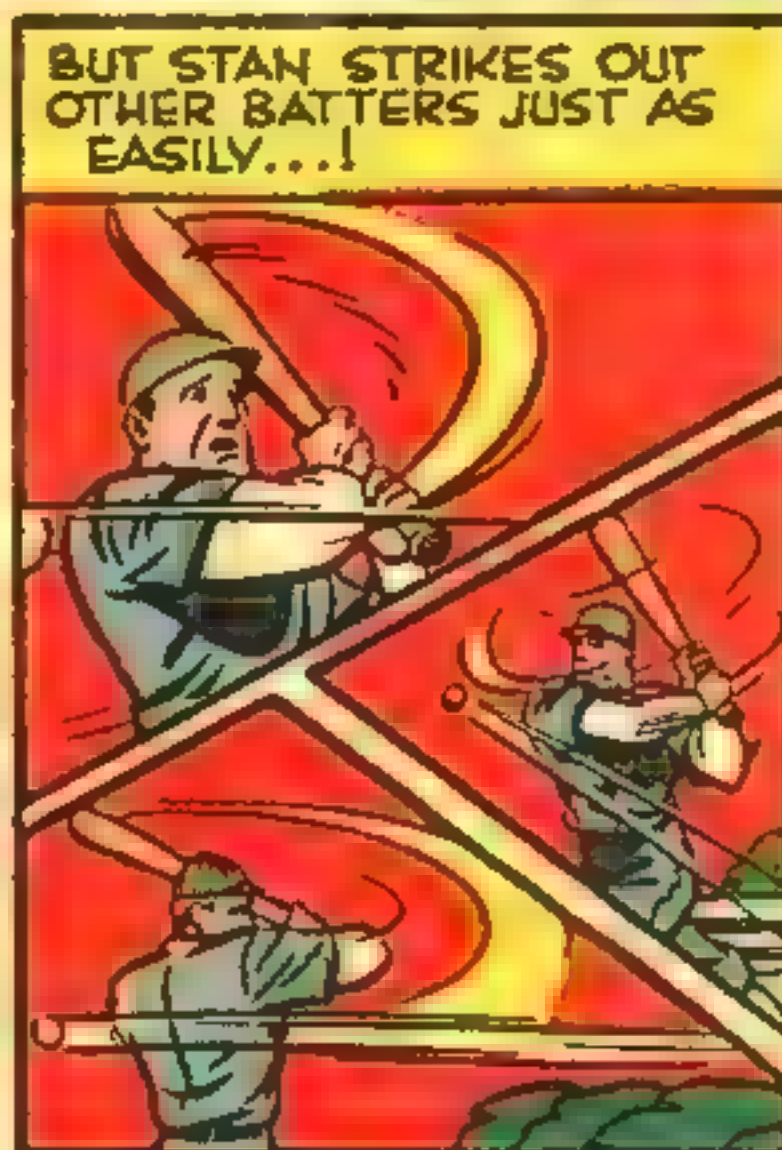
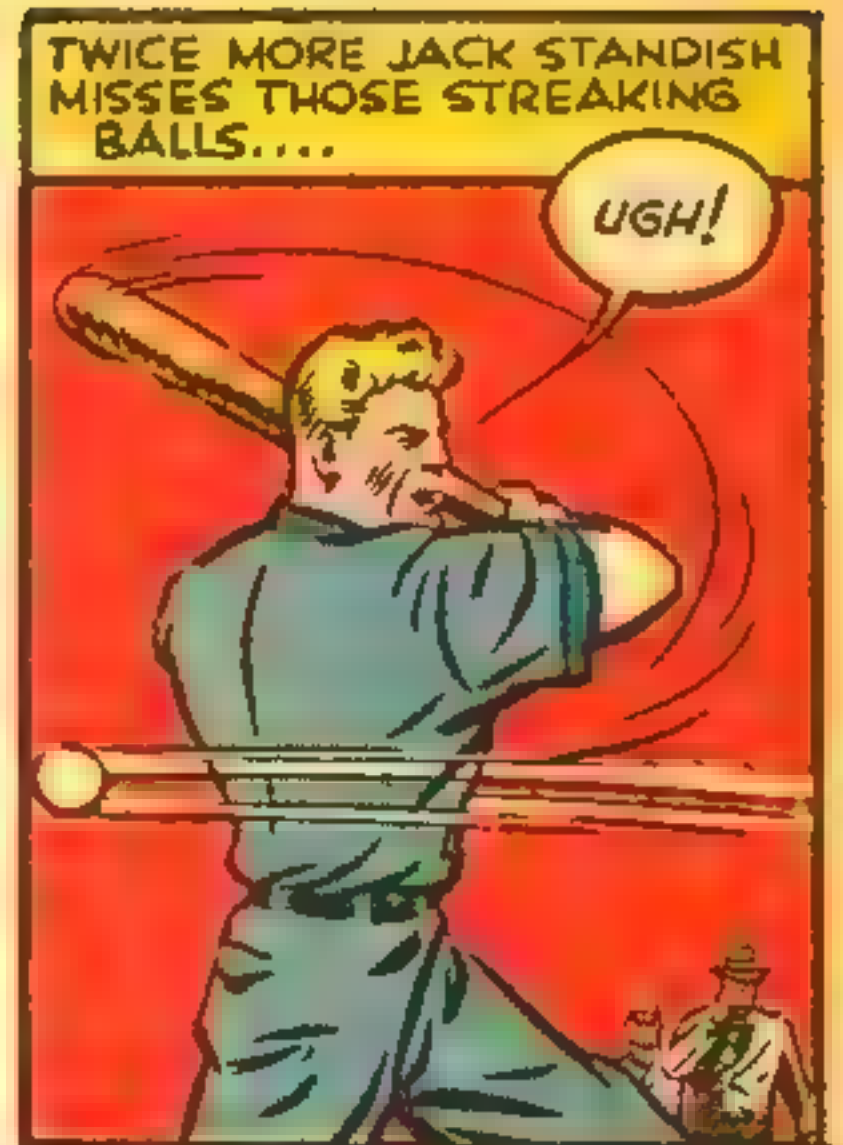
...AND HE FLAILS EMPTY AIR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, STANDISH?

I MUST HAVE SLIPPED, BUT I'LL GET THE NEXT ONE!







WHEN THE PLAYING SEASON BEGINS, THE HEADLINES ARE PACKED WITH PRAISE FOR STAN.



STAN BECOMES THE IDOL OF THE FANS... AND... IT GOES TO HIS HEAD...!

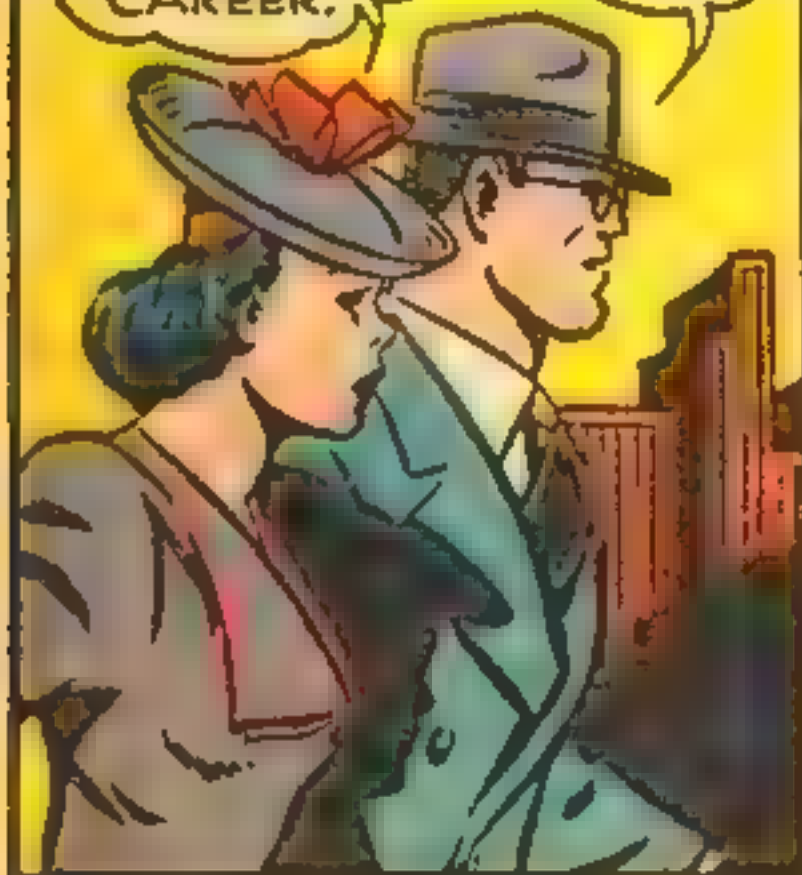


DOBORAK IS OFTEN INVOLVED IN FIGHTS WITH HIS TEAM-MATES....



IT'S A PITY, CLARK, TO SEE THE WAY THAT YOUNG PITCHER IS RUINING HIS CAREER.

SH-HH! HERE HE COMES NOW.



HELLO!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? HE SNUBBED US COLD!



CLARK'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING OVERHEARS--

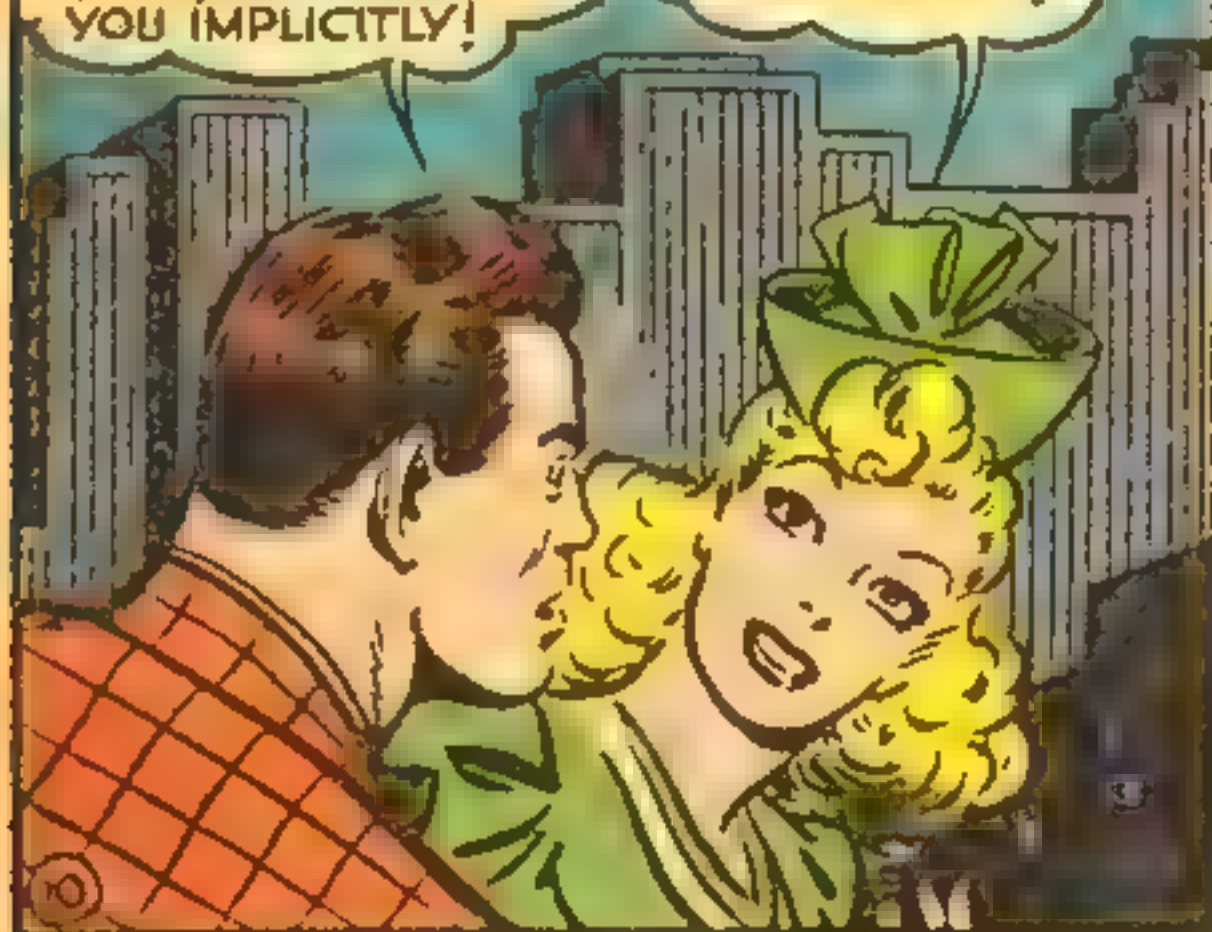
DO YOU THINK IT WAS WISE OF ME TO CUT THEM LIKE THAT? AFTER ALL...

CONTINUE TO DO AS I SAY, MY BOY--BE NICE TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE--AND YOU'LL REALLY GO PLACES!



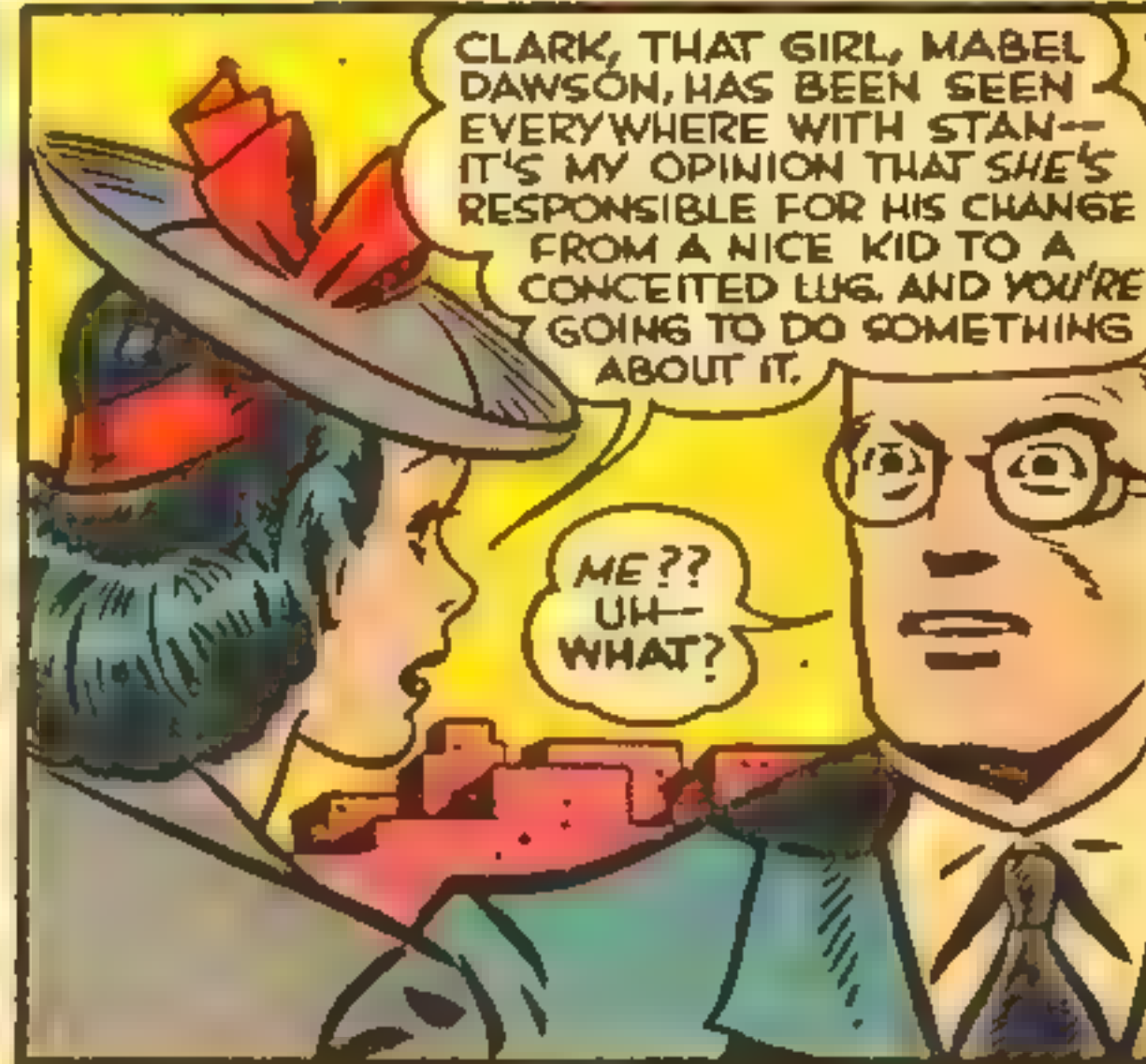
GEE, MABEL--YOUR ADVICE HAS GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE SORE AT ME, BUT--I TRUST YOU IMPLICITLY!

THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK! LEAVE ALL THE BRAIN WORK TO ME!



CLARK, THAT GIRL, MABEL DAWSON, HAS BEEN SEEN EVERYWHERE WITH STAN--IT'S MY OPINION THAT SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CHANGE FROM A NICE KID TO A CONCEITED LUG. AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

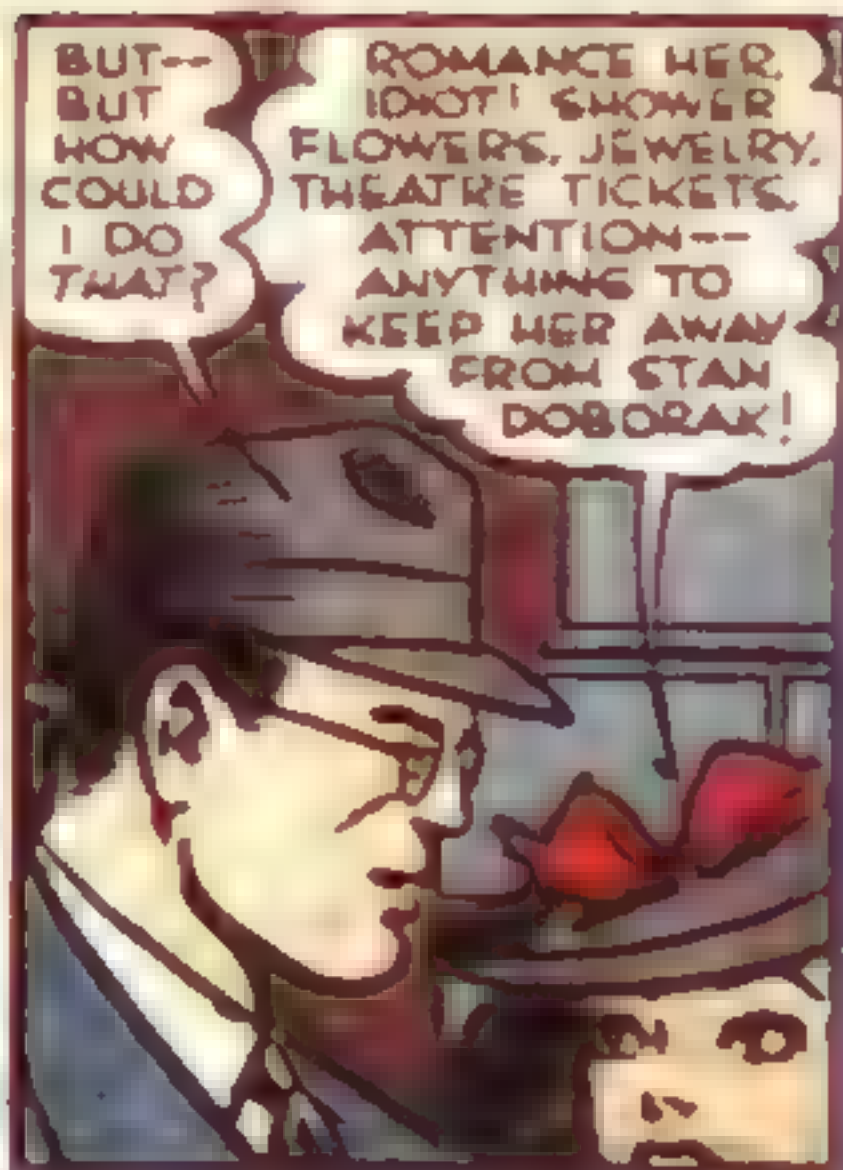
ME?? UH--WHAT?





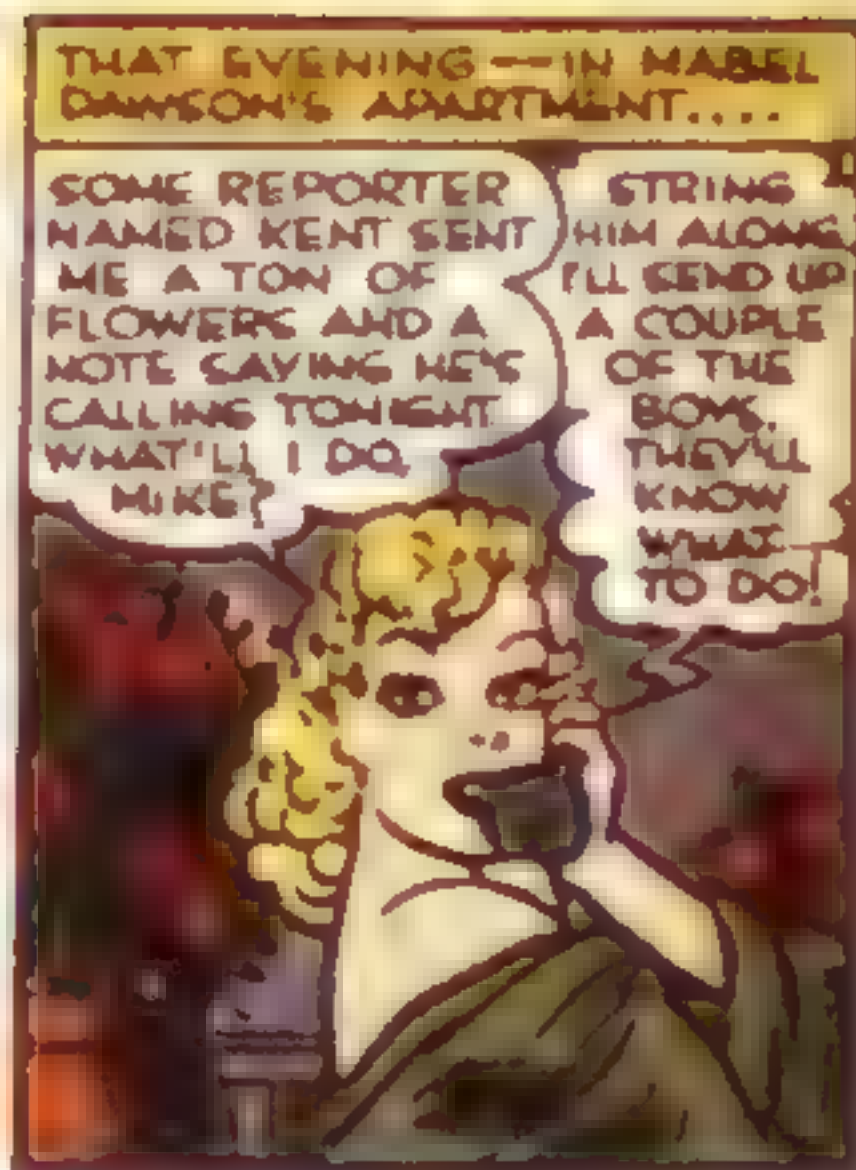
WHAT COULD I DO?

MAKE A PLAY FOR HER. STEAL HER FROM STAN--LET HIM SEE HOW FICKLE SHE IS. THEN MAYBE HE'LL COME TO HIS SENSES.



BUT-- BUT HOW COULD I DO THAT?

ROMANCE HER. IDIOT! SHOWER FLOWERS, JEWELRY, THEATRE TICKETS. ATTENTION-- ANYTHING TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM STAN DOBORAK!



THAT EVENING--IN MABEL DAMSON'S APARTMENT....

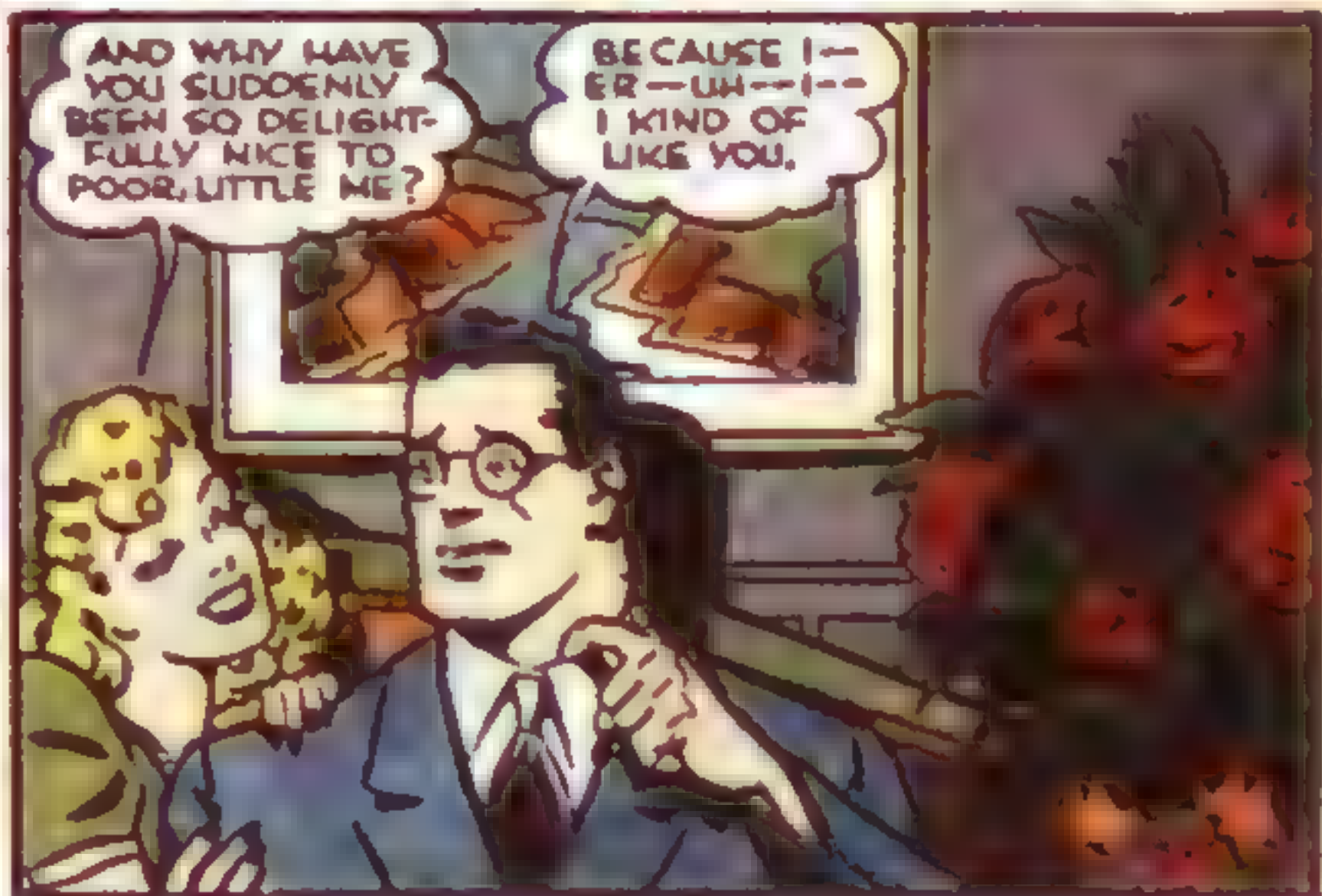
SOME REPORTER NAMED KENT SENT ME A TON OF FLOWERS AND A NOTE SAYING HE'S CALLING TONIGHT. WHAT'LL I DO, MIKE?

STRING HIM ALONG. I'LL SEND UP A COUPLE OF THE BOYS. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SENT THOSE LOVELY FLOWERS! STEP IN, PLEASE!

YOU MEAN--ER--NOW?



AND WHY HAVE YOU SUDDENLY BEEN SO DELIGHTFULLY NICE TO POOR, LITTLE ME?

BECAUSE I-- ER--UH--I-- I KIND OF LIKE YOU.



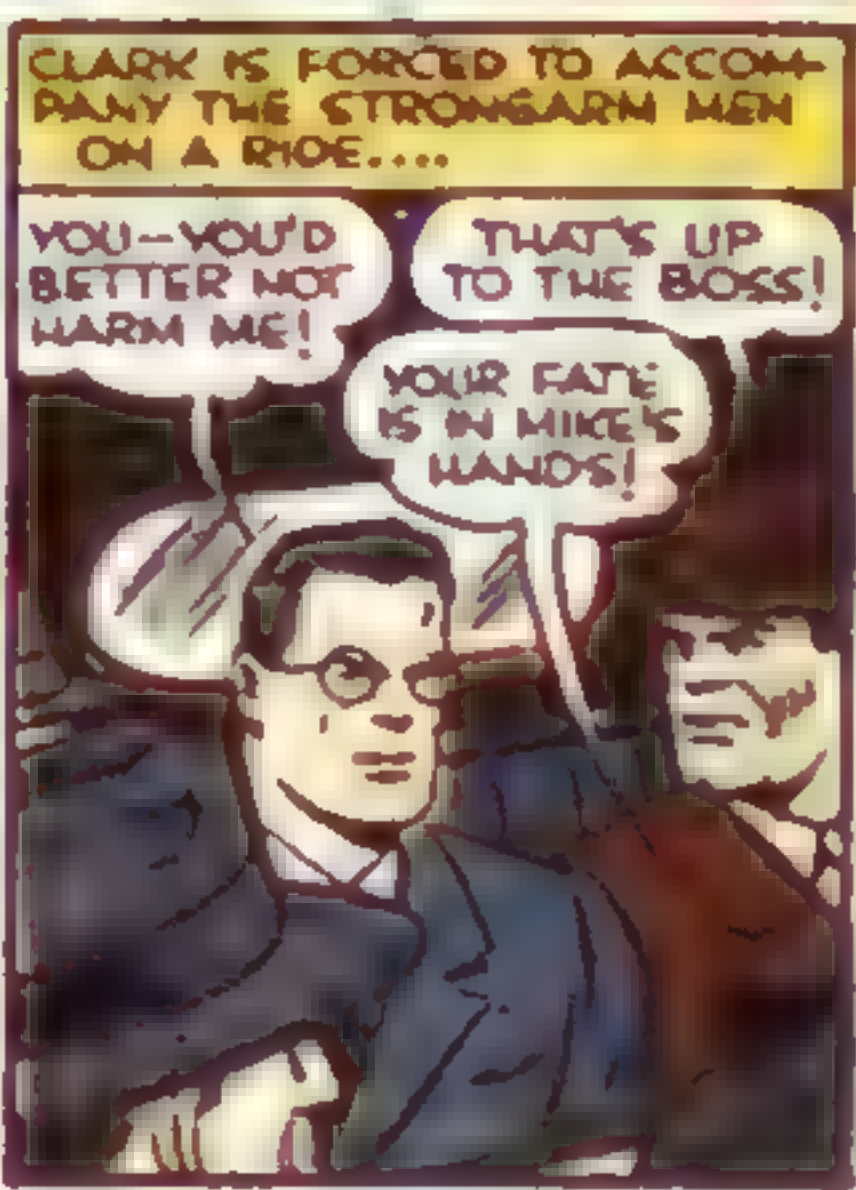
THAT MOMENT--THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN..

OKAY, YOU-- GET GOIN'!

YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS THAT IF YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

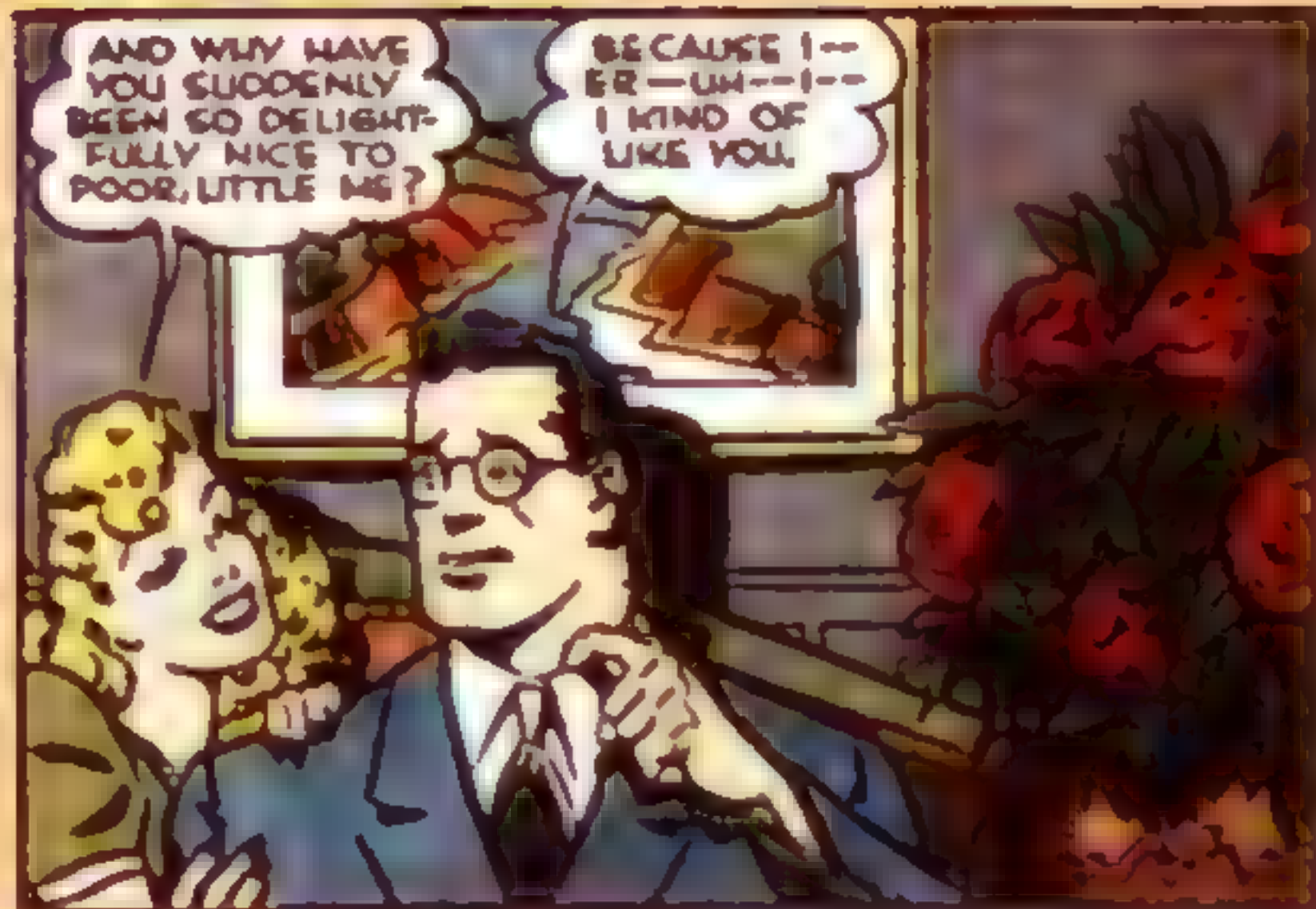


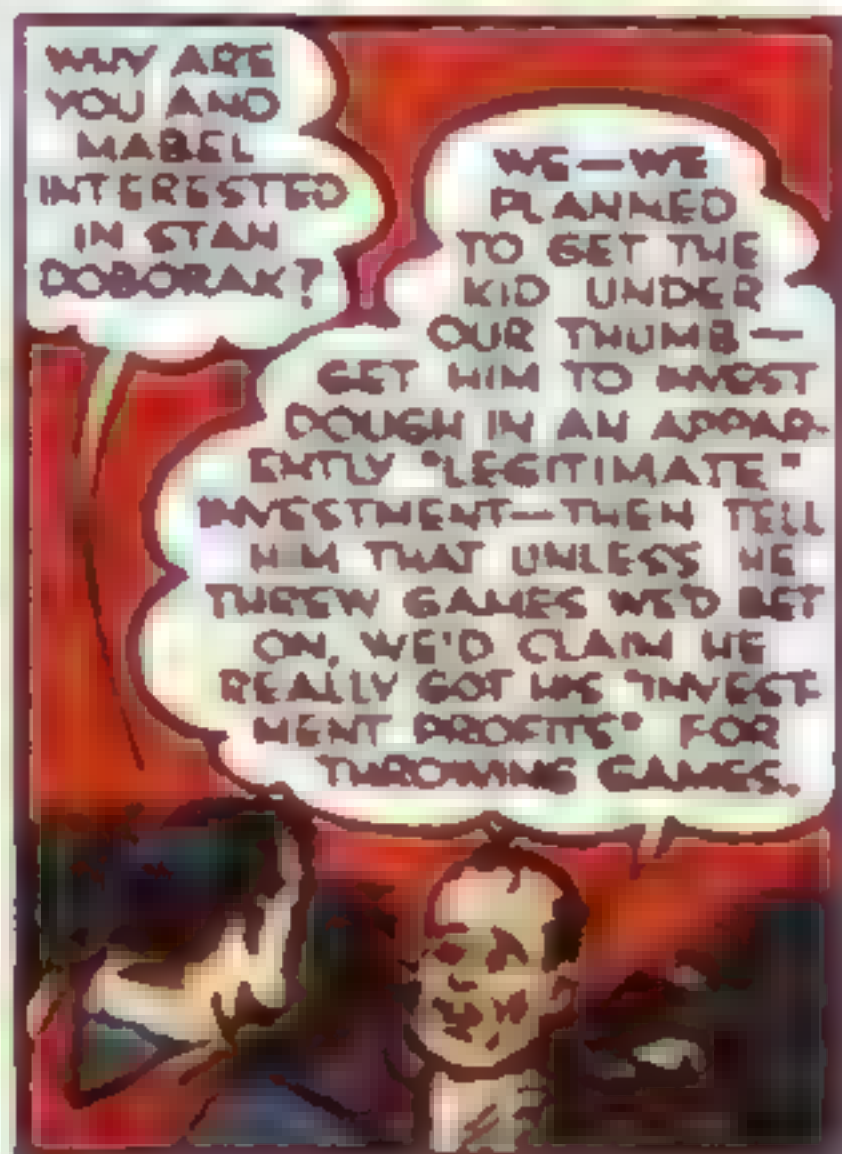
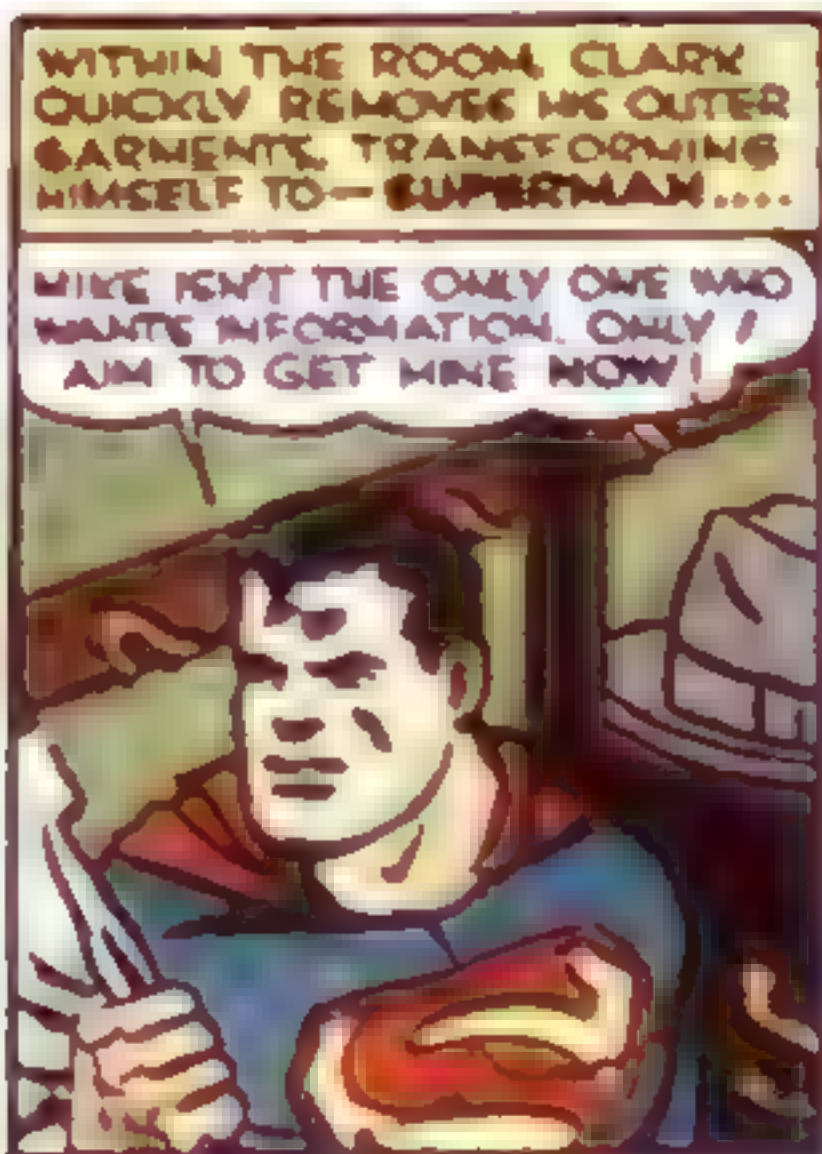
CLARK IS FORCED TO ACCOMPANY THE STRONGARM MEN ON A RIDE....

YOU--YOU'D BETTER NOT HARM ME!

THAT'S UP TO THE BOSS!

YOUR FATE IS IN MIKE'S HANDS!





LATER-- CLARK IS LED INTO THE PRESENCE OF MIKE CAPUTO, BIG-TIME GAMBLER....

WHY HAVE YOU HAD YOUR MEN BRING ME HERE?

I WANT TO KNOW YOUR ANGLE. WHY DID YOU REALLY MAKE A PLAY FOR MABEL?



I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!



CLARK IS LOCKED IN A ROOM....

WE'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER! RIGHT NOW THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WITHIN THE ROOM, CLARK QUICKLY REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF TO-- SUPERMAN....

MIKE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTS INFORMATION. ONLY I AM TO GET MINE NOW!



AS THE THUGS EMERGE FROM THE HOME, A COLORFULLY COSTUMED FIGURE CRASHES DOWN BEFORE THEM!



AWK!

SUPER-MAN!

GET HIM, MEN!

BUT AS THE THUGS CHARGE SUPERMAN, HE MOVES IRRESISTIBLY FORWARD, THEY CAREEN OFF HIM AS TWO STRIKING A SOLID WALL.



LEGGO OF ME!

NOT-- YET--!

UP INTO THE SKY WHIRLS SUPERMAN WITH HIS SHRIEKING CAPTIVE....

YEEEEE! I CAN'T STAND HEIGHTS!



THAT'S FINE! THEN MAYBE WE CAN SAVE A LOT OF TIME!

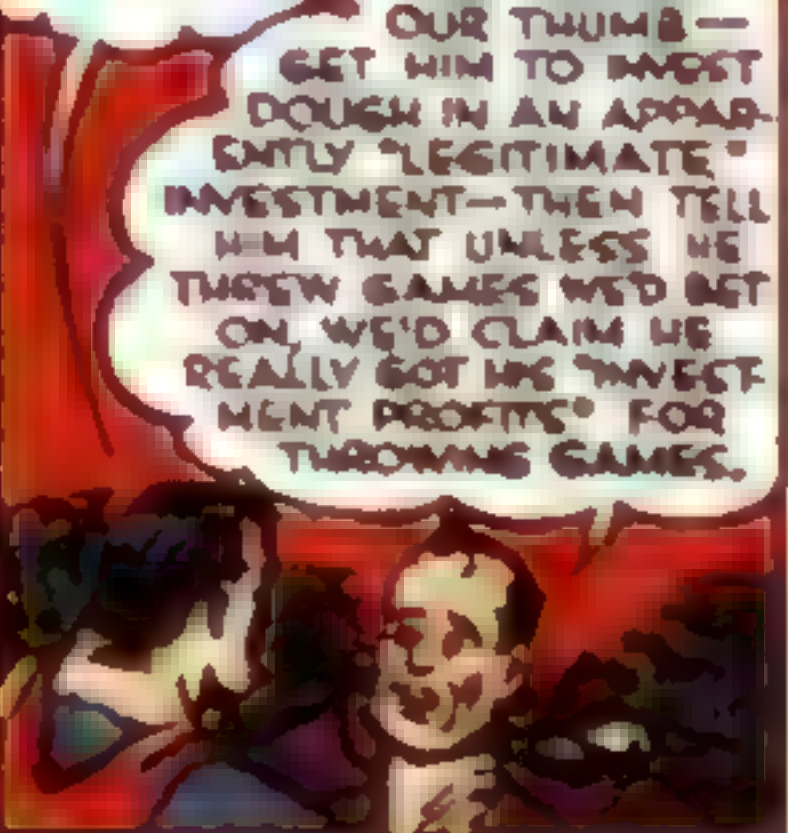
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF DOING, MIKE. DO I HAVE TO PUT YOU THRU THE WORKS OR--

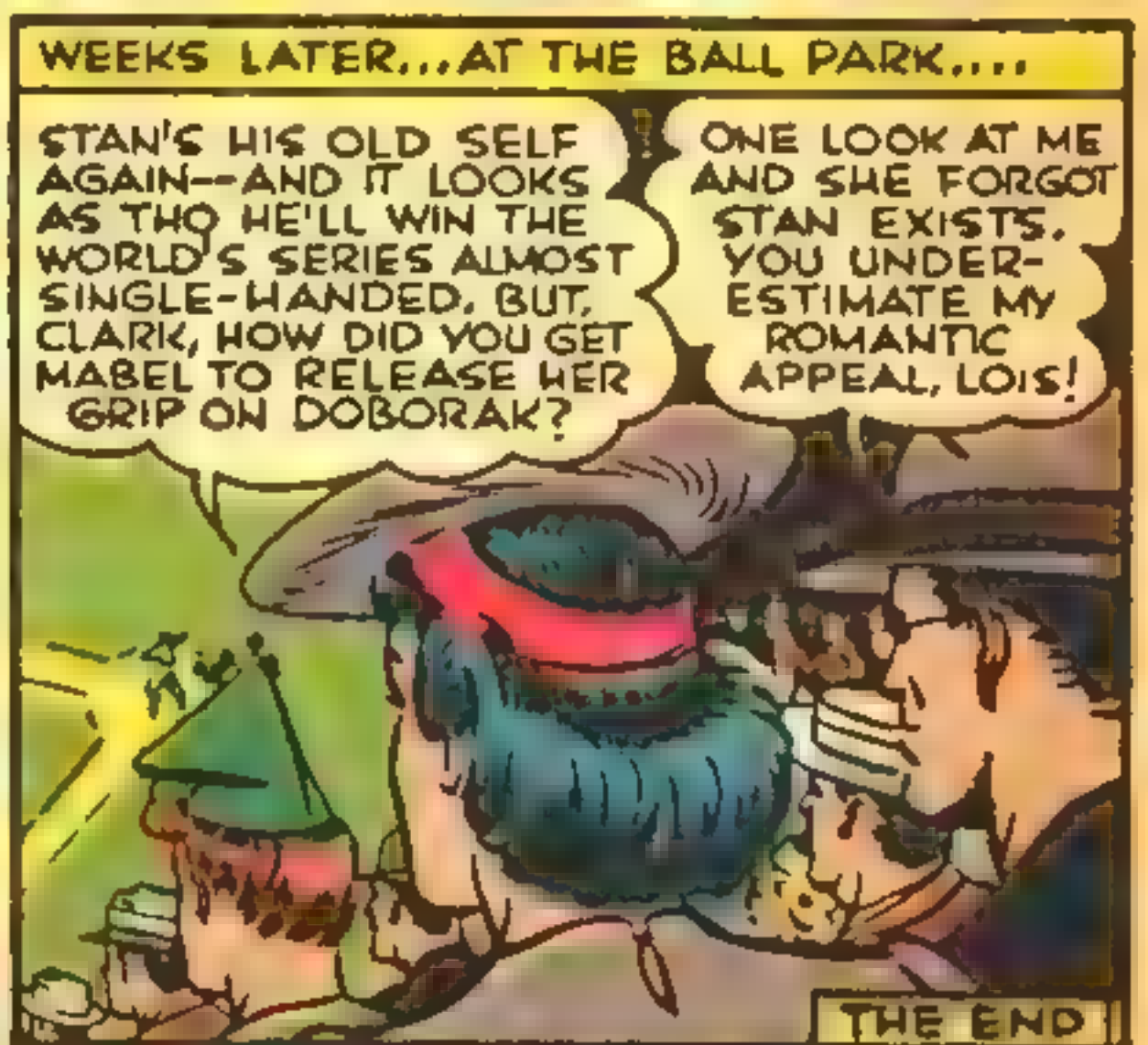
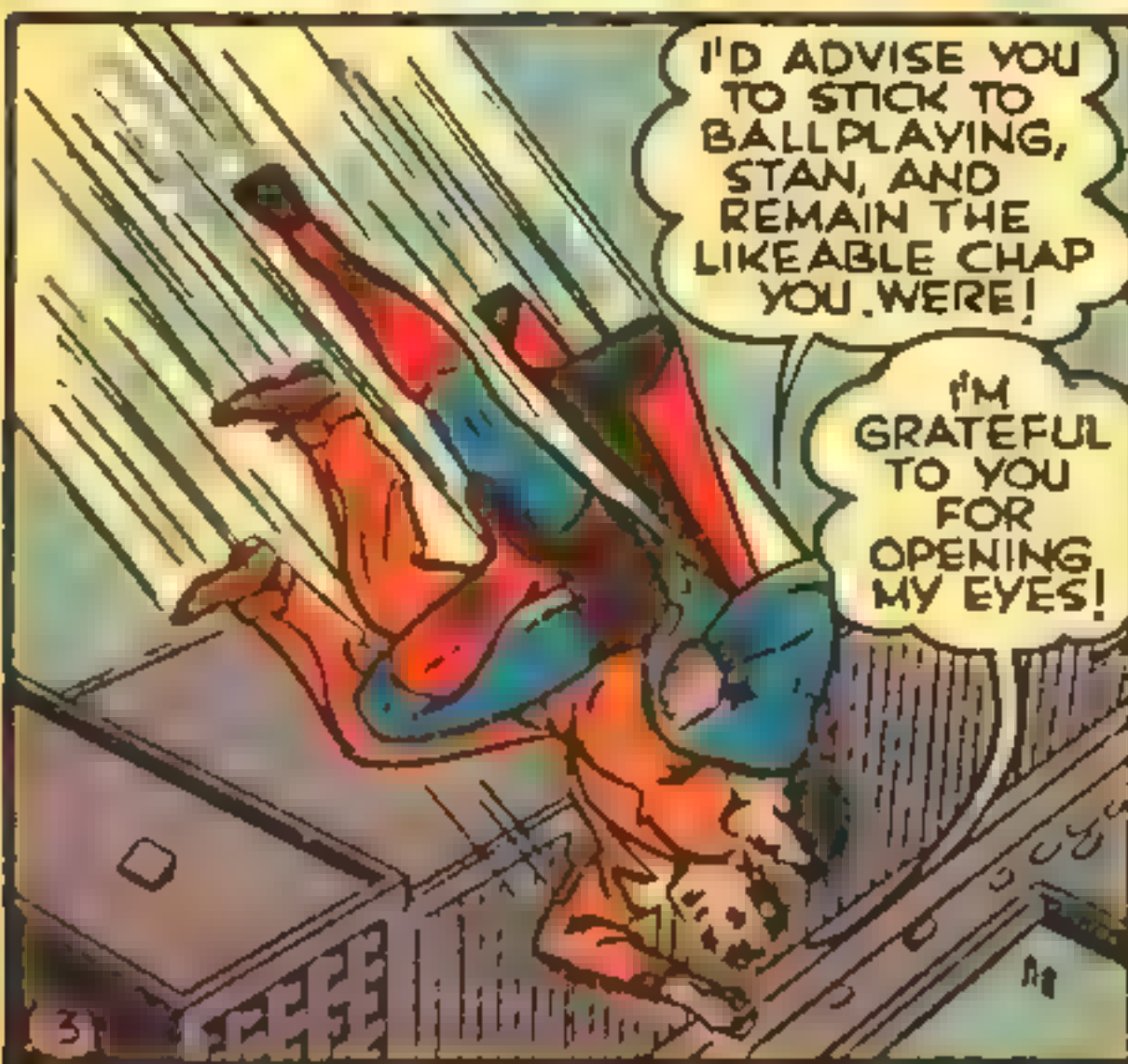
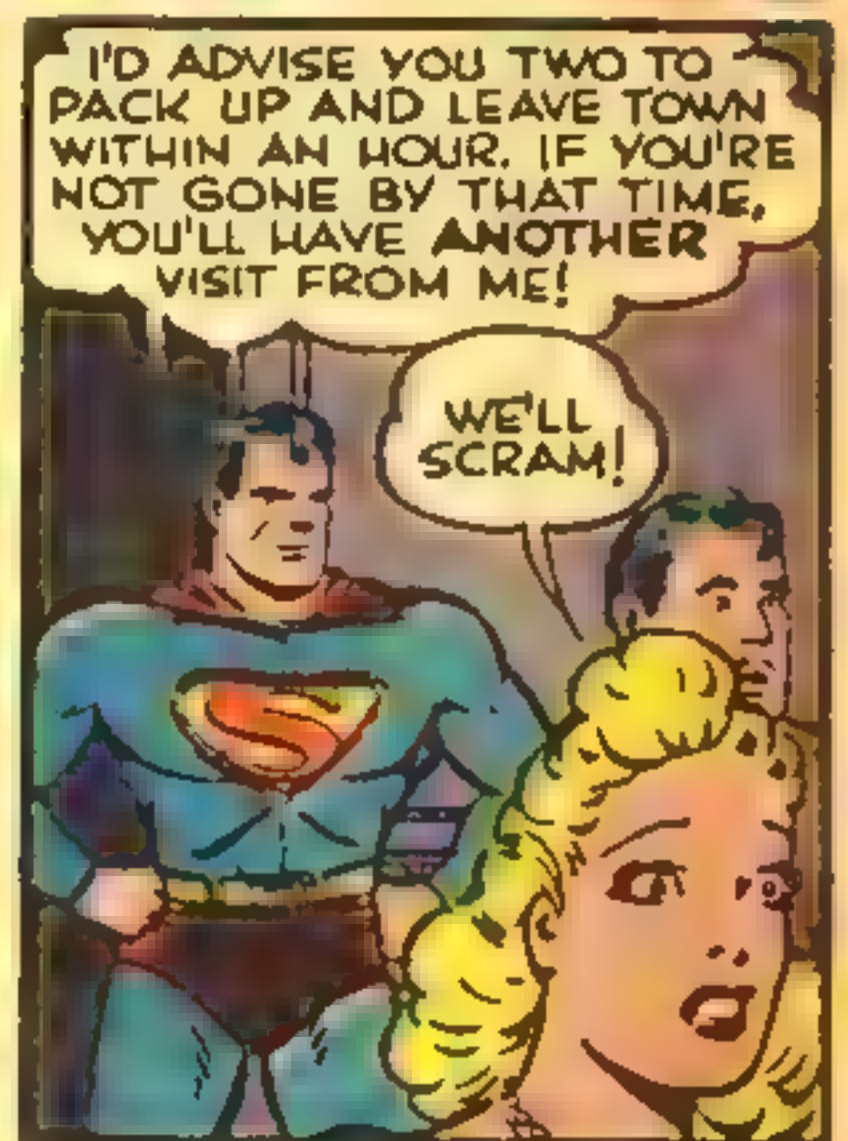
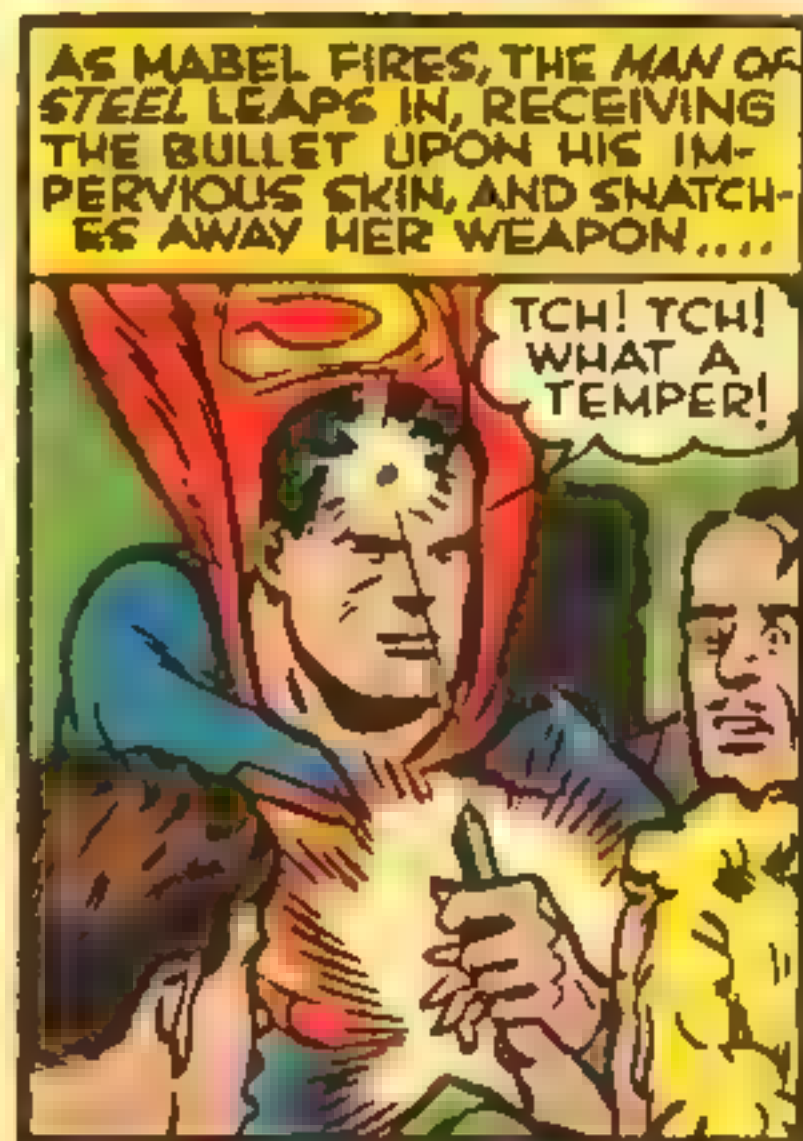
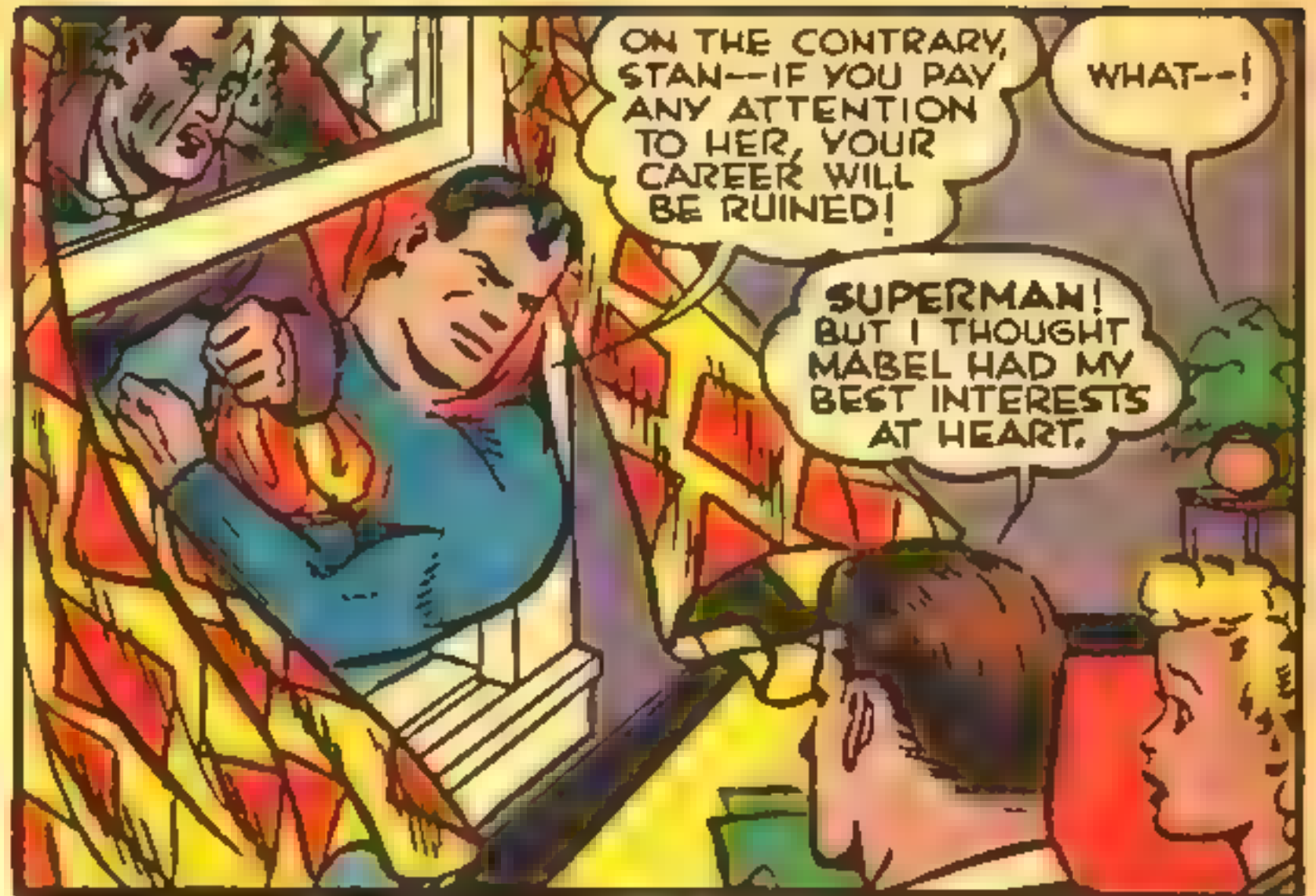
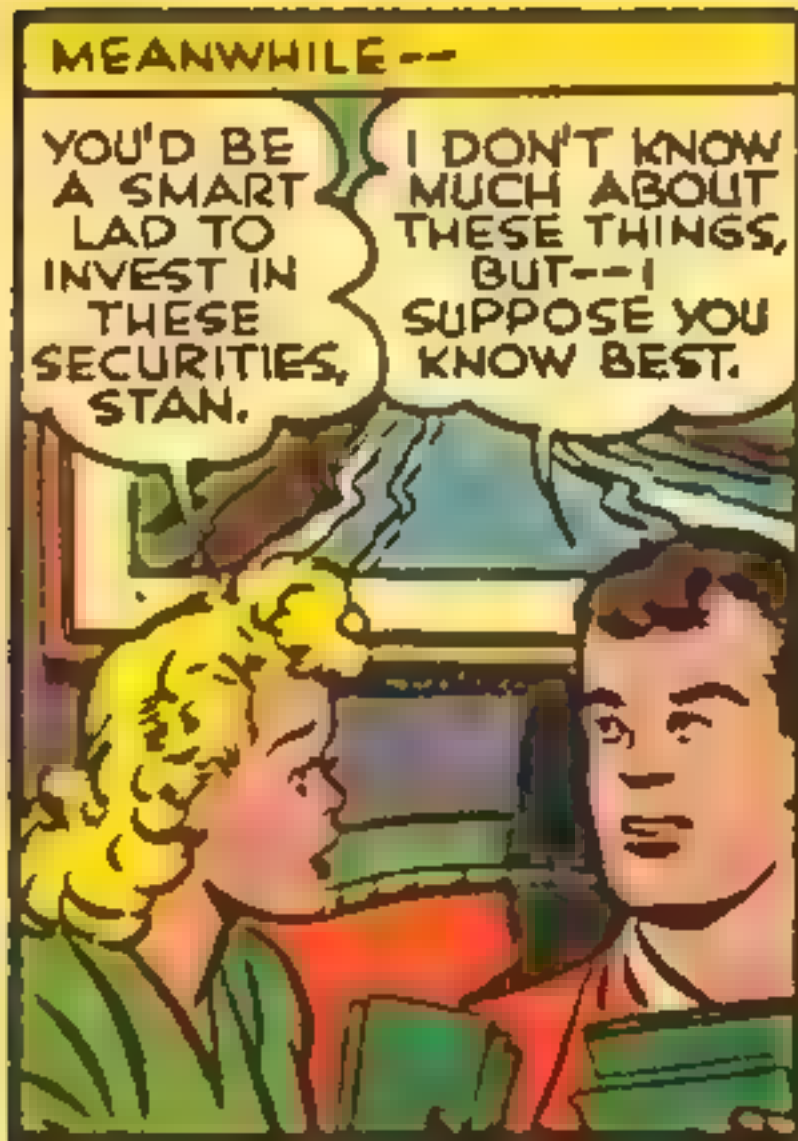
OH-HUH-- MY HEAD-- THE DIZZINESS-- I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING!



WHY ARE YOU AND MABEL INTERESTED IN STAN DOBORAK?

WE--WE PLANNED TO GET THE KID UNDER OUR THUMB-- GET HIM TO INVEST DOUGH IN AN APPARENTLY "LEGITIMATE" INVESTMENT-- THEN TELL HIM THAT UNLESS HE THREW GAMES WE'D BET ON, WE'D CLAIM HE REALLY GOT HIS "INVESTMENT PROFITS" FOR THROWING GAMES.







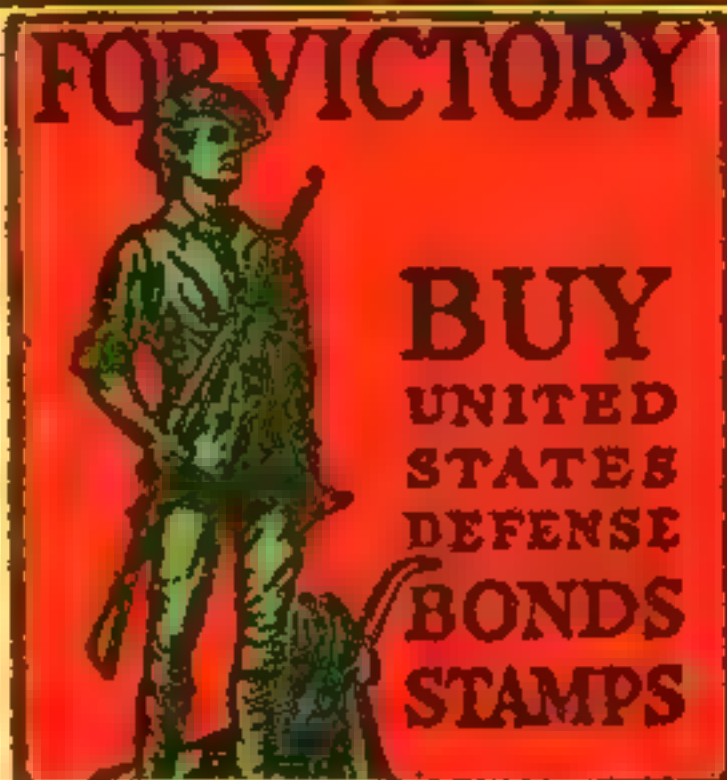
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

HELLO again, Members! Guns are thundering ceaselessly in the great Battle for the Pacific . . . and the thick battle-smoke has lifted once again to reveal another great American hero, Major Thomas J. H. Trapnell, whose thrilling life-story appears in pictures on the opposite page.

It was a far cry from the banner-flanked gridiron of the United States Military Academy, where Thomas Trapnell was an All-American half-back, to a bullet-ridden strip of field in the Philippines, where he was just an American—an American who fought side by side with his team of men, braving concentrated enemy fire from tanks and infantry.

During a perilous attack from the rear, Major Trapnell realized the importance of preventing the enemy from advancing! An old football trick must have come to his mind. *Block!*

And so, acting swiftly in a zone that eclipsed any gridiron for hazards and interference, Trapnell remained between the hostile force and his own troops and set fire to a truck on a bridge! Bullets whining close past him, he waited until the bridge was in flames. He had blocked the enemy's advance!



General Douglas MacArthur, that gallant soldier whose very name is an inspiration to all those who cherish freedom, paid tribute to Major Trapnell's deed by awarding him the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism.

Major Trapnell was born in New York, November 23, 1902. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy from New Jersey in 1923, when his family was living at Chatham.

At West Point, Cadet Trapnell was a star half-back, climaxing his football career

in the spectacular 21-21 Army-Navy game of 1926. He was a class president, YMCA president, a LaCrosse captain, a crack rifle and pistol shot, and one of the Army's outstanding polo players.

From polo playing, it was only natural that he should enter the Cavalry. Later, he became interested in the mechanized forces. It was with these mechanized forces that Major Trapnell went to the Philippines.

And so World War II finds another American on the star-studded roll of honor—a list that will be added to frequently as Democracy's battle goes on. For Americans will never be found wanting in valor whenever the clarion call is sounded.

And with such men as General MacArthur, our vanguard for victory, to lead us, America's fighters cannot fail to triumph on land, on sea, and in the air!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

JULY

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY



MAJOR
THOMAS H. J.

TRAPNELL

HE WAS AWARDED THE
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
CROSS BY GENERAL
MARSHALL!

TRAP'S POLO
ABILITY MADE
HIM A FINE
CAVALRY
OFFICER UNTIL
HE SWITCHED
TO THE ARMY'S
MECHANIZED
FORCES!

DURING CONCENTRATED
ENEMY FIRE MAJOR
TRAPNELL REMAINED
BETWEEN THE HOSTILE
FORCES AND HIS OWN
TROOPS AND SET
FIRE TO A TRUCK
ON A BRIDGE!
HE WAITED UNDER
PERFECTLY UNTIL THE
BRIDGE WAS IN
FLAMES, THUS
BLOCKING THE
ENEMY'S ADVANCE.

ALL-AMERICAN HERO!
IN 1926 HE GAINED NATION-WIDE
FAME AS A GRIDIRON STAR AT WEST
POINT. HE WAS ALSO A LACROSSE CAPTAIN,
A CRACK RIFLE SHOT AND A FINE POLO PLAYER!

TRAPNELL
THE KETTERED
SLOWLY IN A SCOUT CAR,
PICKING UP WOUNDED
SOLDIERS AND RALLYING
HIS MEN!

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH U.S. WAR DEPT. PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE IS HEREBY GRANTED

SUPERMAN OF THE U.S. ARMY



**MAJOR
THOMAS H.J.**

TRAPNELL

HE WAS AWARDED THE
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
CROSS BY GENERAL
MACARTHUR!

TRAPNELL'S POLO
TALENTS MADE
HIM A FINE
CAVALRY
OFFICER UNTIL
HE SWITCHED
TO THE ARMY'S
MECHANIZED
FORCES!

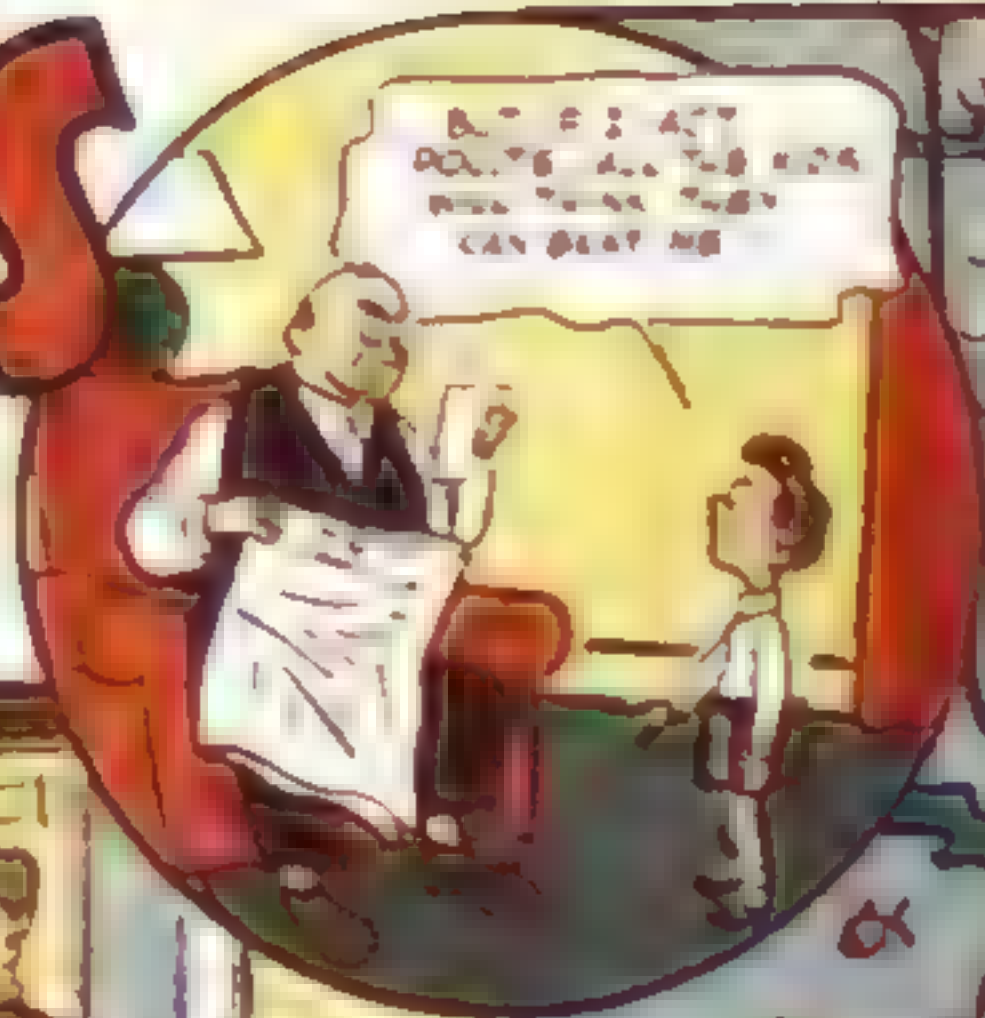
DURING CONCENTRATED
ENEMY FIRE, MAJOR
TRAPNELL REMAINED
BETWEEN THE HOSTILE
FORCE AND HIS OWN
TROOPS AND SET
FIRE TO A TRUCK
ON A BRIDGE!
HE WAITED UNDER
FIRE UNTIL THE
BRIDGE WAS IN
FLAMES, THUS
BLOCKING THE
ENEMY'S ADVANCE--

ALL-AMERICAN HERO!
IN 1926 HE GAINED NATION-WIDE
FAME AS A GRIDIRON STAR AT WEST
POINT. HE WAS ALSO A LACROSSE CAPTAIN,
A CRACK RIFLE SHOT AND A FINE POLO PLAYER!

--TRAPNELL
THEN RETIRED
SLOWLY IN A SCOUT CAR,
PICKING UP WOUNDED
SOLDIERS AND RALLYING
HIS MEN!

LAFES

4



HEY, MA!

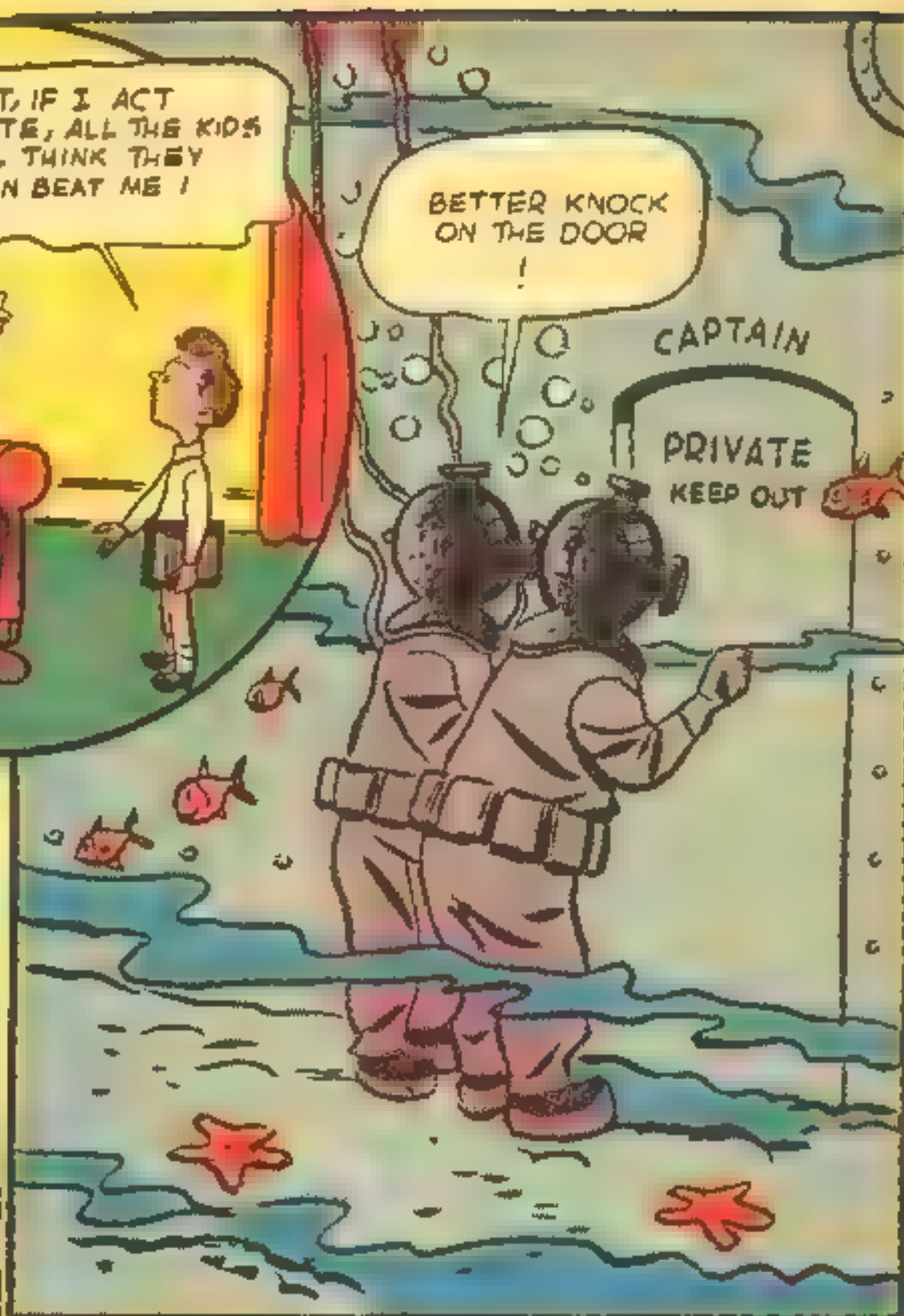
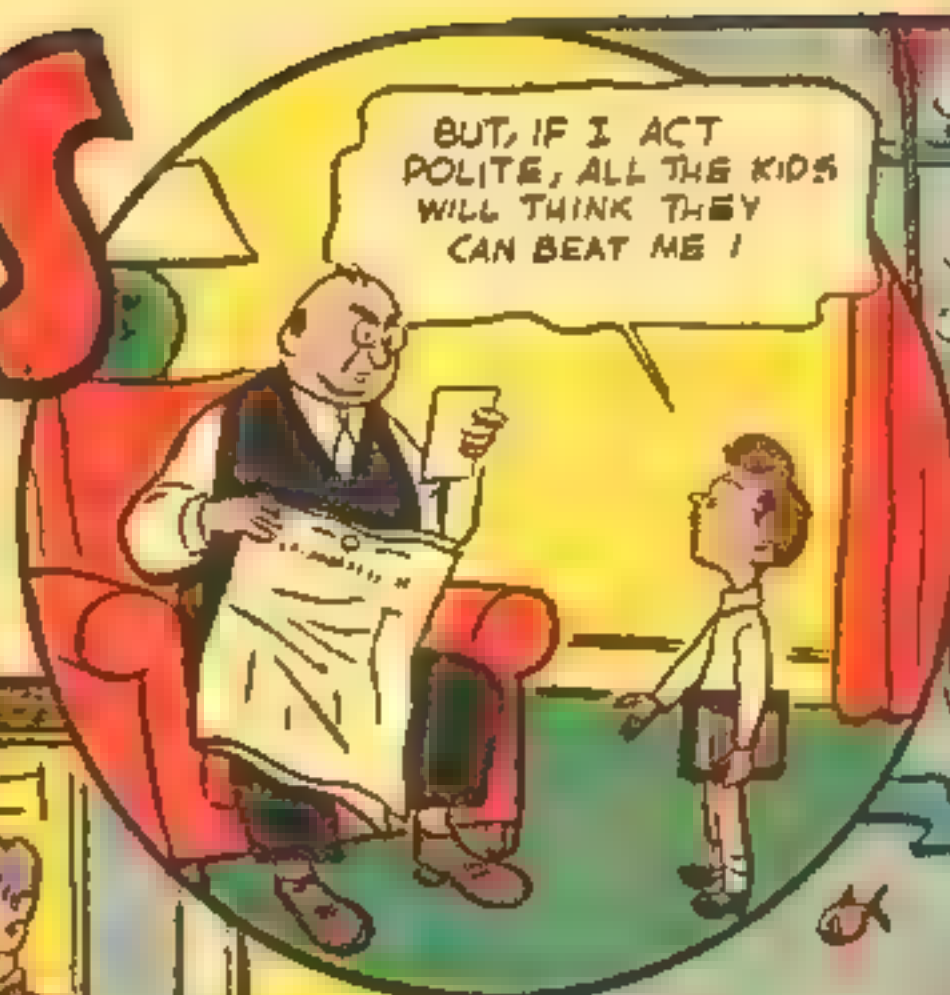
POP'S READING MY COPY OF SUPERMAN No.17 AND HE WON'T GIVE IT UP!!

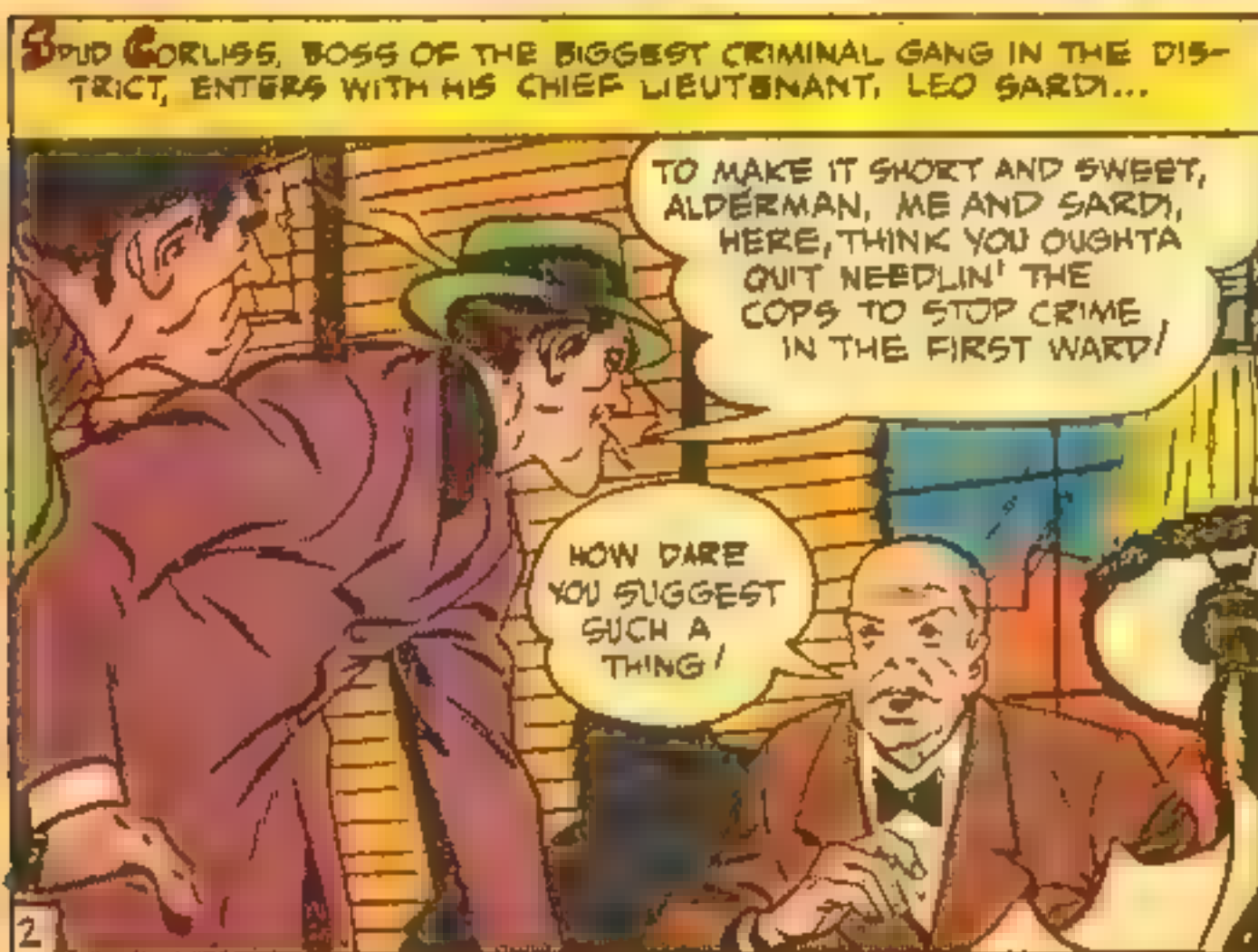
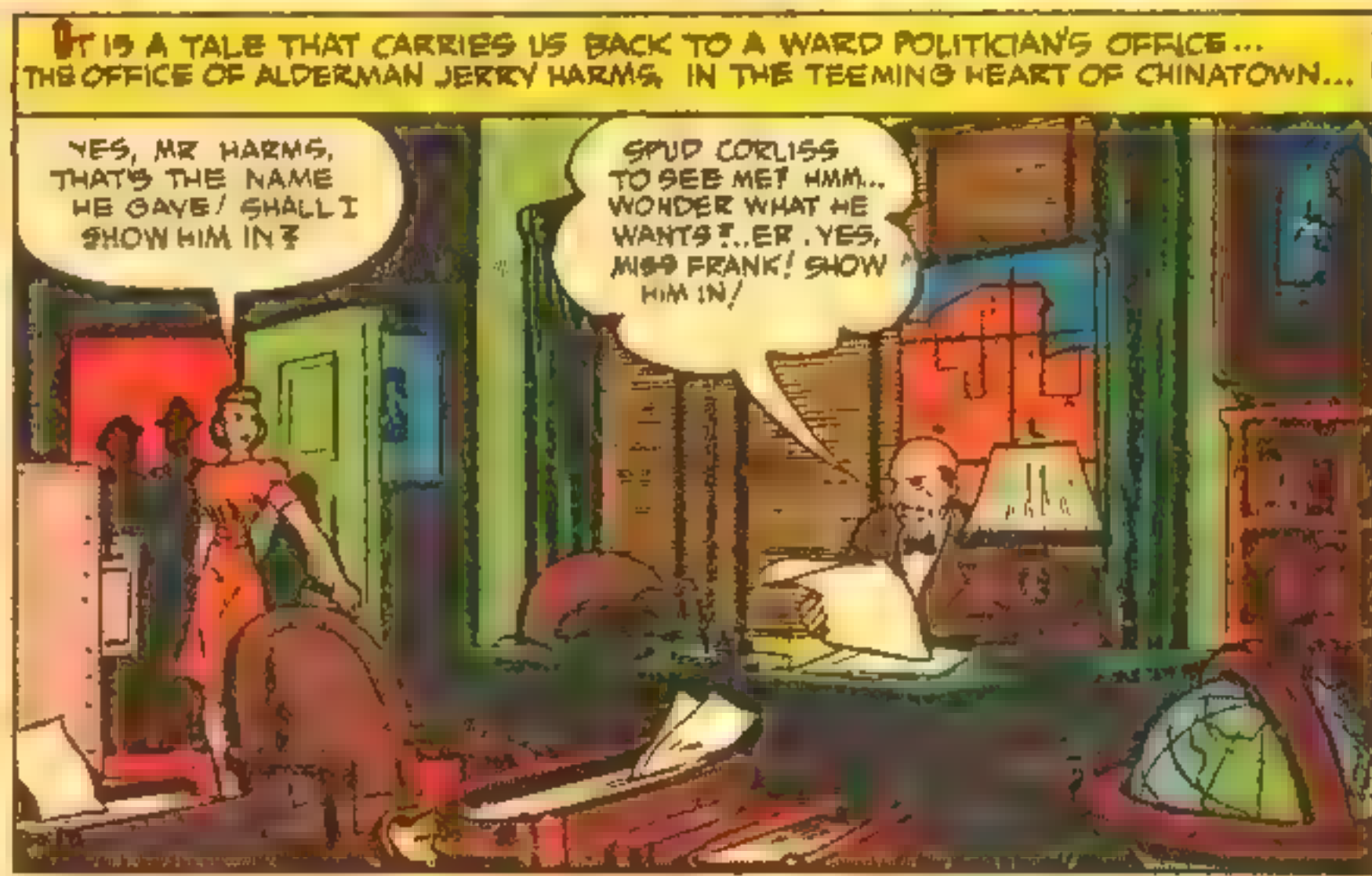
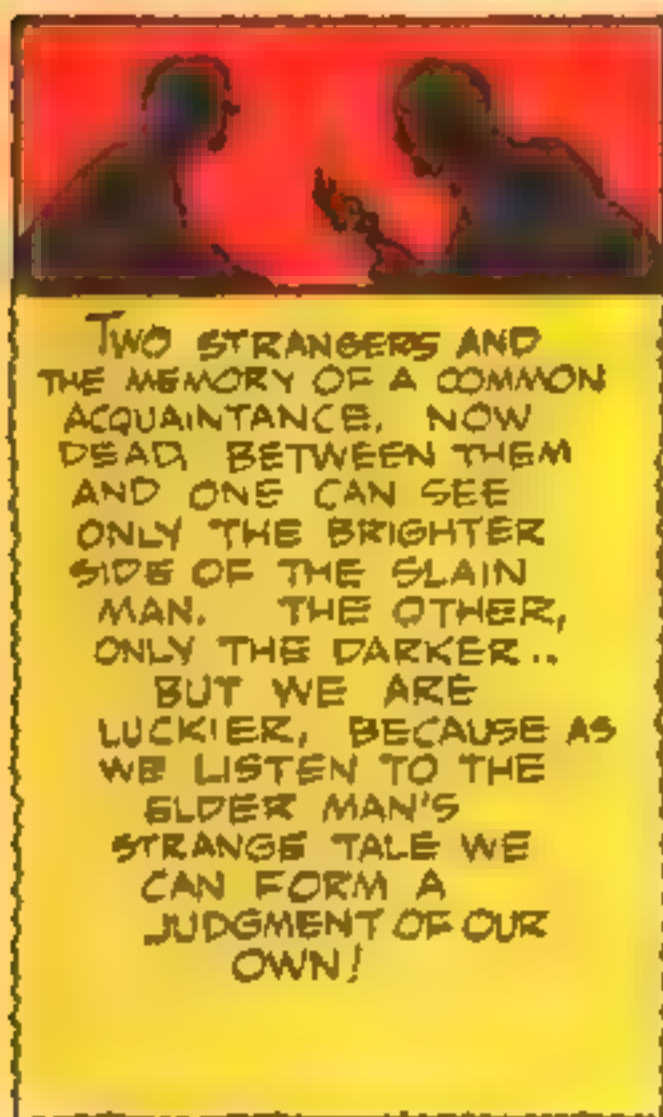
WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME HIM, IT'S SUCH A GOOD ISSUE ---- BUT YOU CAN BORROW MY COPY IF YOU DON'T KEEP IT TOO LONG!



LAFFS

4 **HEHEH
BOOTH OFF**







FORGERY OR NOT, IT'LL SEND YOU TO PRISON...AND WHERE WILL YOUR POLITICAL CAREER BE THEN?

YES, RIGHT! IF I DON'T DO AS HE SAYS, I'LL BE FINISHED...



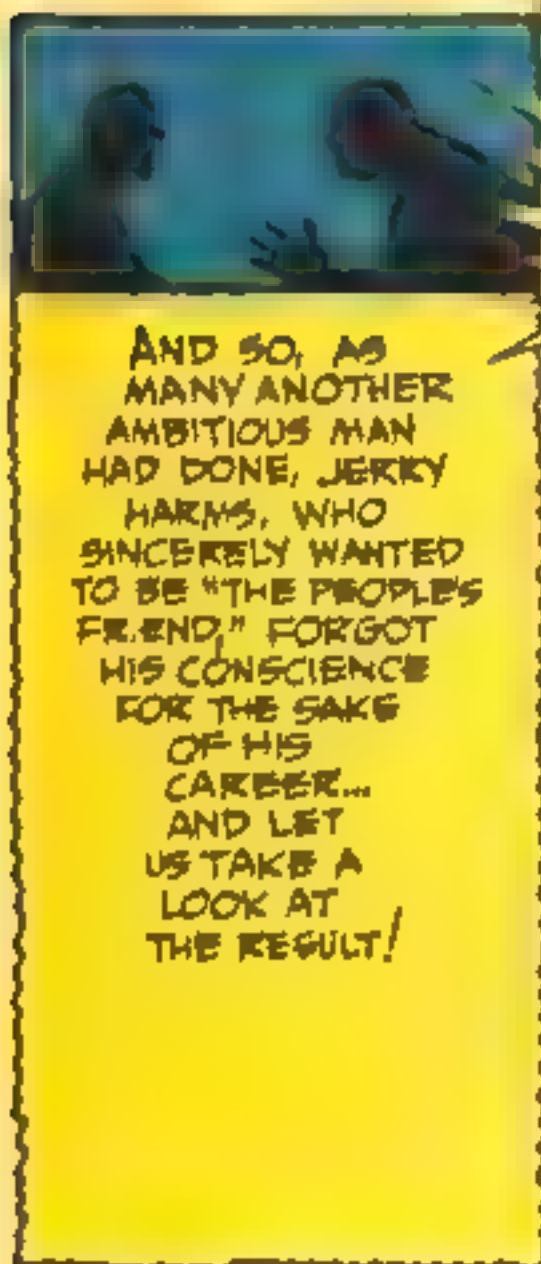
BUT IF I KEEP GOING UP THE LADDER POLITICALLY I'LL BE BIG ENOUGH TO CRUSH CORLISS AND ALL GANGSTERS LIKE HIM!



ALL RIGHT, CORLISS... YOU WIN! I'LL LAY OFF YOU!

IF YOU DON'T, IT'LL BE TOO BAD! EH, SARDI?

RIGHT BOSS!



AND SO, AS MANY ANOTHER AMBITIOUS MAN HAD DONE, JERRY HARMS, WHO SINCERELY WANTED TO BE "THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND," FORGOT HIS CONSCIENCE FOR THE SAKE OF HIS CAREER... AND LET US TAKE A LOOK AT THE RESULT!



CRIME FLARES ALL ACROSS THE CHINATOWN SECTOR AS SPUD CORLISS MAKES THE MOST OF HIS HOLD OVER HARMS...

WE'RE SURE WIPIN' OUT THE CRIMSON GANG! NOW SPUD WILL RUN EVERYTHING!

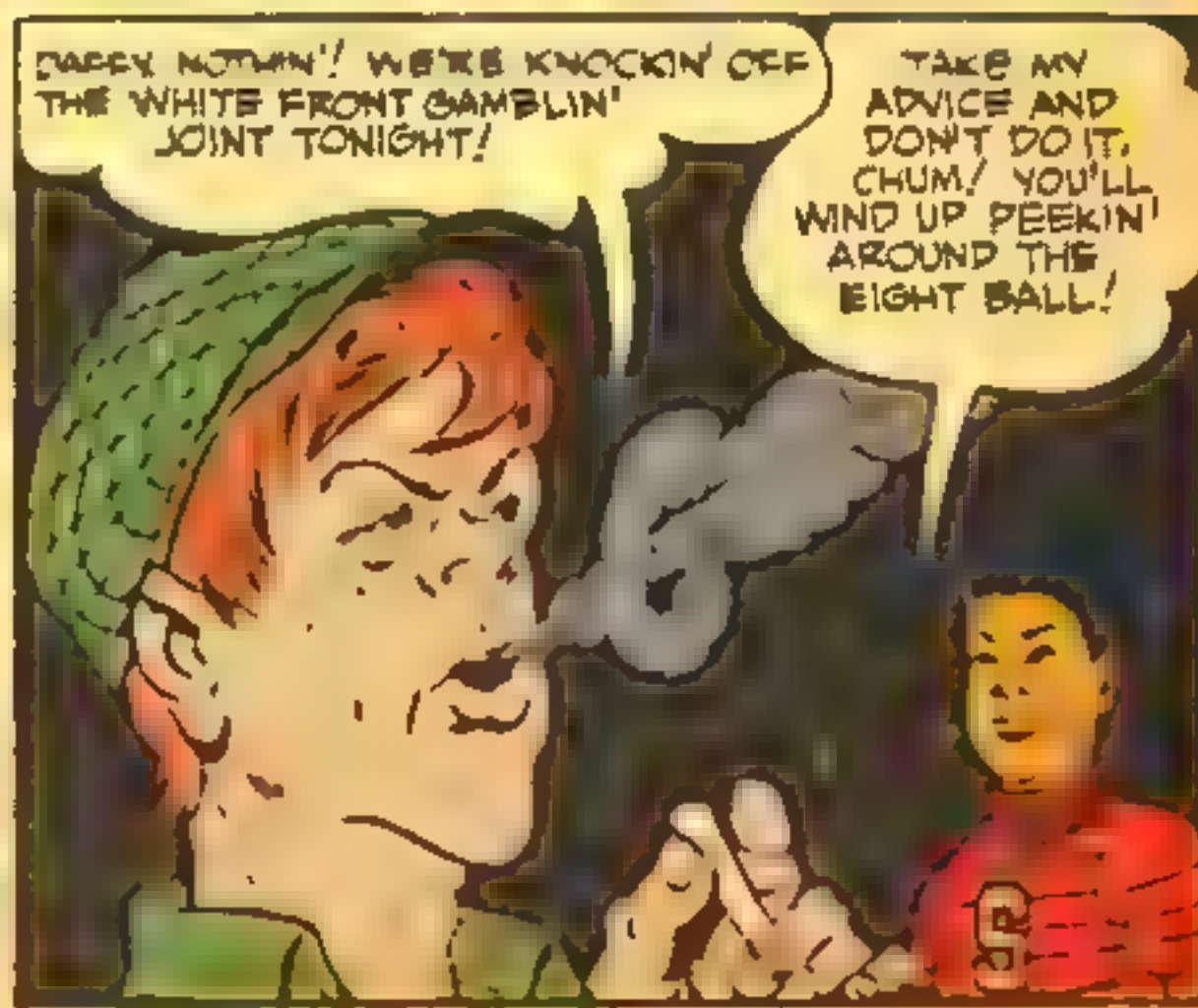
STRAY BULLETS ARE WIPIN' OUT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS, TOO! I DON'T LIKE IT!



EVEN YOUNG STUFF, SMALL BUT COURAGEOUS FRIEND OF THE VIGILANTE, IS TOUCHED BY THE SPREADING WEB OF CRIME...

SPUD CORLISS IS LETTIN' ME BE A LOOKOUT FOR HIS STICKUP GANG!

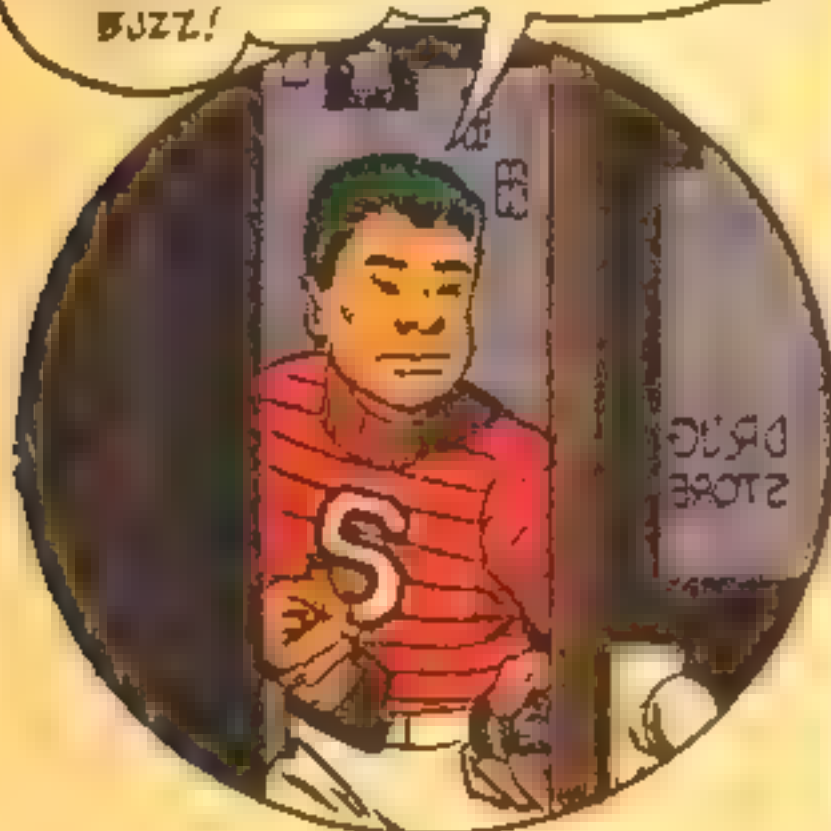
SAY HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY DAFFY, PETE BLY?



DAFFY NOTWIN! WE'RE KNOCKIN' OFF THE WHITE FRONT GAMBLIN' JOINT TONIGHT!

TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T DO IT, CHUM! YOU'LL WIND UP PEEKIN' AROUND THE EIGHT BALL!

THE VIGILANTE SAID TO CALL UP IF I GOT A LINE ON THE CORLISS BUSINESS!...I'LL GIVE THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR A BUZZ!



AT THE RADIO STUDIO WHERE GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IN REALITY THE VIGILANTE...IS WARBLING COWBOY SONGS...



SORRY, SON...THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S ON THE AIR! BUT YOU CAN LEAVE A MESSAGE!

TELL HIM TO SEND THE VIGILANTE TO THE WHITE FRONT GAMBLIN' HOUSE! THERE'S GONNA BE...



A HEAVY HAND FALLS ON THE CHINATOWN KID'S SHOULDER, AND HE FACES...



SPUD CORLISS!

SO...PETE BLY SQUEALED TO YOU, AND YOU WERE GOING TO SQUEAL TO THE VIGILANTE!

GONNA BUMP HIM OFF, BOSS?



THEY SAY HE'S REALLY A PAL OF THE VIGILANTE... WE'LL HOLD HIM FOR BAIT!

WHEN THE LAST MELLOW ECHO OF THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S VOICE FADES FROM THE AIR-WAVES...

...AND THEN THE CONNECTION BROKE... BUT FIRST I HEARD HIM YELL SPUD CORLISS'S NAME!

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, PARDNER... RECKON I BETTER TELL THE VIGILANTE RIGHT OFF!



IMAGINE AN IMITATION COWBOY LIKE HIM KNOWING A REAL TOUGH LAWMAN LIKE THE VIGILANTE!

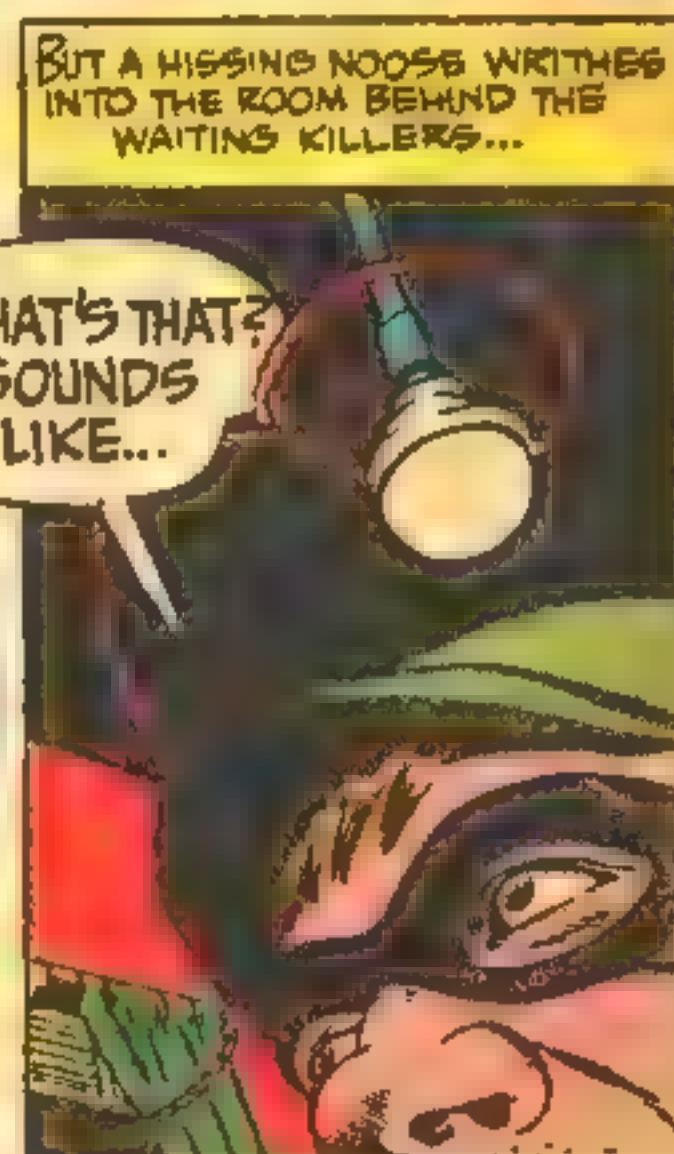
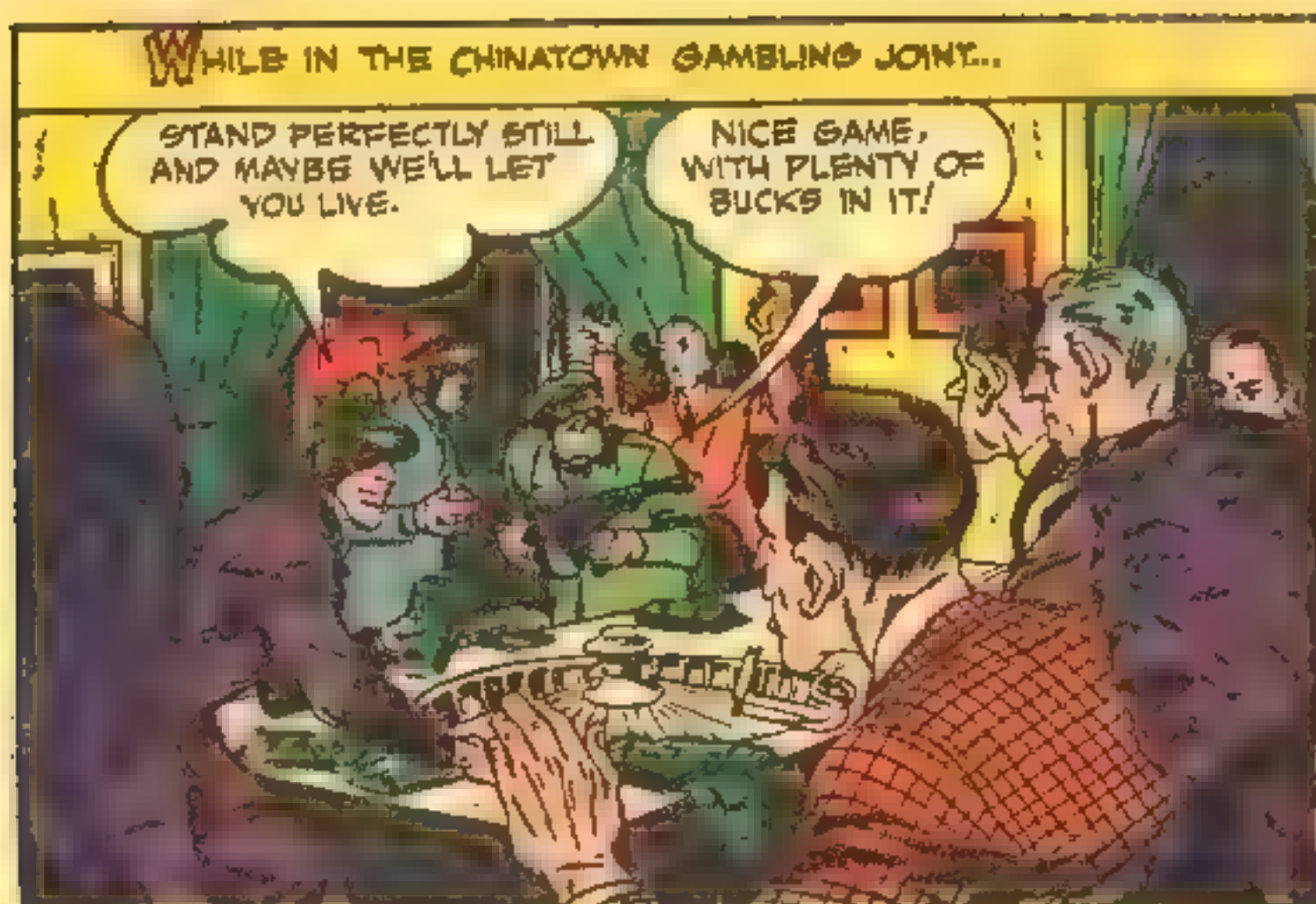
SANDERS MAY BE A SOFTIE...BUT HE SURE CAN SING THOSE BALLADS OF THE PLAINS!

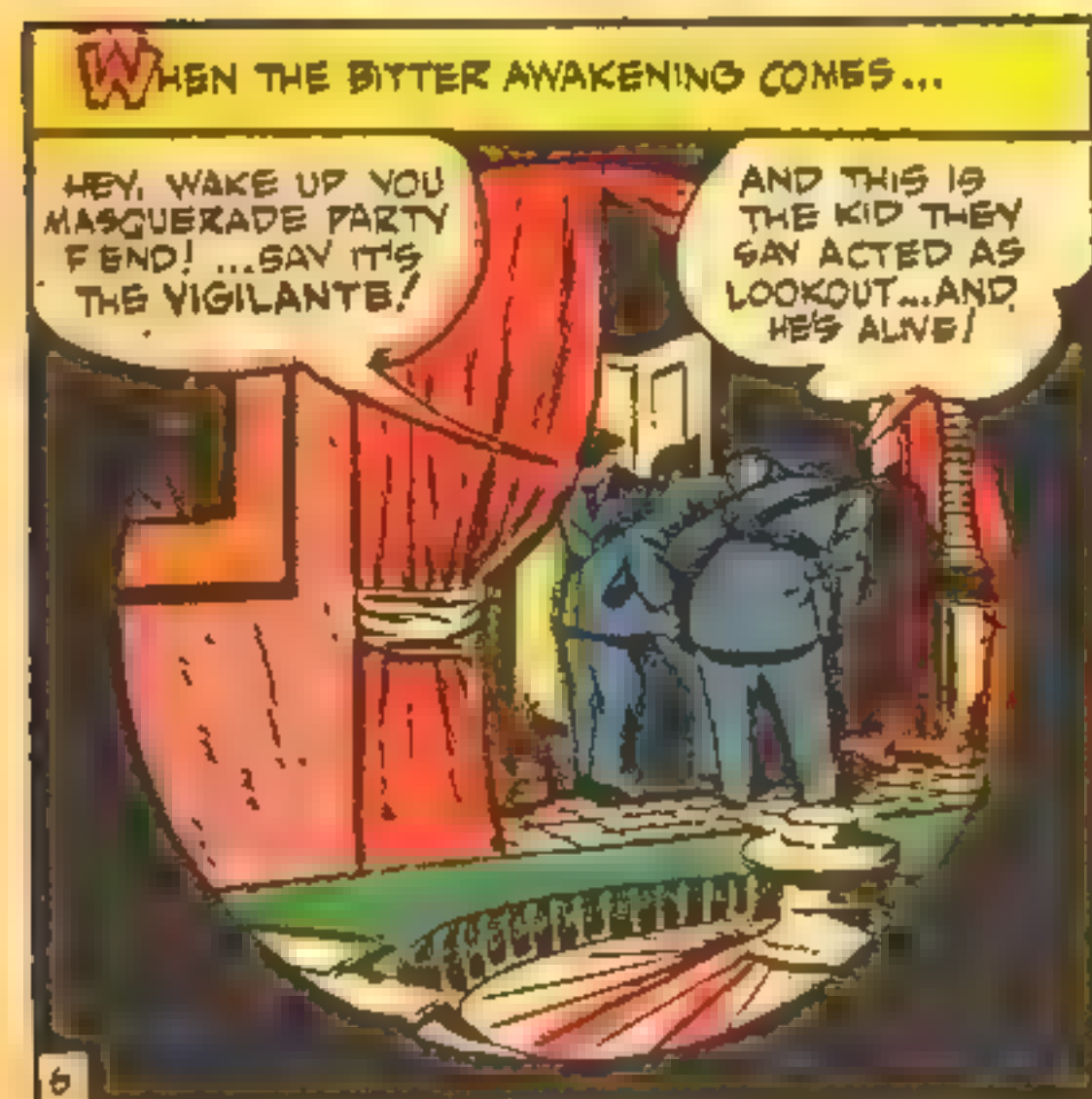
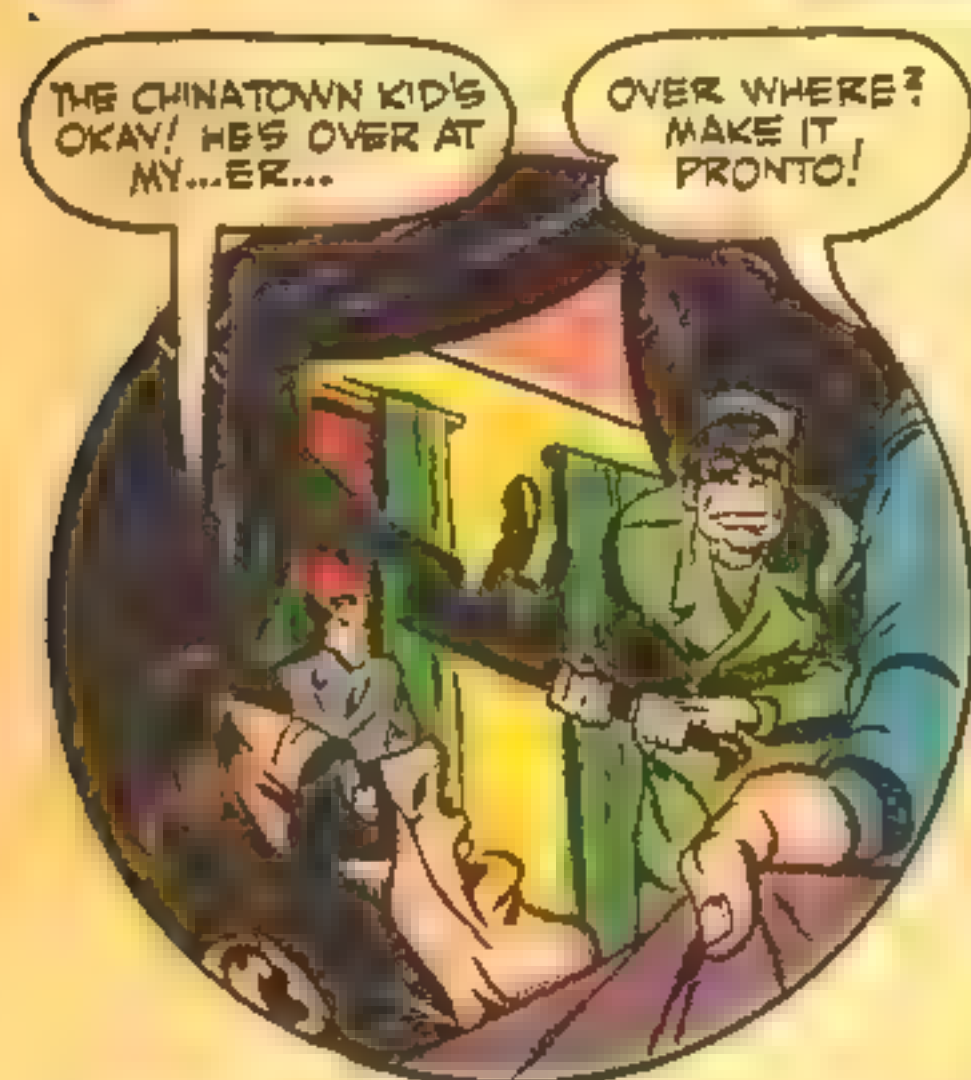


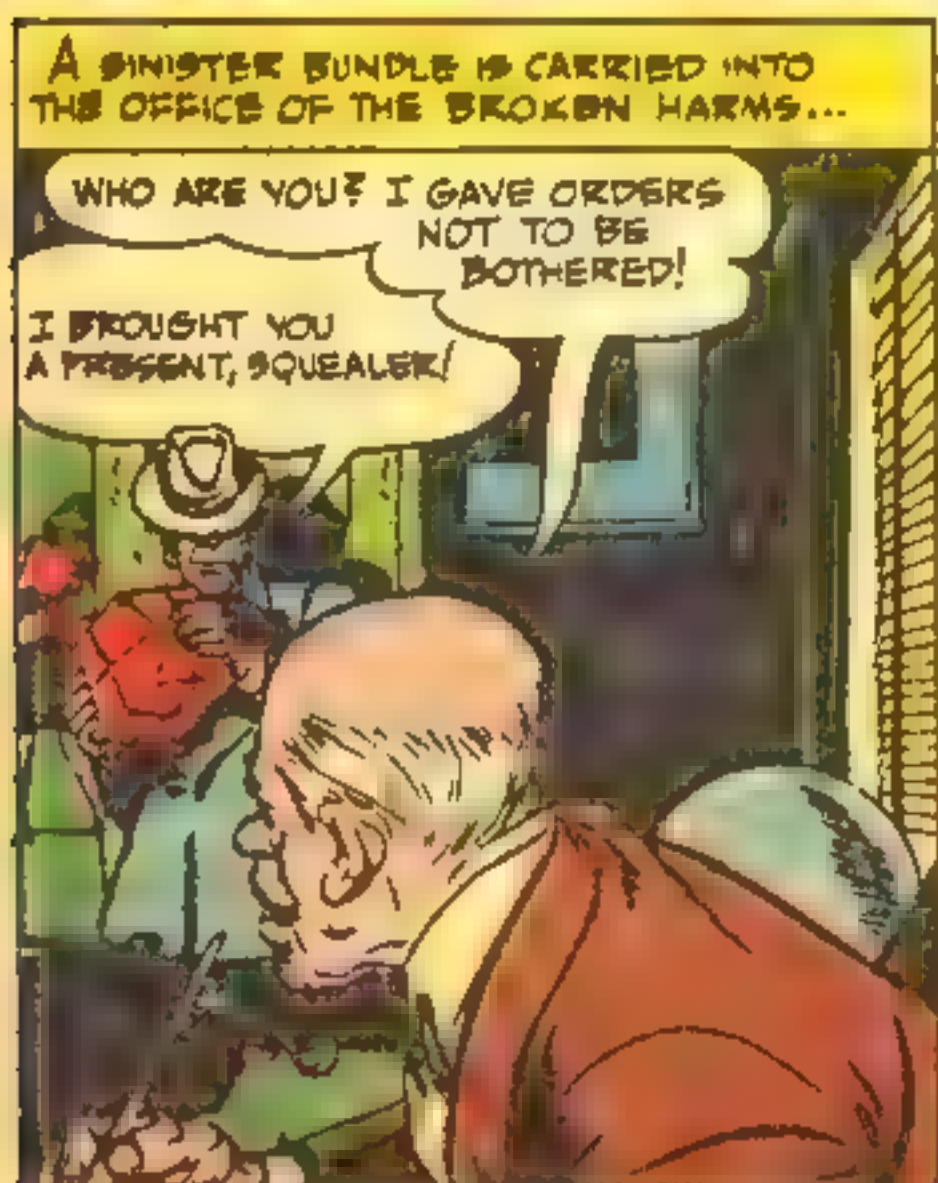
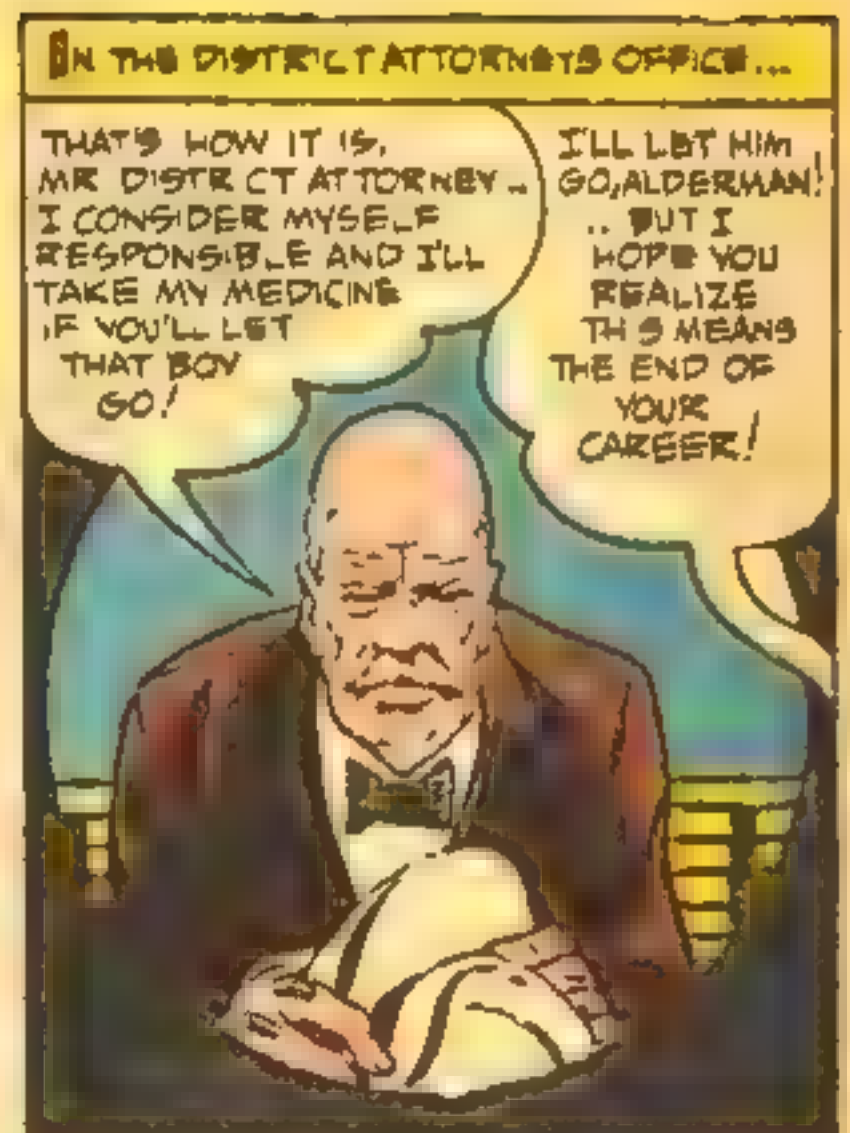
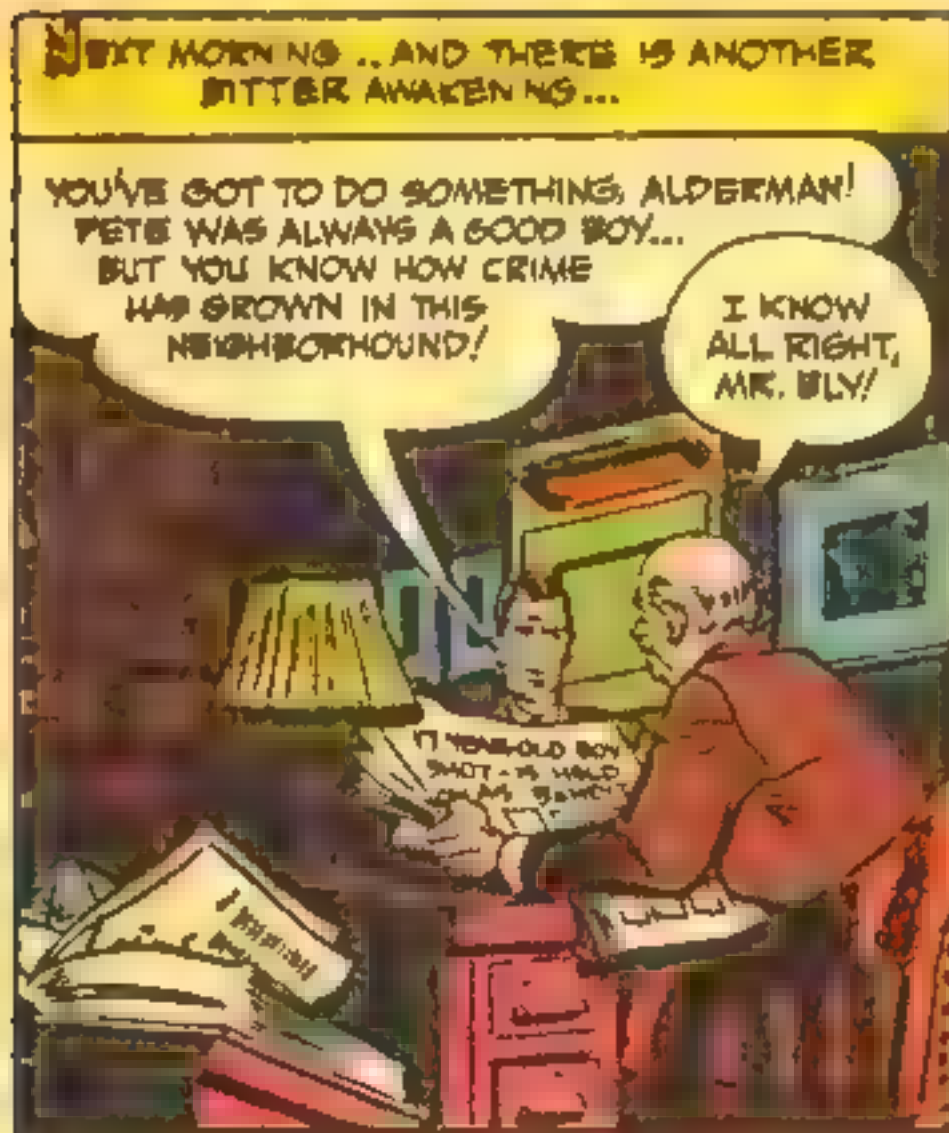
MINUTES LATER, A SNORTING STEED CARRIES THE TROUBADOUR...IN A NEW ROLE...THROUGH THE DUSK-FILLED STREETS...

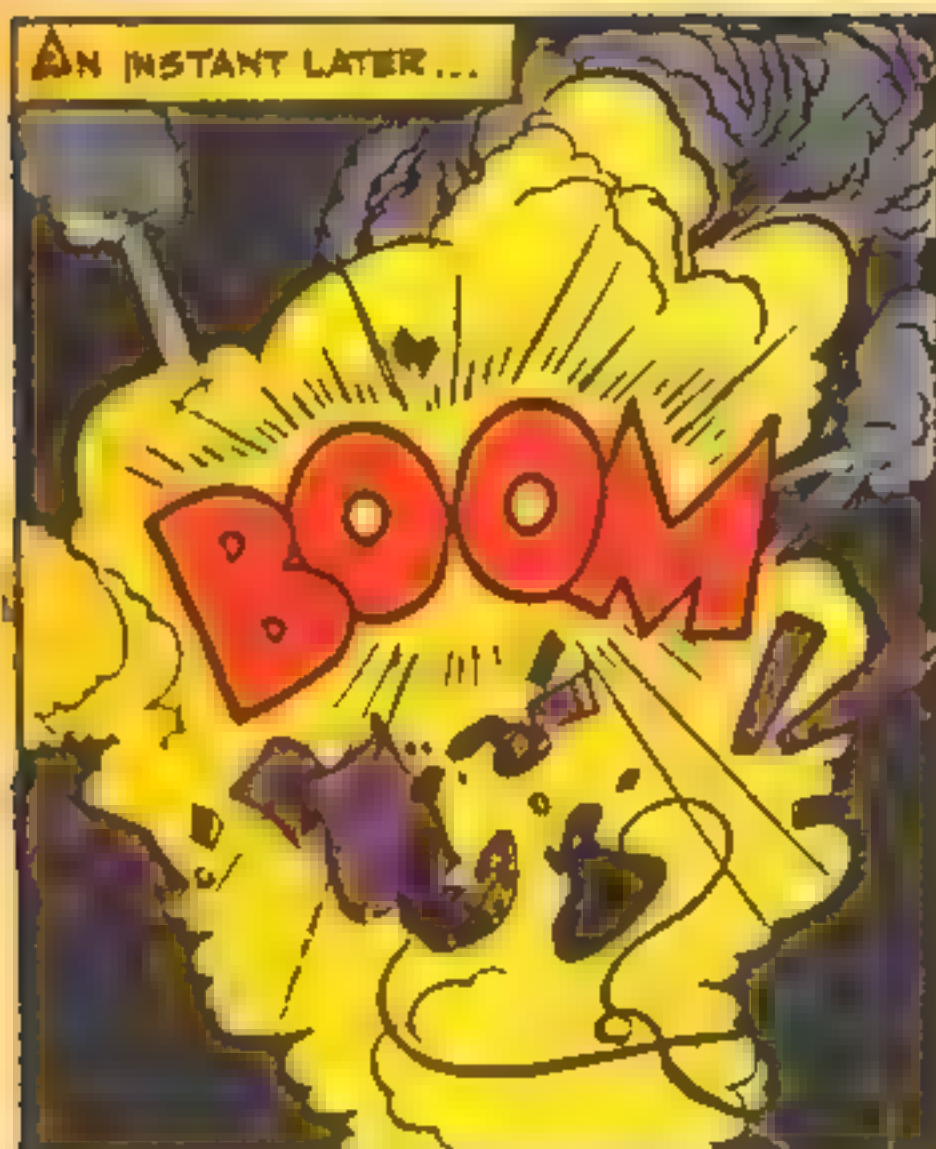
COME ON YOU GAS-BURNING BRONC! I'VE GOT A FEELING THE CHINATOWN KID HAS GOT HIMSELF IN ANOTHER JAM!



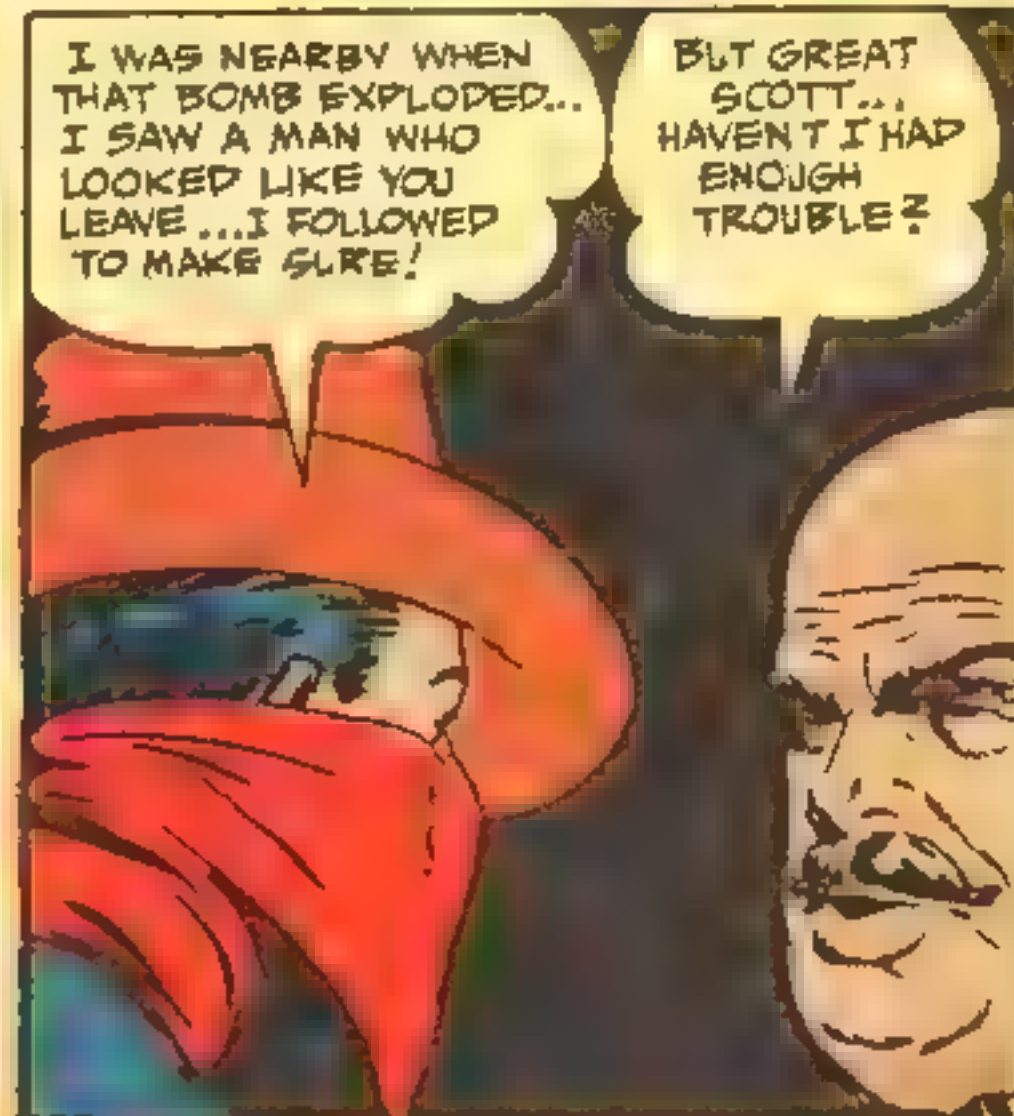
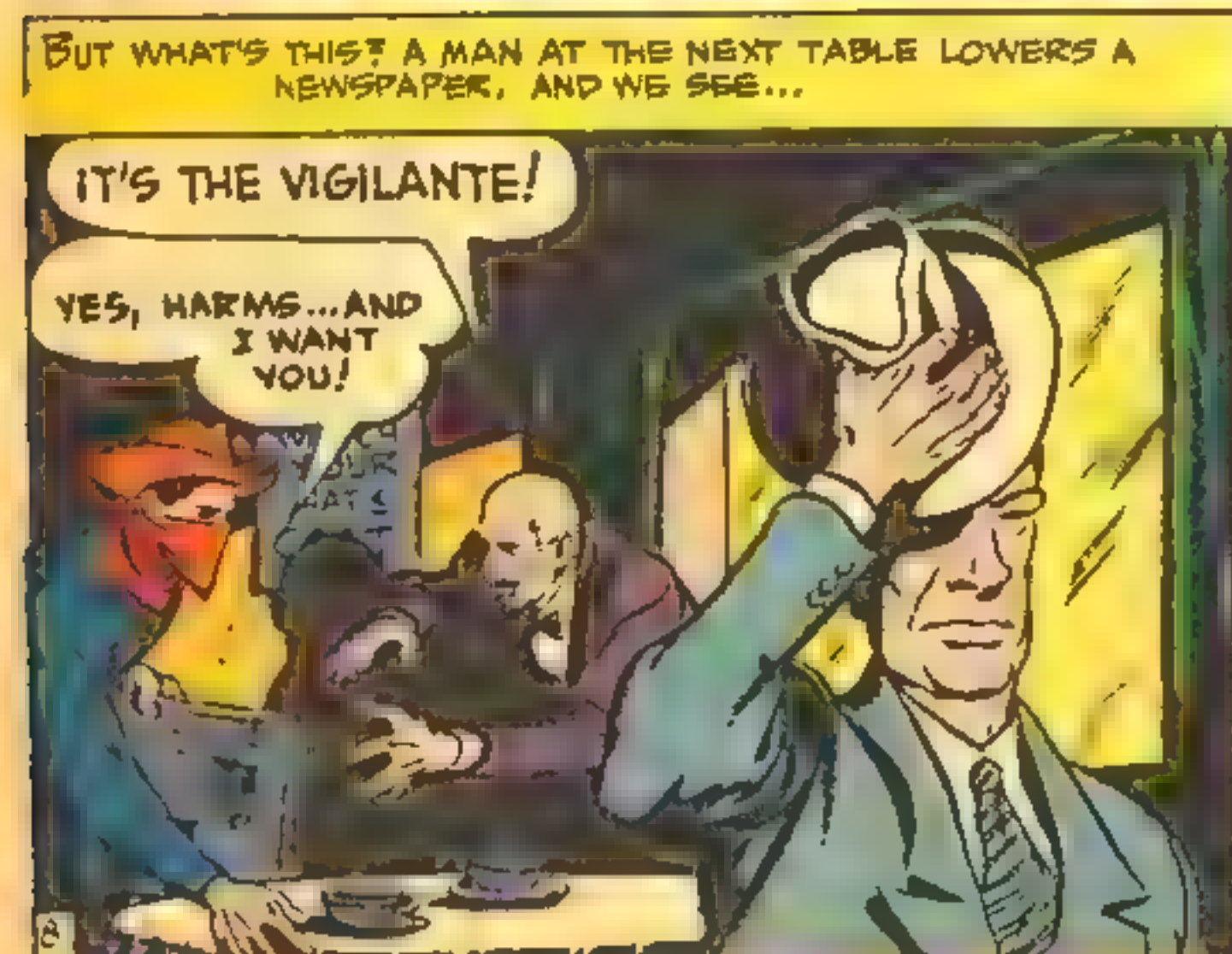
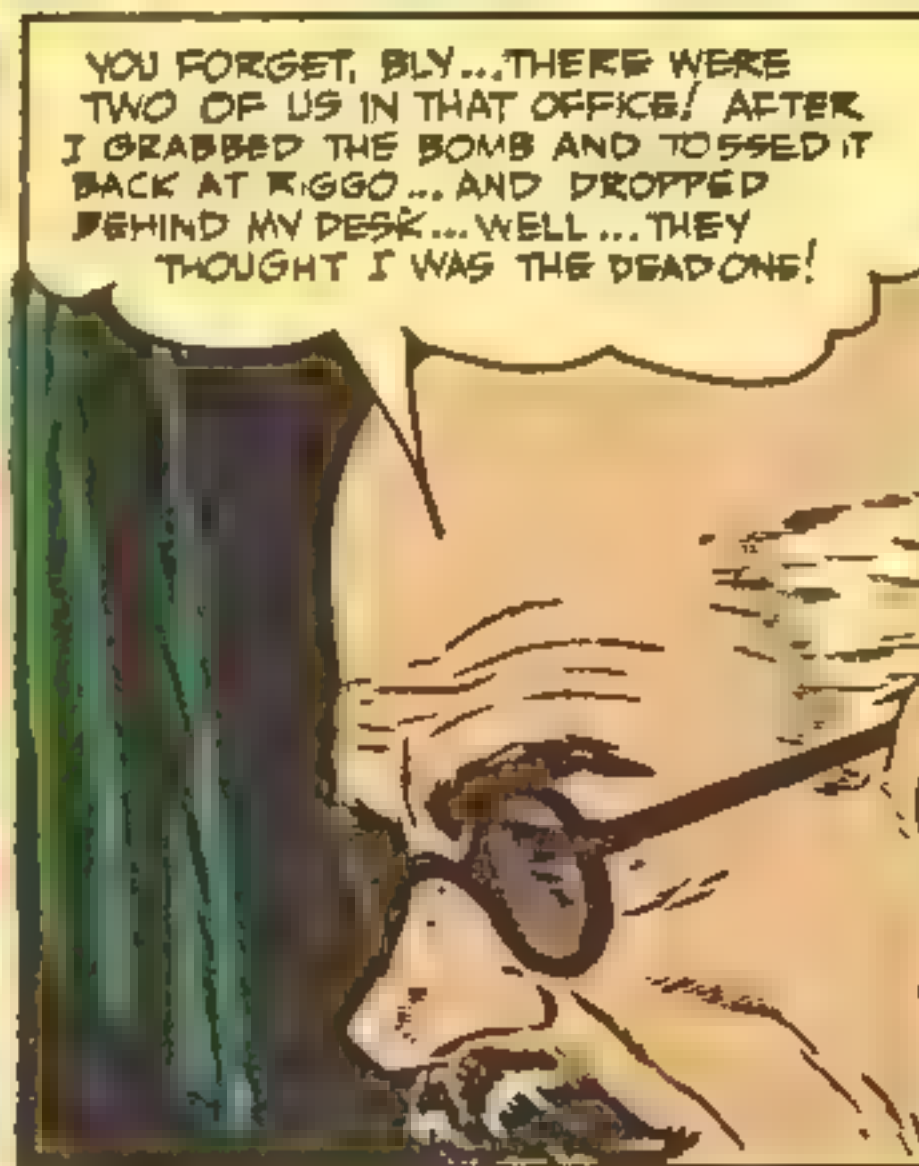
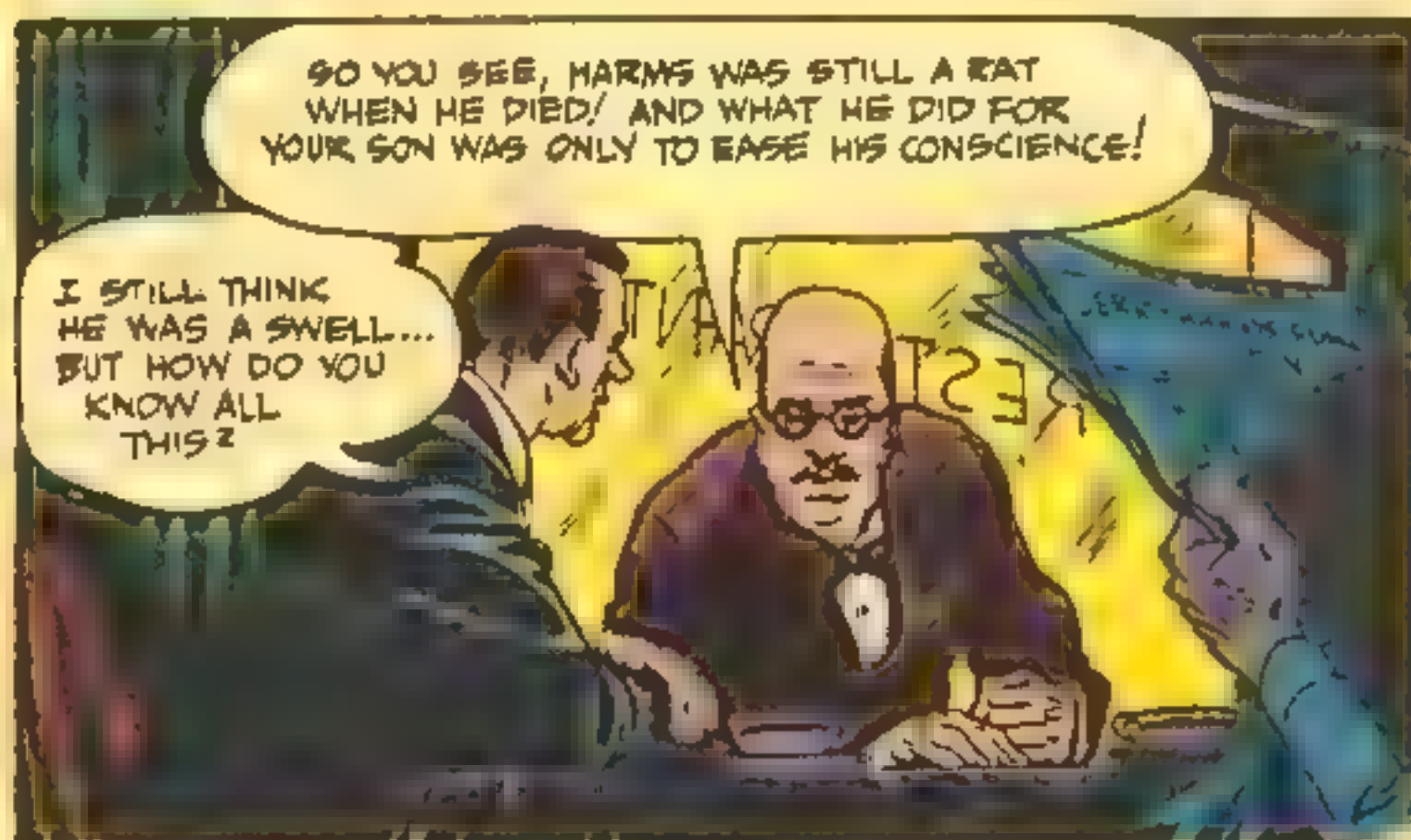


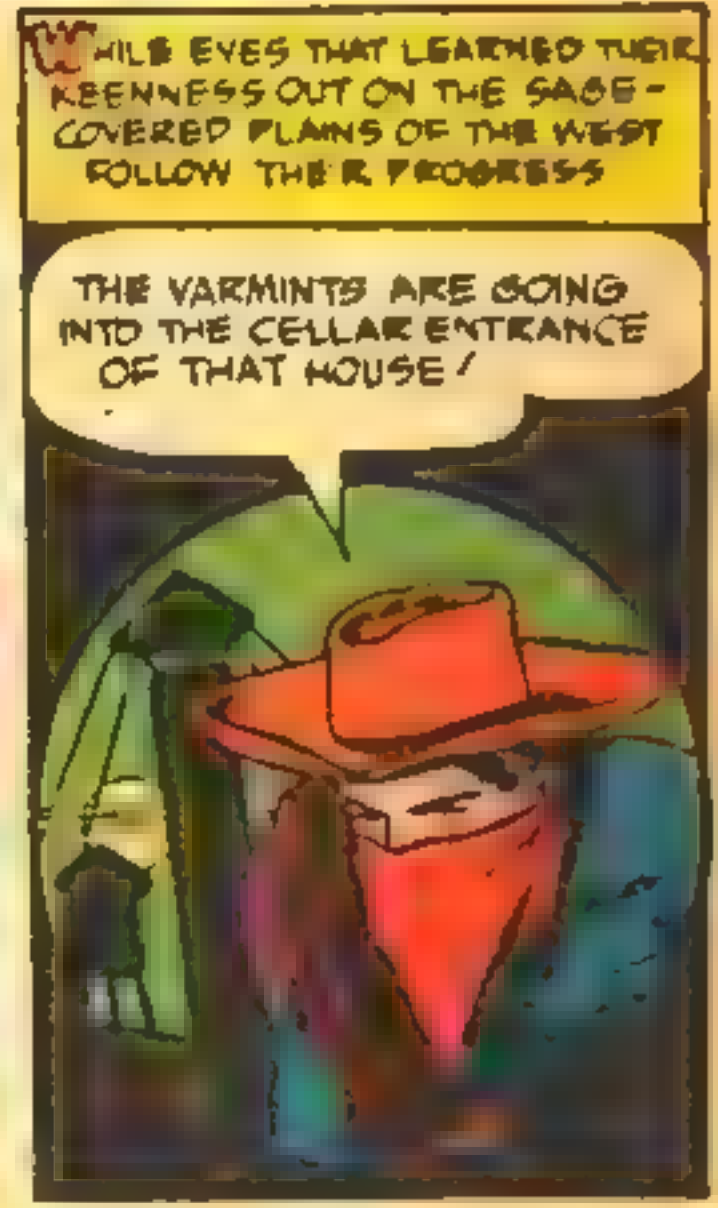
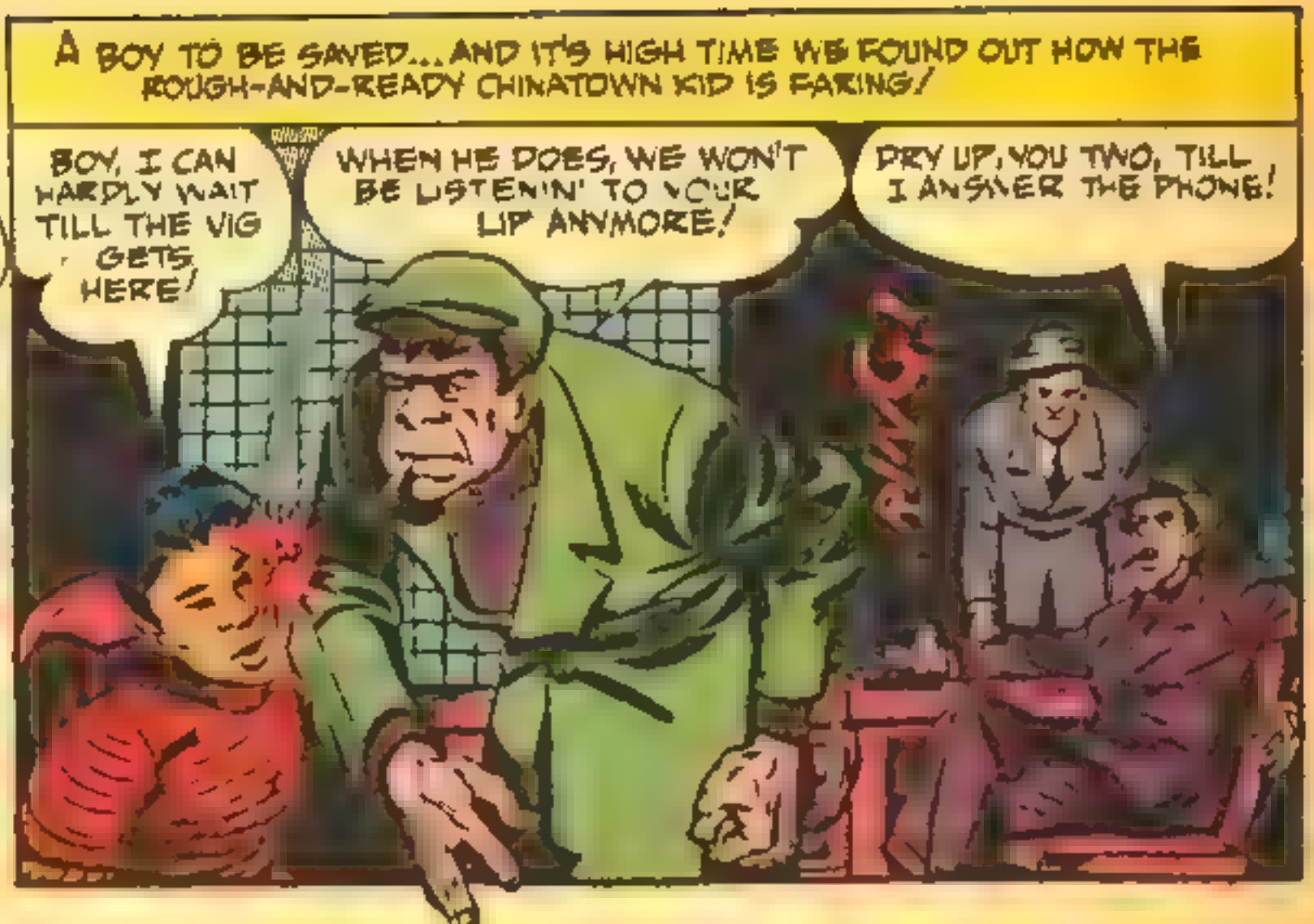
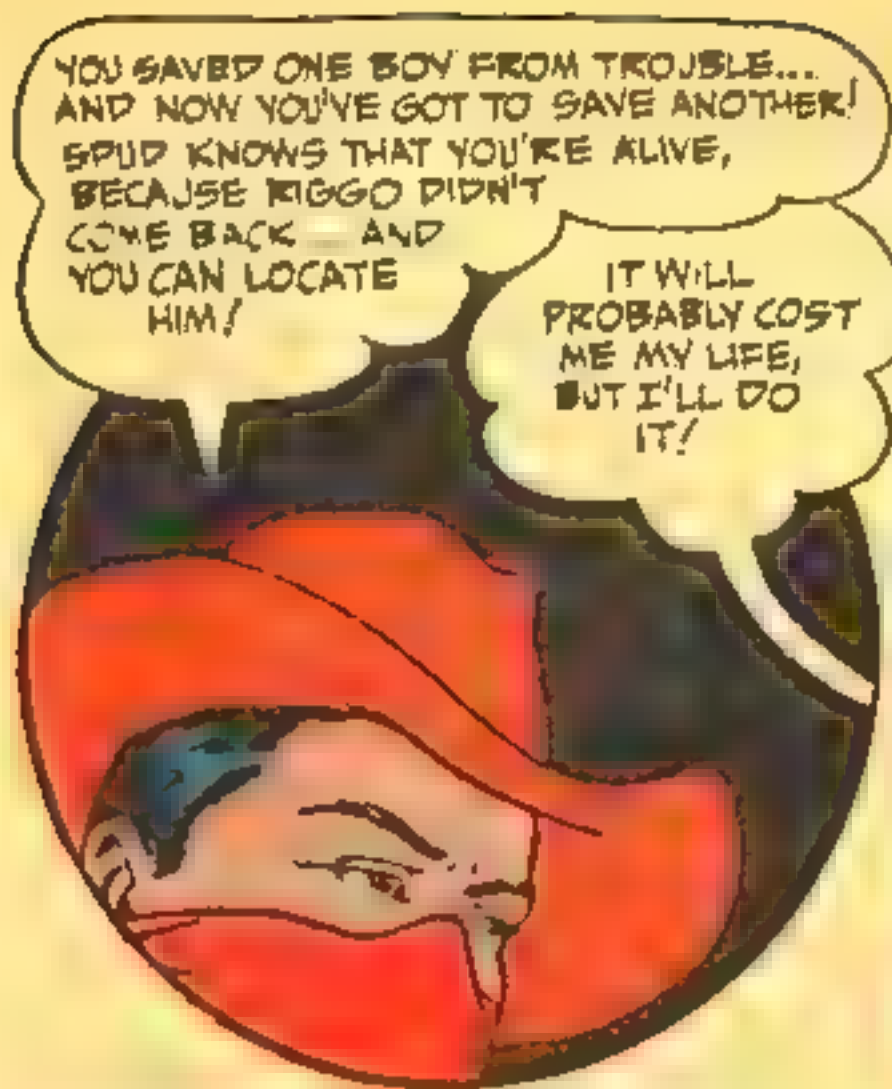






AND SO THE FUNERAL OF ALDERMAN JERRY HARMS IS HELD THIS DAY WHEN OUR TWO STRANGERS... OR ARE THEY REALLY STRANGERS?... SIT TALKING ABOUT HIM OVER THEIR COFFEE CUPS...





A RACE AGAINST DEATH... A SWIFT AND SUDDEN UNDER-
WORLD DEATH ABOUT TO POUNCE IN A DINGY CELLAR..



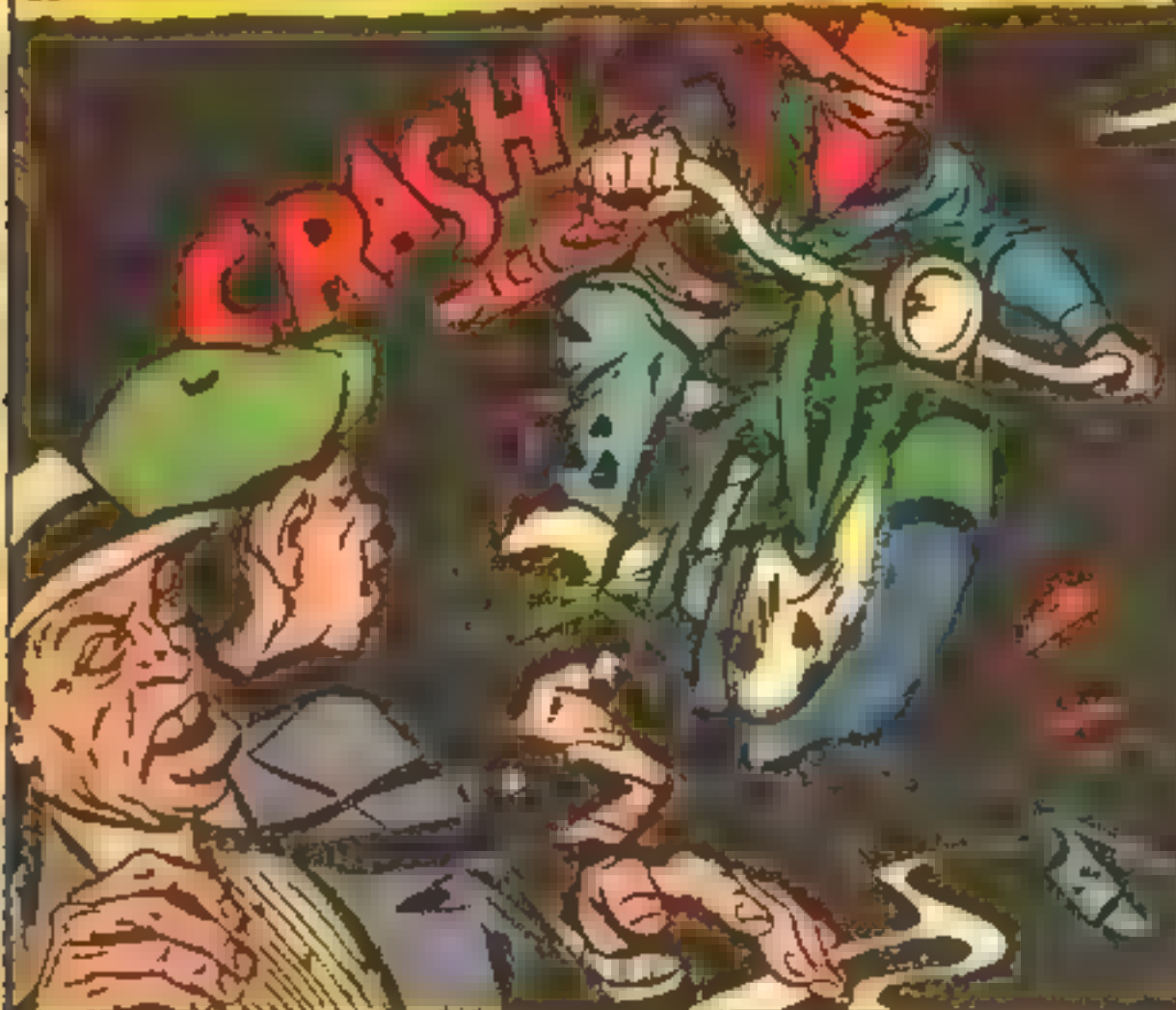
I'VE STOOD ALL I'M GOIN'
TO FROM YOU,
YA BRAT!



DON'T YOU DARE HURT
THAT BOY...



A RENDING SMASH...AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR...AND...



I DIDN'T
TAKE TIME
TO KNOCK...



...BUT I'LL DO
IT NOW!



KNOCK-KNOCK!
WHO'S THERE?

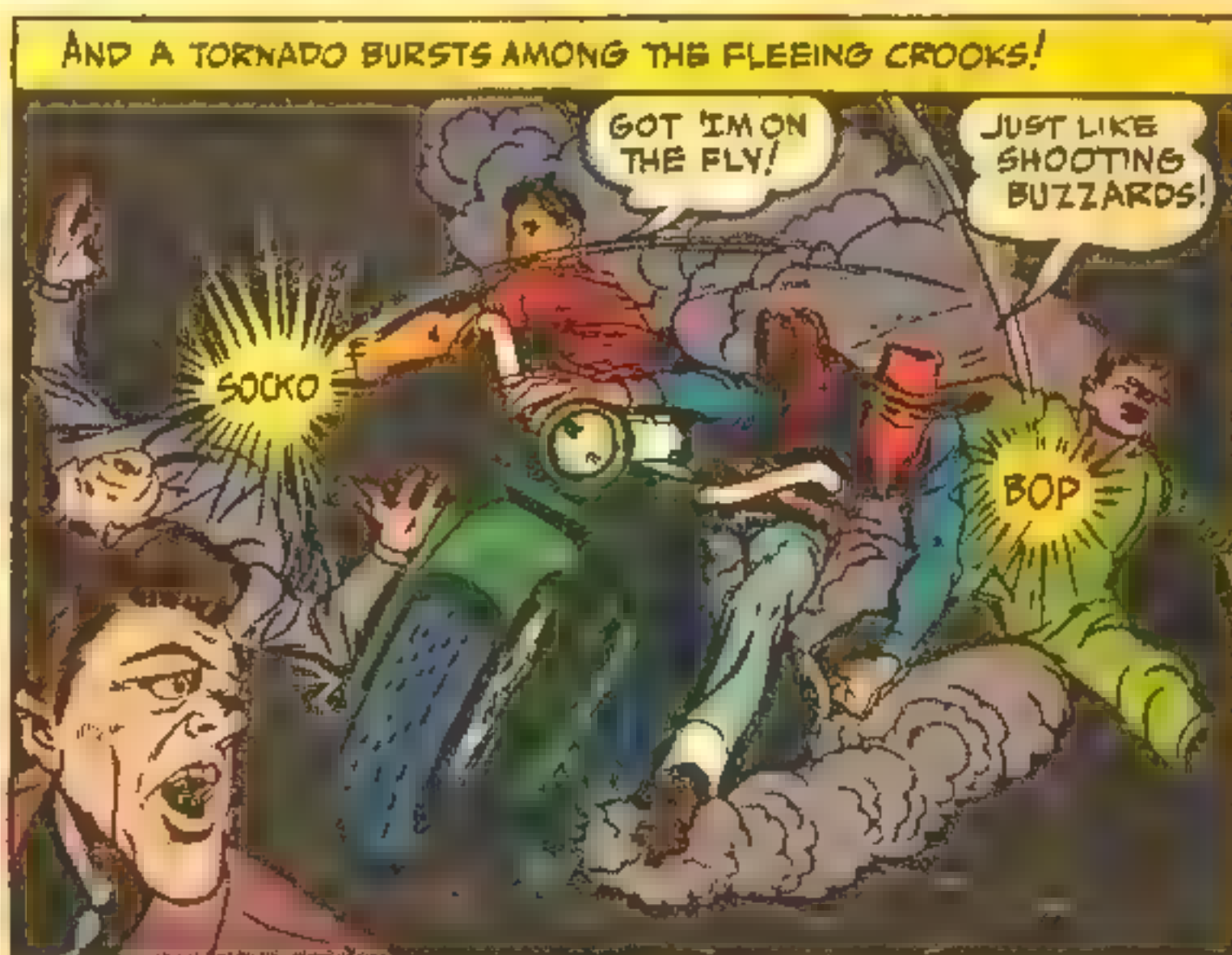
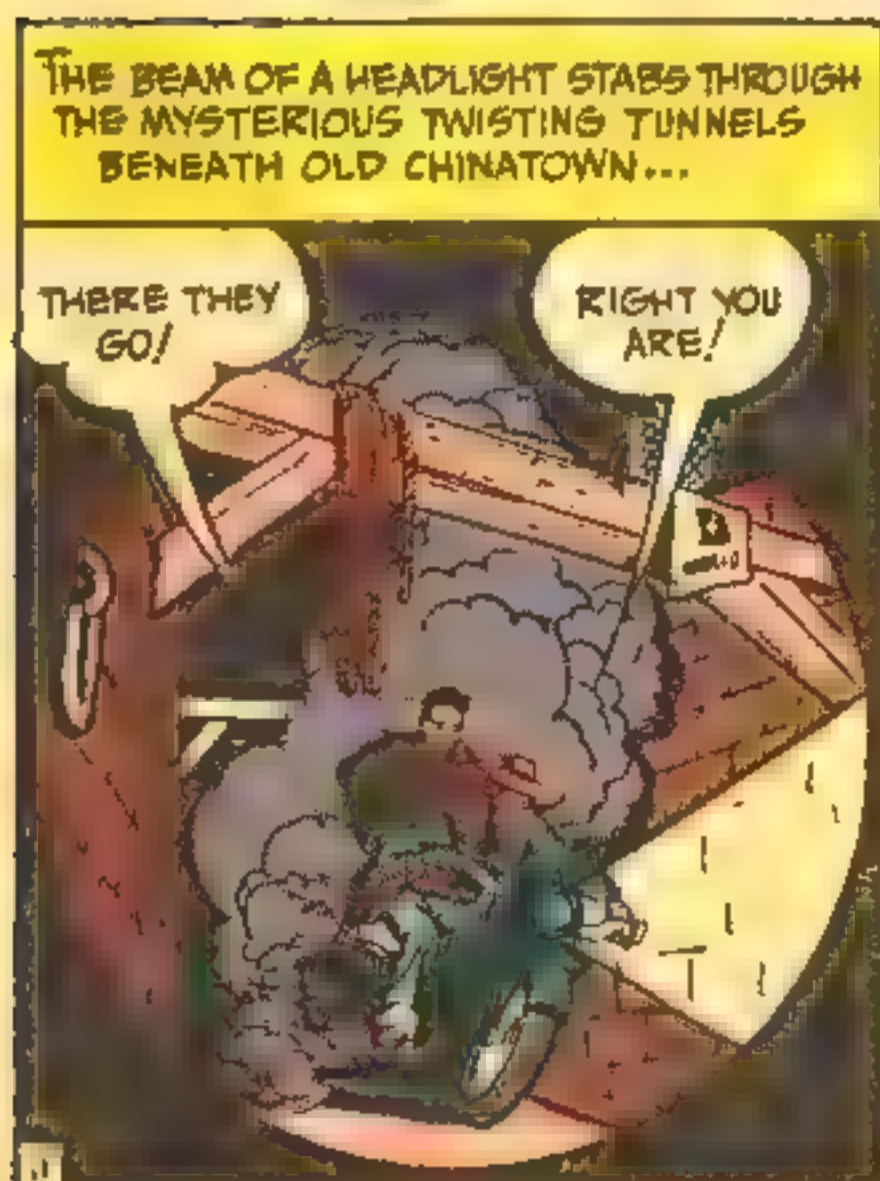
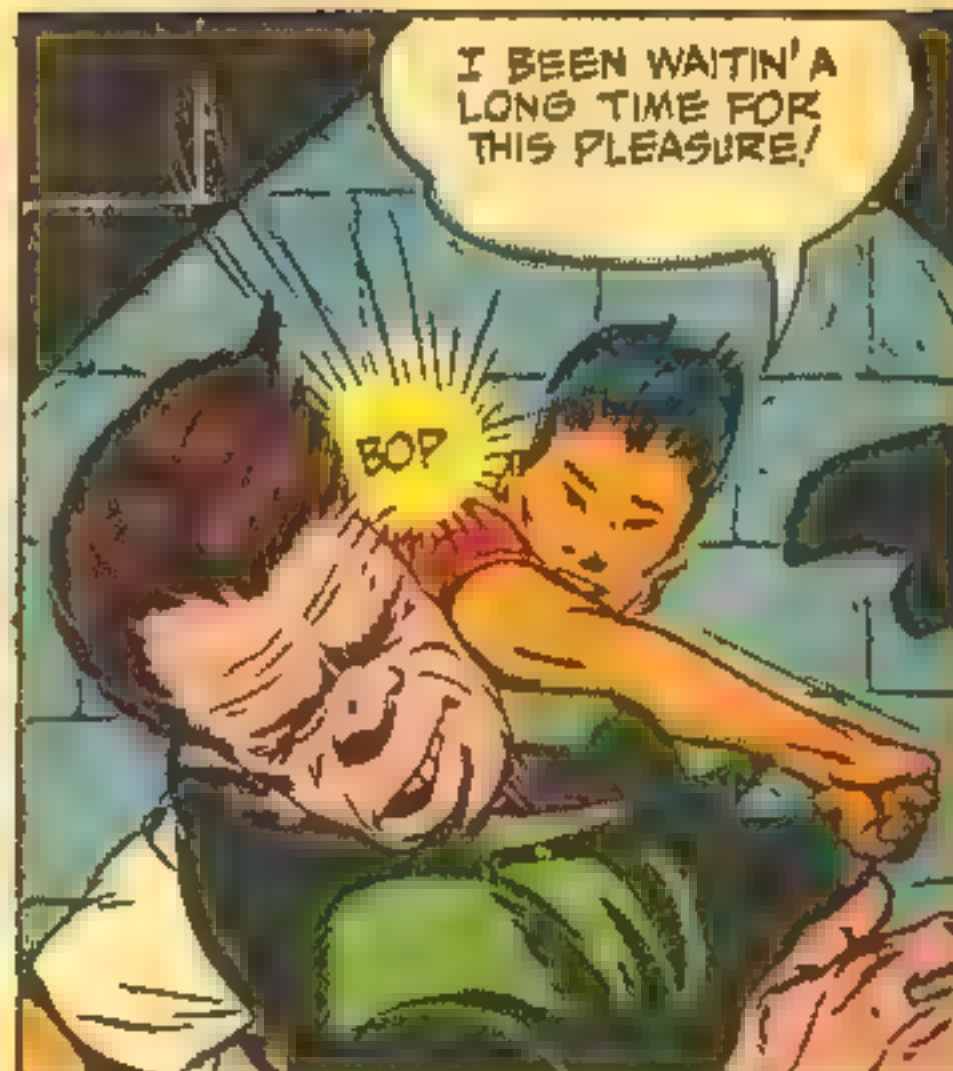
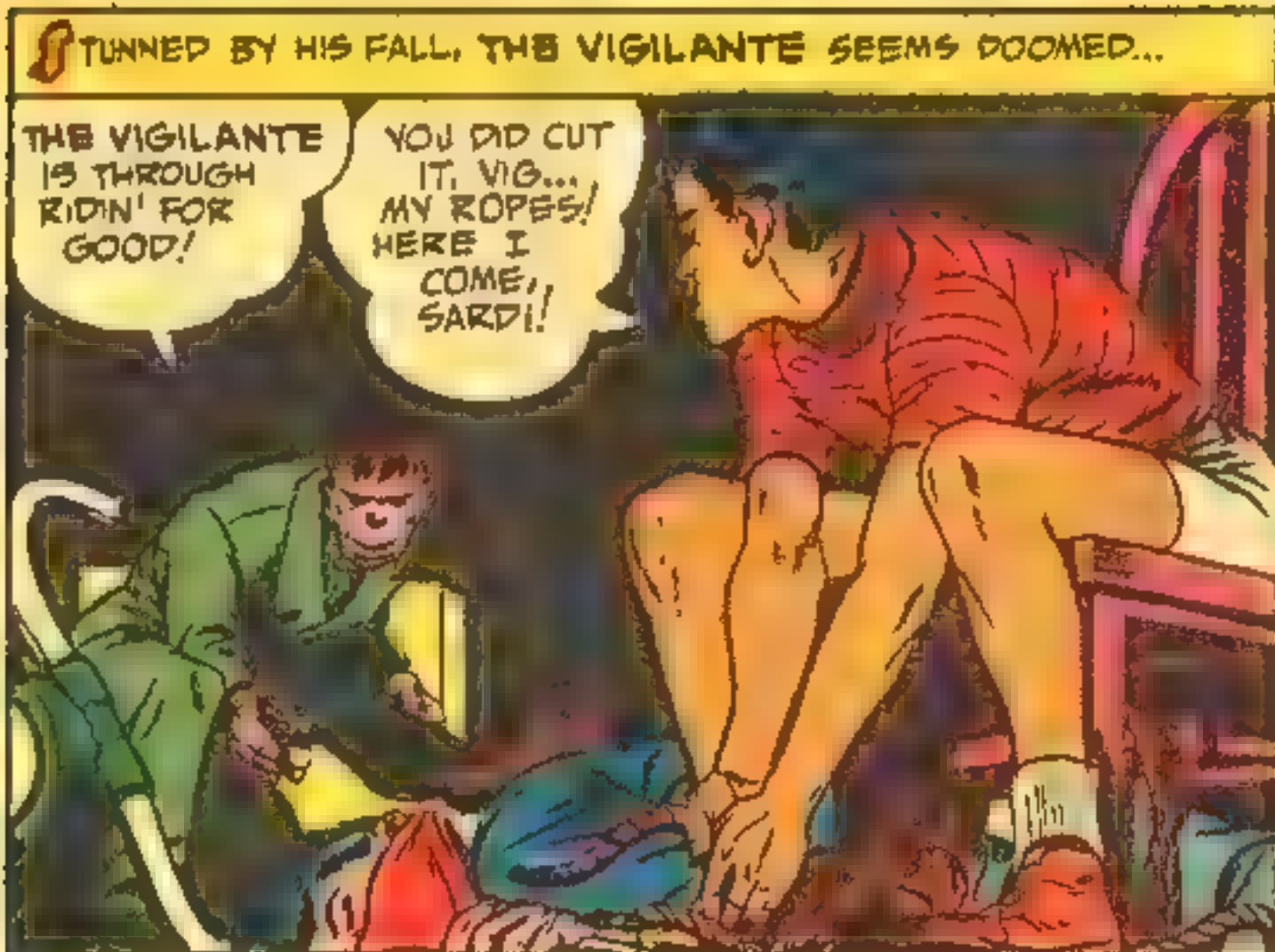


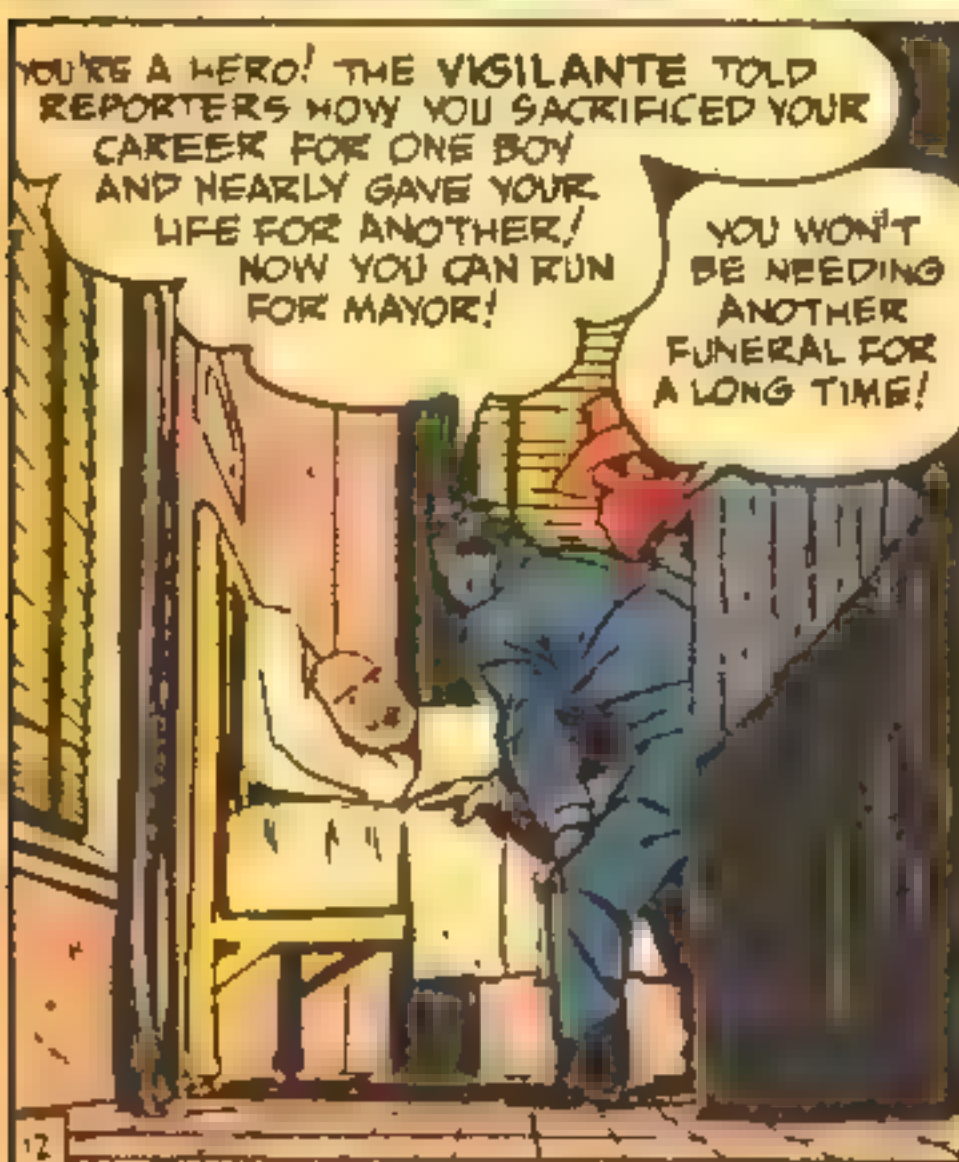
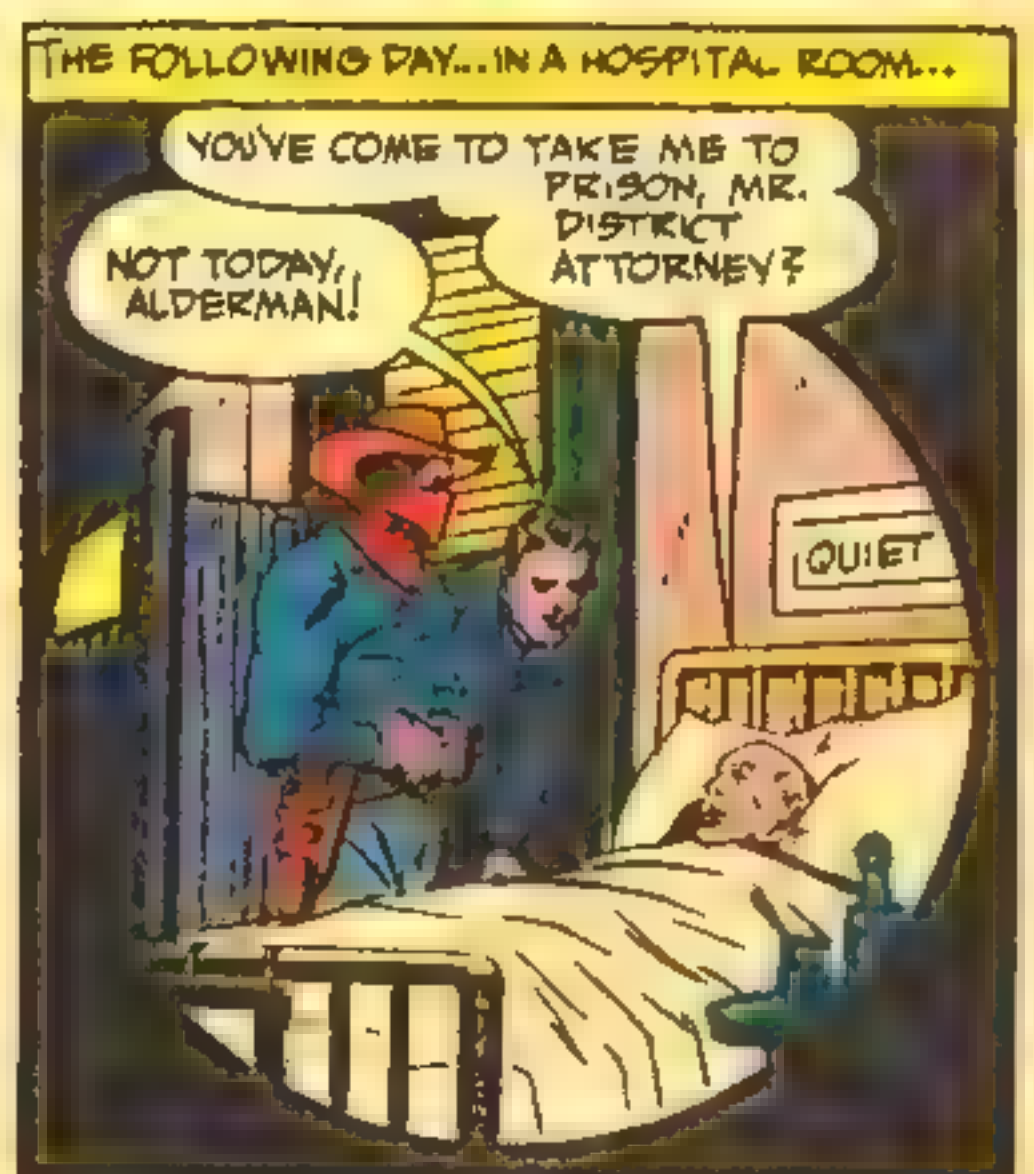
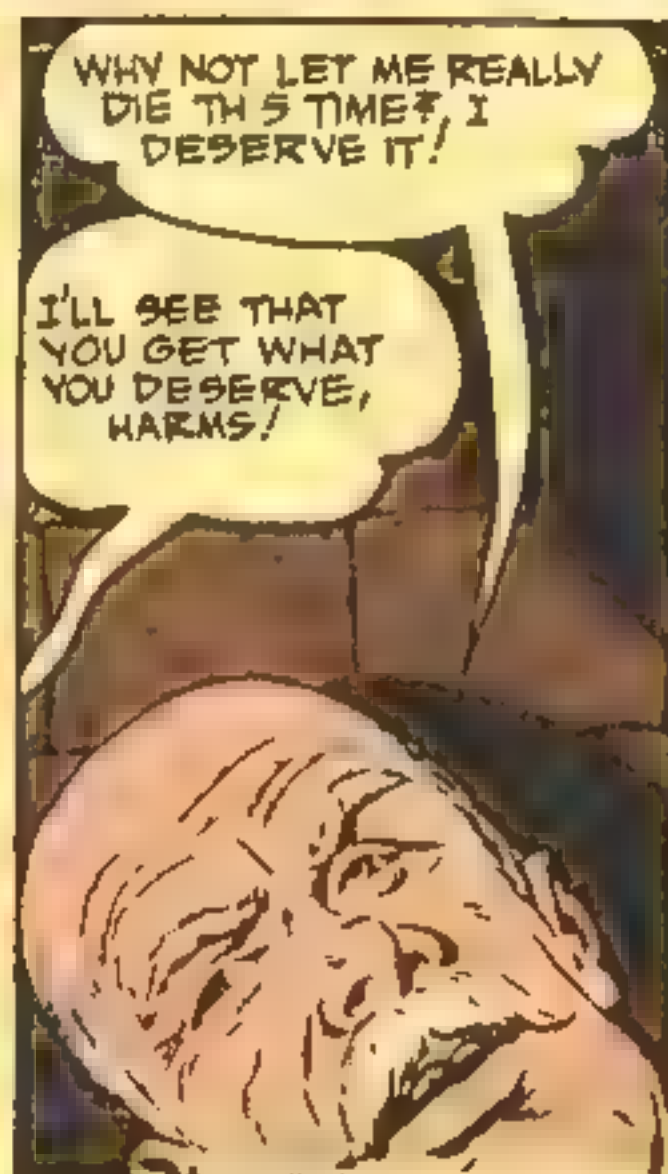
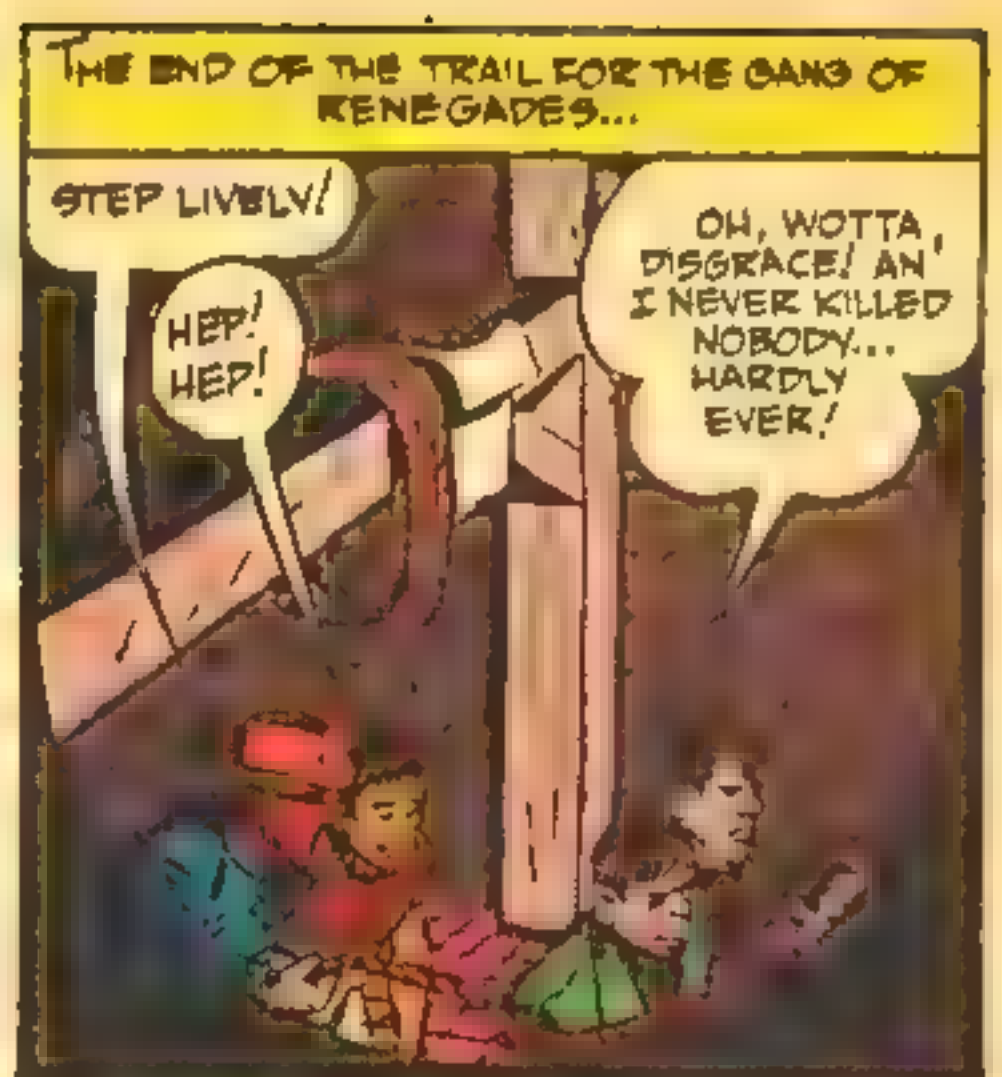
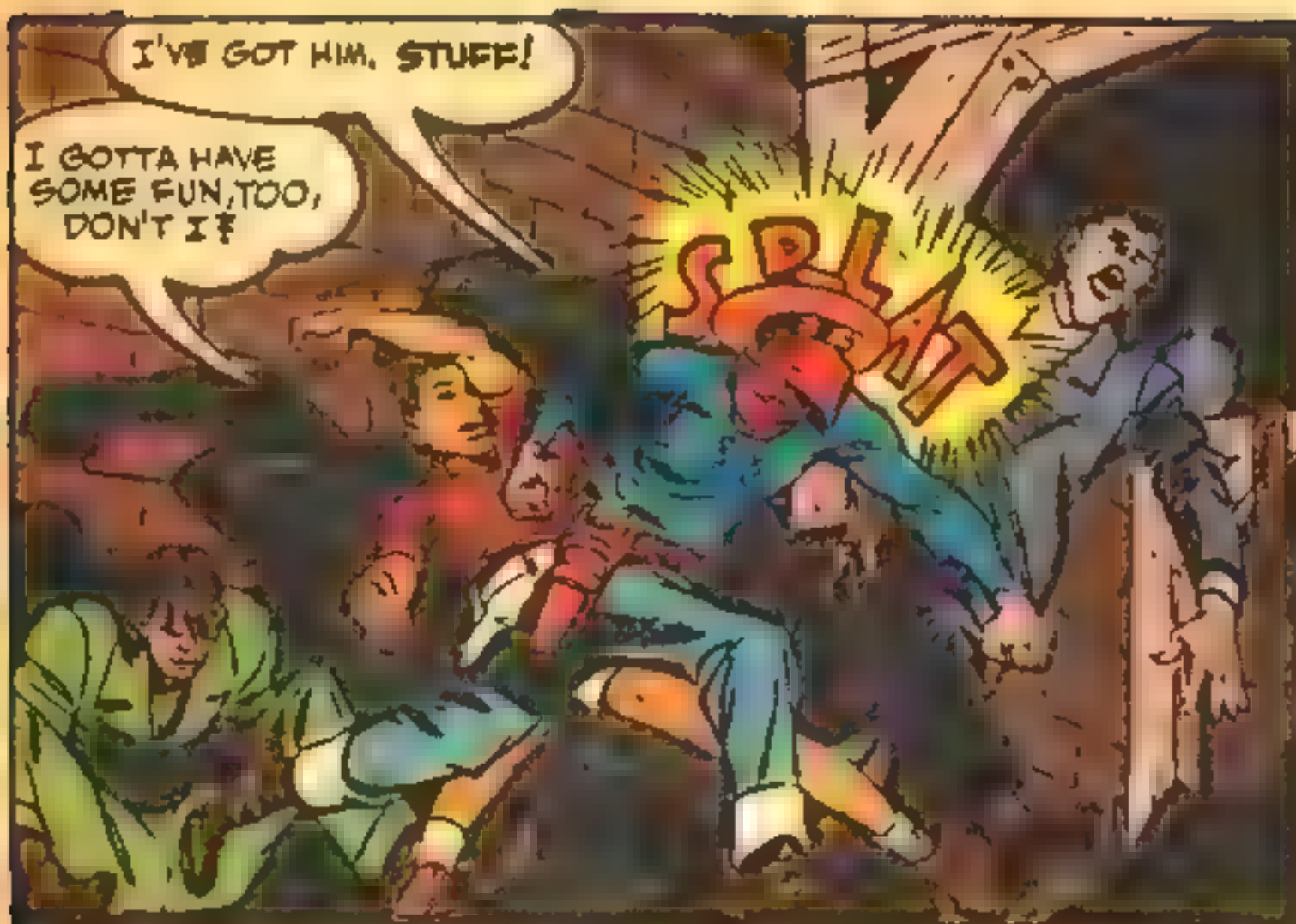
THE THUNDER OF A GUN
SENDS THE MASKED LAW-
MAN REELING BACKWARD-



THE "VIG" TURNS A COMPLETE BACKWARD
GOMERSAULT, AND HIS SPURRED HEELS
RAKE DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BOUND STUFF.







SAVE BAGS from Popsicle Creamsicle Fudgicle

LOOK! KIDS!

It's Easy to Get These FREE GIFTS!

100 BAG GROUP

200 BAG GROUP

UNITED STATES DEFENSE SAVINGS STAMPS

In such cases where we are not able to furnish you with the premiums you have selected from this list, we reserve the right to substitute one 10c U. S. Defense Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.



109. 3 Blade Scout Knife. A handy pocket knife for general utility.



222. Sunless Handi-Packer Toilet Kit. Contains toilet paper, soap, and other necessities for travel.



223. Makeup Kit. Contains all the necessities for makeup, including powder, lipstick, and eye makeup.



108. Butler's Cardenal Pet. A small, friendly pet that is easy to care for.



139. First Aid Kit. Contains all the necessities for first aid, including bandages, antiseptic, and pain relievers.



120. Waco Plane Assembly. A model airplane that can be assembled and flown.



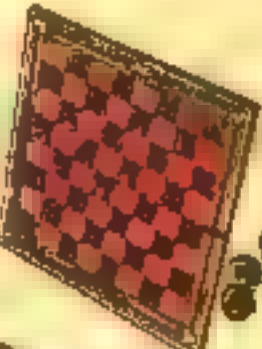
244. Popular Book. A collection of popular books that are easy to read.



221. Marker-of-Peak. A marker that can be used to mark peaks and valleys.



132. Normal A 20c record. A 20c record that is easy to play.



140. Checker Set. A checker set that is easy to play.



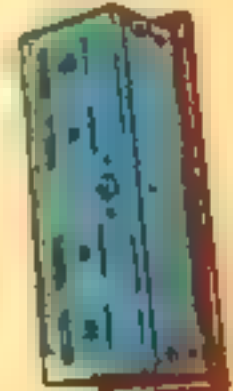
130. Knife with a Leather Sheath. A knife that is easy to carry.



134. Official size baseball. A baseball that is easy to play.



131. School Bag. A school bag that is easy to carry.



200. A model Budget Book. A book that is easy to use.



246. Pen and Ink Bottle. A pen and ink bottle that is easy to use.

350 BAG GROUP



128. New Cabinet Model. A cabinet that is easy to use.



106. Basketball. A basketball that is easy to play.



105. Spy Glass. A spy glass that is easy to use.



238. Chess Set. A chess set that is easy to play.



250. Dart Board. A dart board that is easy to play.



136. Monocle. A monocle that is easy to use.



249. Stuffed Squirrel. A stuffed squirrel that is easy to play.

COLLECT POSTAGE STAMPS!

Start with this Valuable Collection! Discover for yourself the thrill of stamp collecting. Over 50 different American postage stamps, including a total of 100 more than \$1.00 in the 1947 Standard Postage Stamp Catalog. Here's what you get: First, a scarce set of Russian stamps, including a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Second, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Third, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Fourth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Fifth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Sixth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Seventh, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Eighth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Ninth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier. Tenth, a 10c stamp featuring a picture of a Cossack soldier.

START SAVING BAGS TO-DAY GET PREMIUMS ALL YEAR

READ THIS

EVERY TIME YOU BUY ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS FROZEN STICK CONFECTIONS ON-A-STICK, SAVE THE BAG. WHEN YOU HAVE THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF BAGS FOR PREMIUM YOU DESIRE, SEND THEM TO NEAREST POPSICLE PREMIUM STATION. ASK YOUR ICE CREAM DEALER FOR COMPLETE NEW GIFT LIST.

7c. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 30c. 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c. 55c. 60c. 65c. 70c. 75c. 80c. 85c. 90c. 95c. 1.00c.

3 ACES

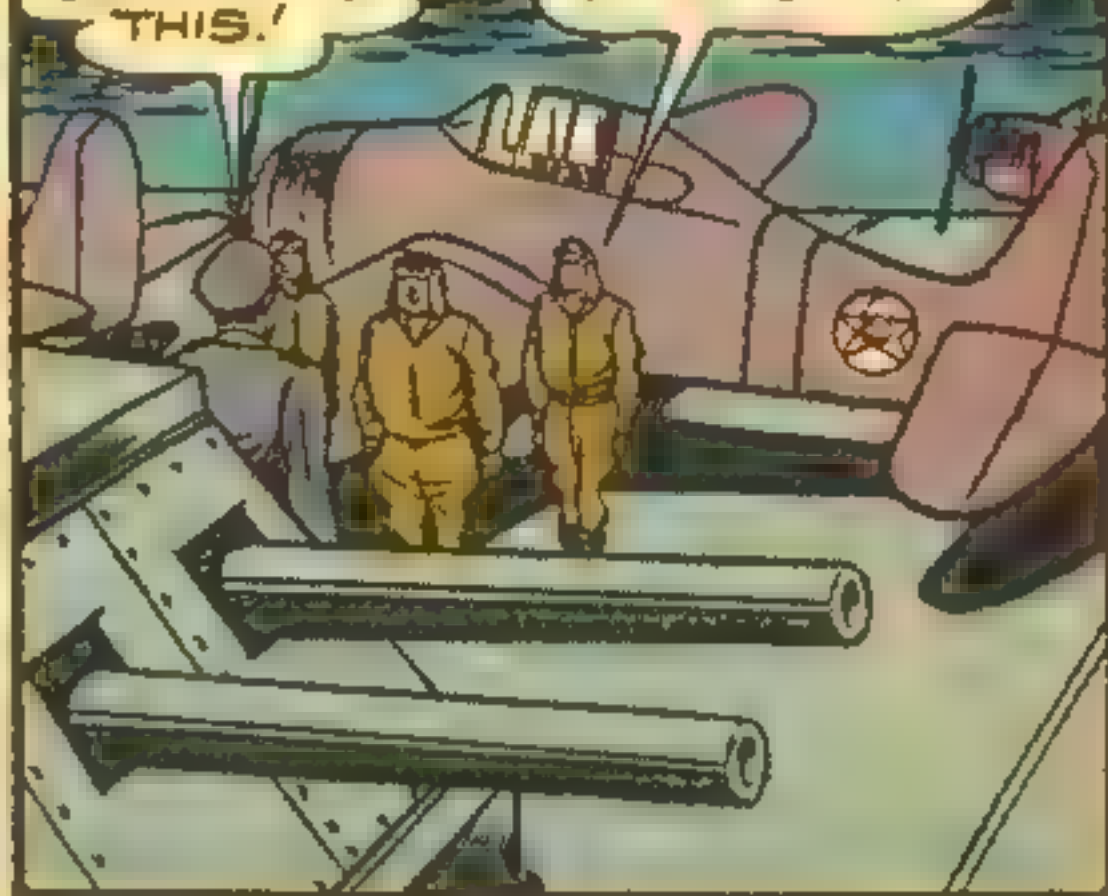
OVER THE BROAD EX-
PANSE OF THE PACIFIC,
A BITTER WAR RAGES,
BRINGING PERIL OF
DEATH AND DESTRUC-
TION TO ALL ON ITS
WATERS... BUT THE
THREE ACES, TAKING
PERIL IN THEIR JAUNTY
STRIDE, DISCOVER
NEWER AND STRANGER
DANGERS IN...

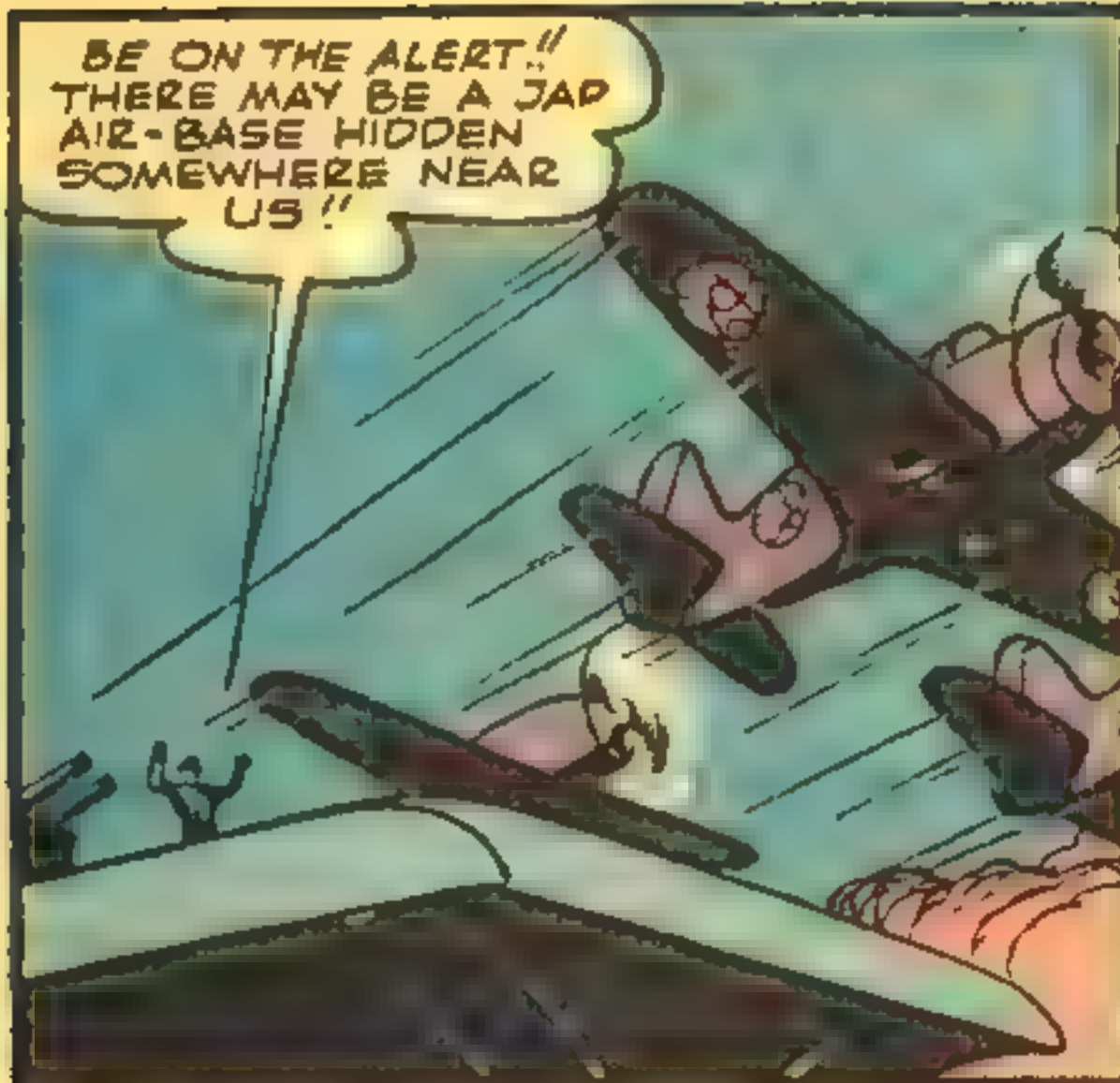
*"The ISLAND
WHERE TIME
STOOD STILL!"*

FAR OUT ON THE PACIFIC WITH
THE UNITED STATES FLEET, THE
THREE ACES ARE SENT ON A
MYSTERIOUS MISSION...

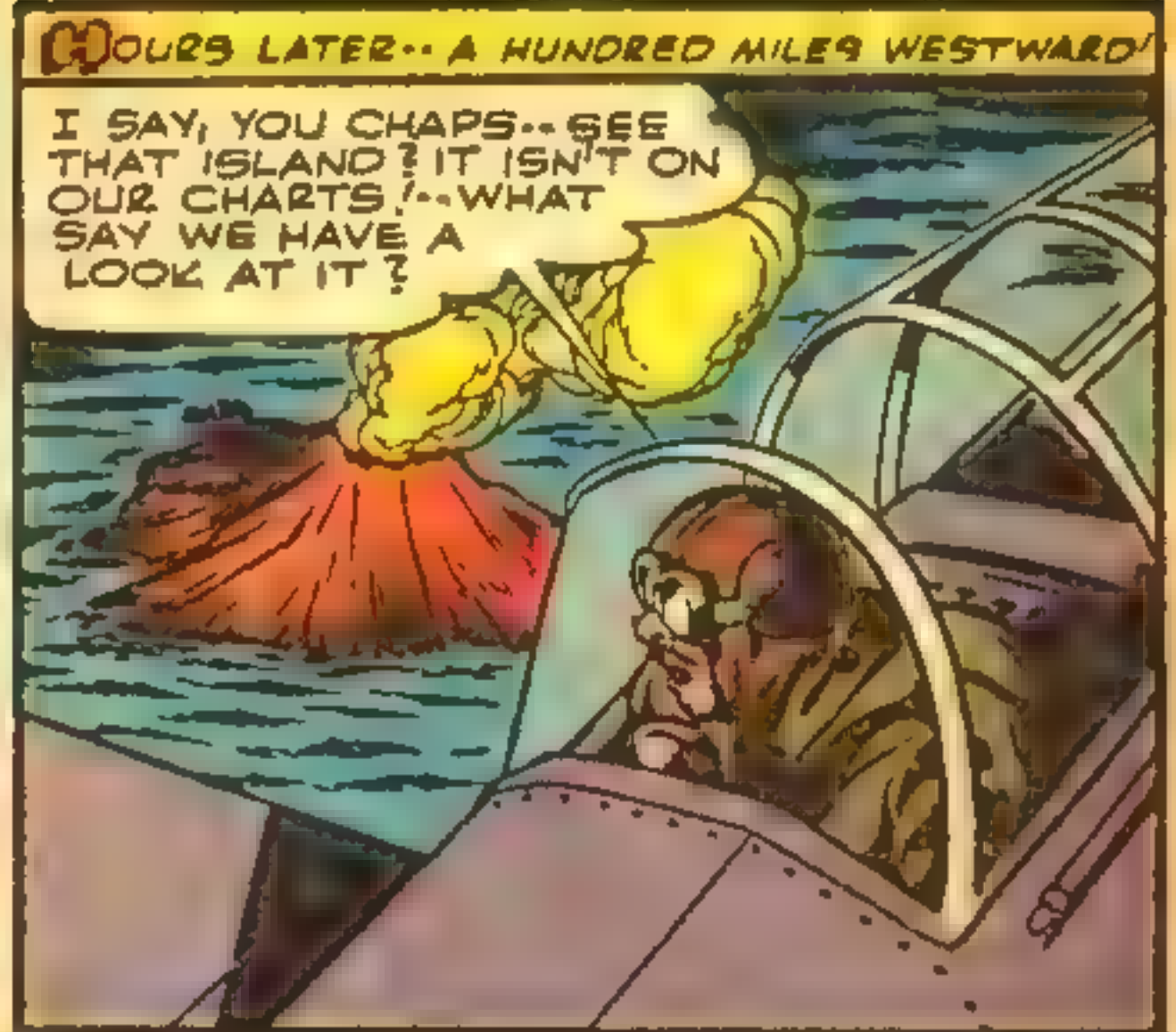
IN THE PAST WEEK
WE HAVE LOST FIVE
PLANES ON THE
WESTERN PATROL!
I'D LIKE YOU TO
LOOK INTO
THIS!

RIGHT,
SIR! WE'LL
BRING BACK
A REPORT!



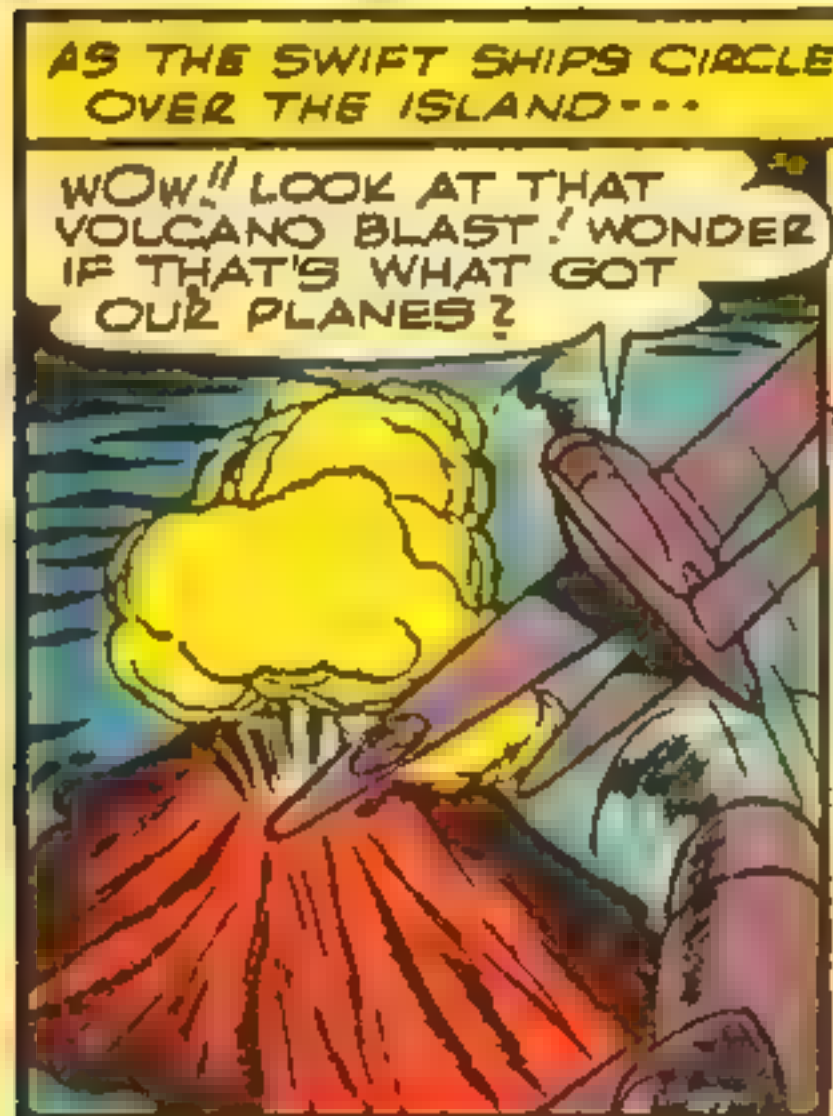


BE ON THE ALERT!!
THERE MAY BE A JAP
AIR-BASE HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE NEAR
US!!



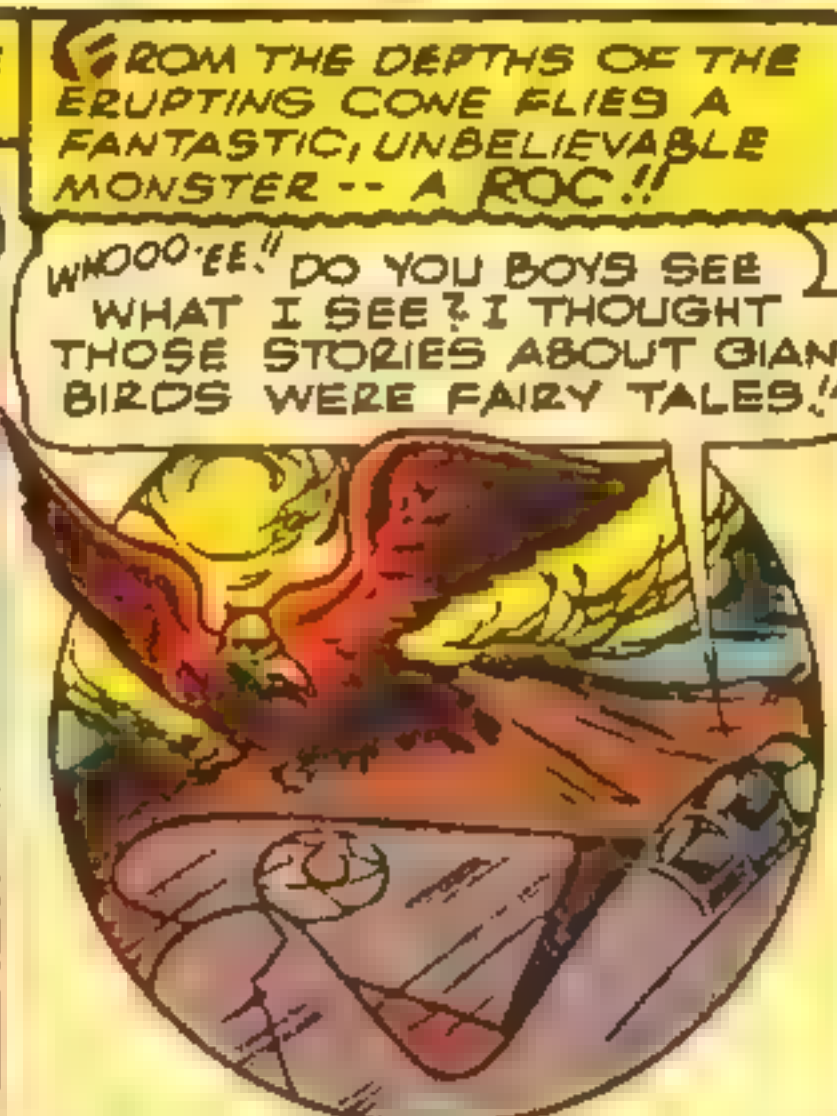
HOURS LATER-- A HUNDRED MILES WESTWARD!

I SAY, YOU CHAPS-- SEE
THAT ISLAND? IT ISN'T ON
OUR CHARTS!--WHAT
SAY WE HAVE A
LOOK AT IT?



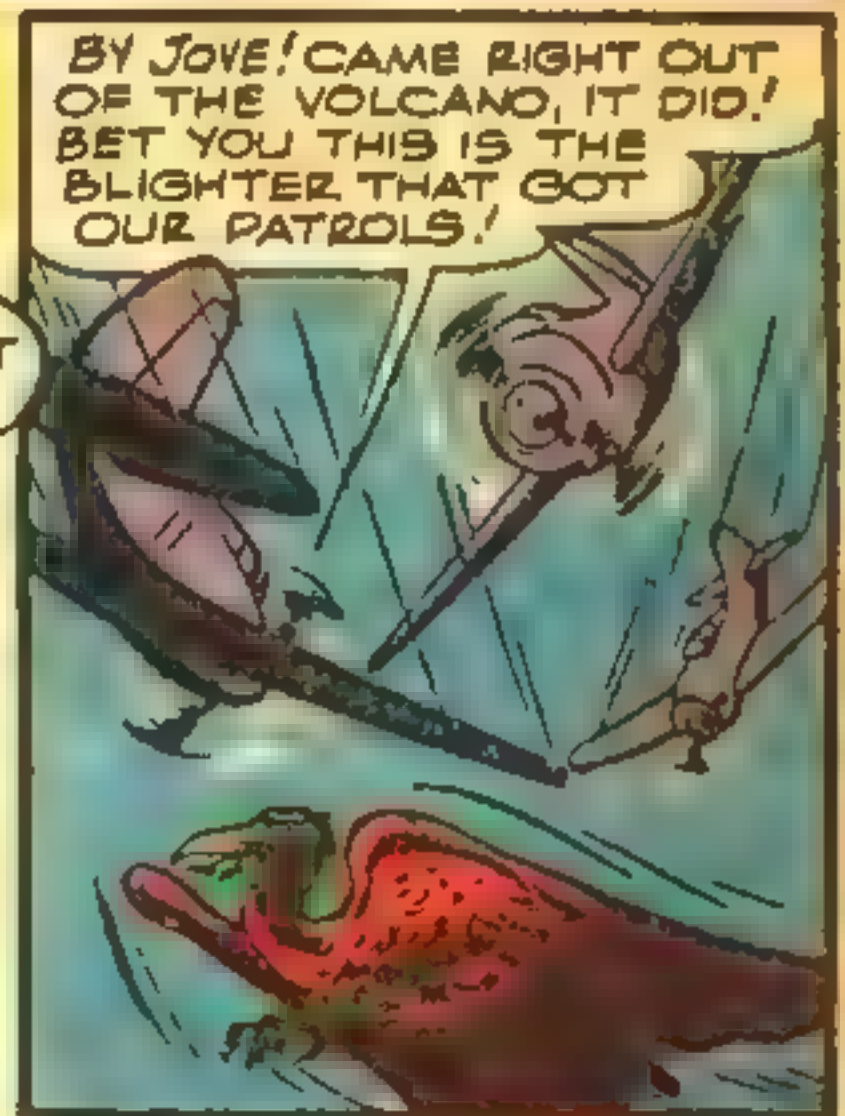
AS THE SWIFT SHIPS CIRCLE
OVER THE ISLAND---

WOW!! LOOK AT THAT
VOLCANO BLAST! WONDER
IF THAT'S WHAT GOT
OUR PLANES?

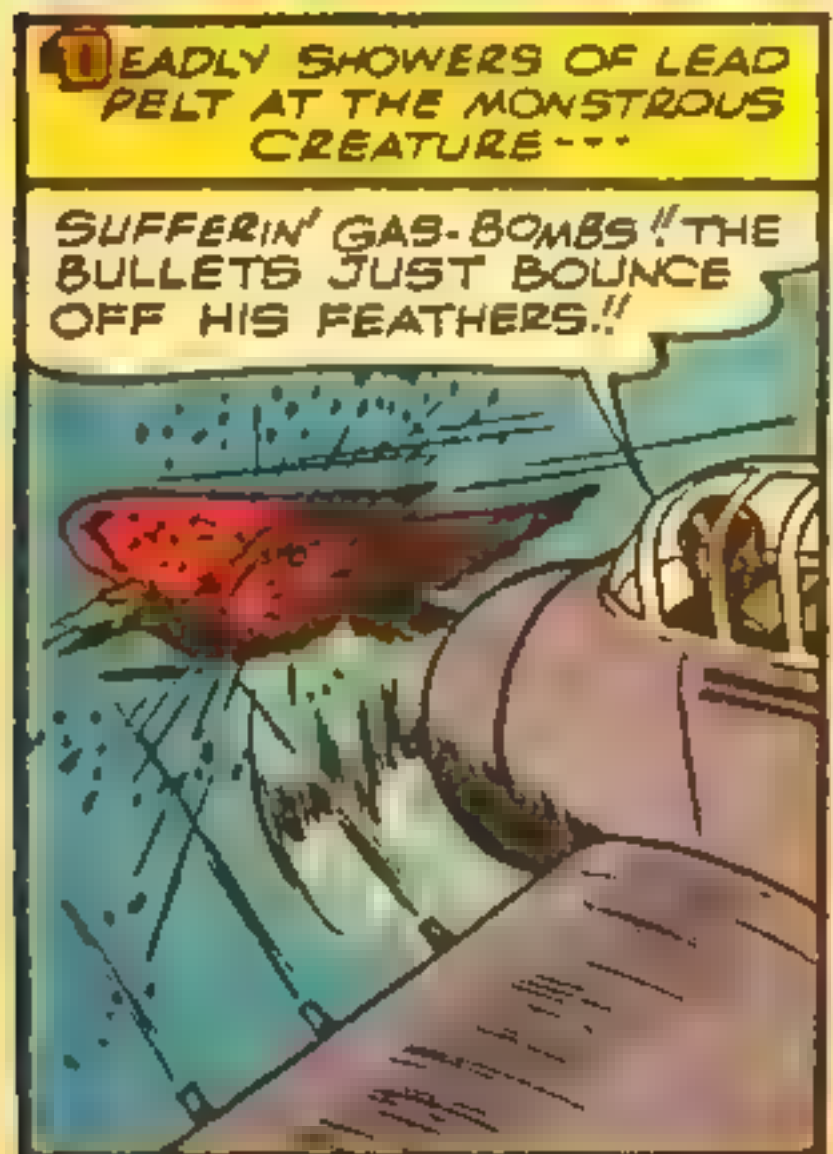


FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE
ERUPTING CONE FLIES A
FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE
MONSTER -- A ROC!!

WHOOO-EE!! DO YOU BOYS SEE
WHAT I SEE? I THOUGHT
THOSE STORIES ABOUT GIANT
BIRDS WERE FAIRY TALES!!

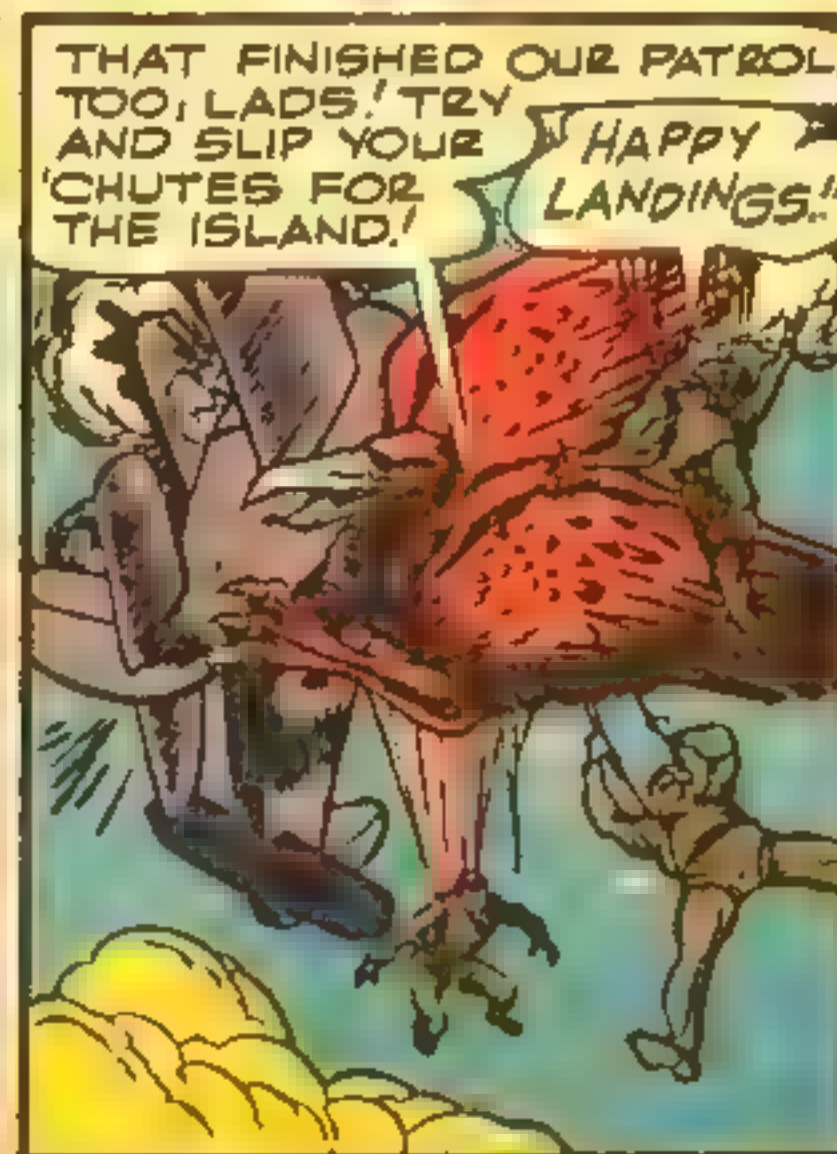


BY JOVE! CAME RIGHT OUT
OF THE VOLCANO, IT DID!
BET YOU THIS IS THE
BLIGHTER THAT GOT
OUR PATROLS!



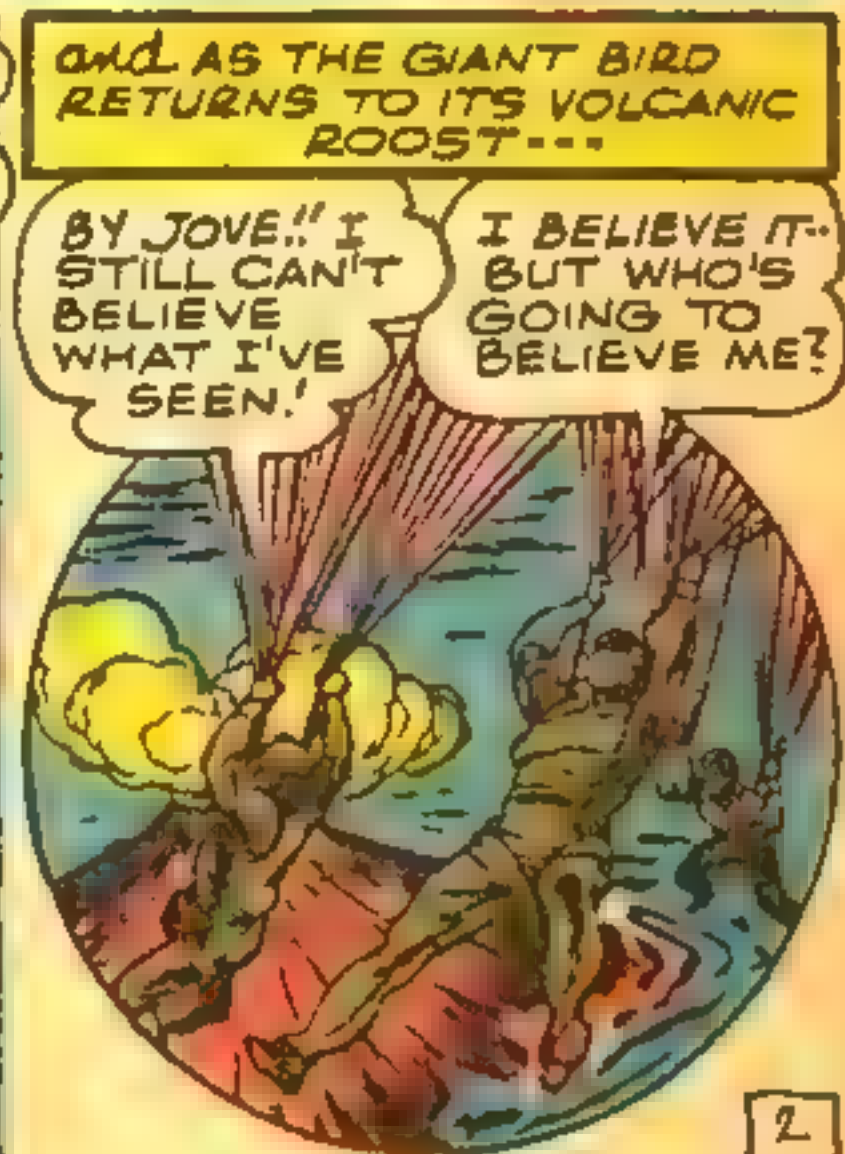
LEADLY SHOWERS OF LEAD
PELT AT THE MONSTROUS
CREATURE---

SUFFERIN' GAS-BOMBS!! THE
BULLETS JUST BOUNCE
OFF HIS FEATHERS!!



THAT FINISHED OUR PATROL,
TOO, LADS! TRY
AND SLIP YOUR
'CHUTES FOR
THE ISLAND!

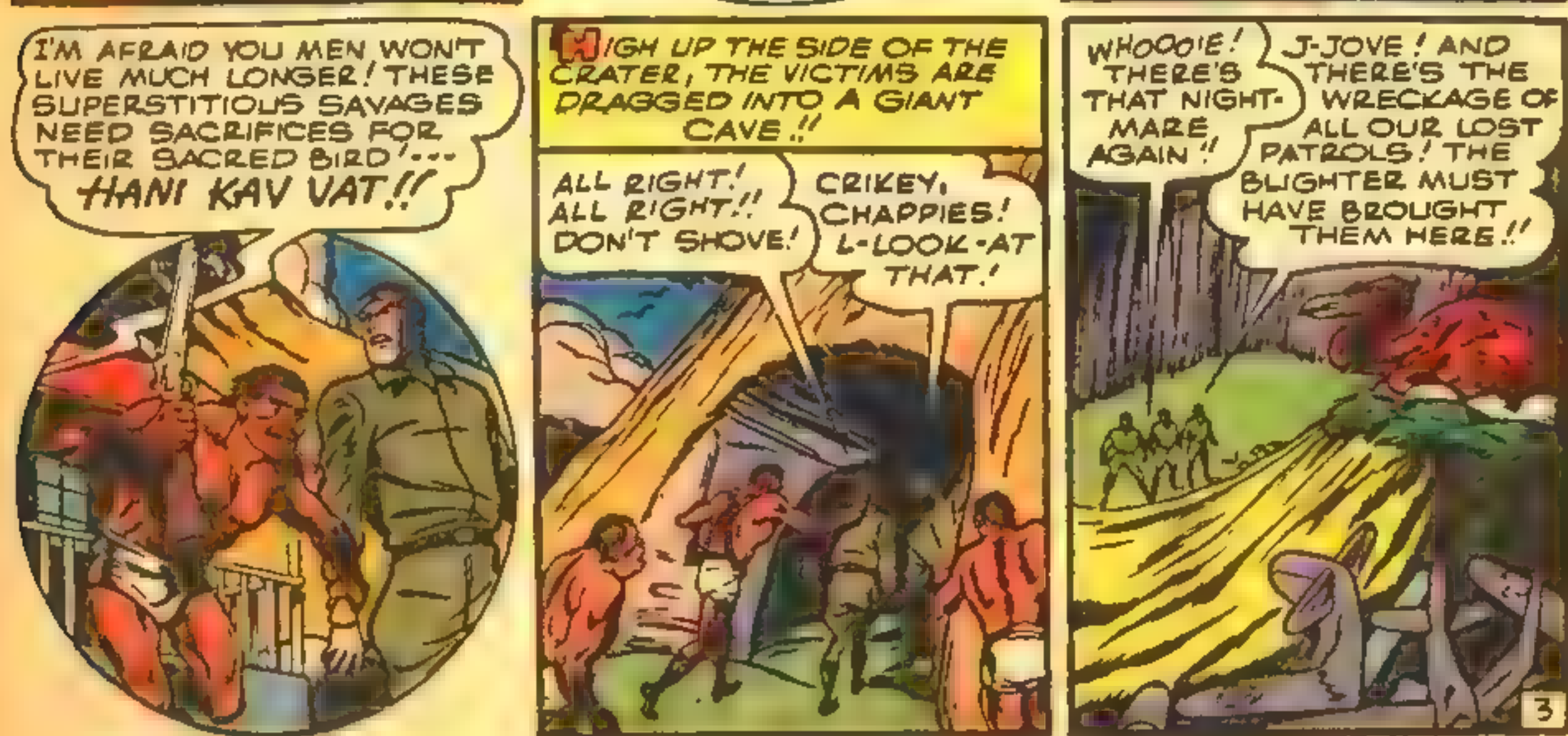
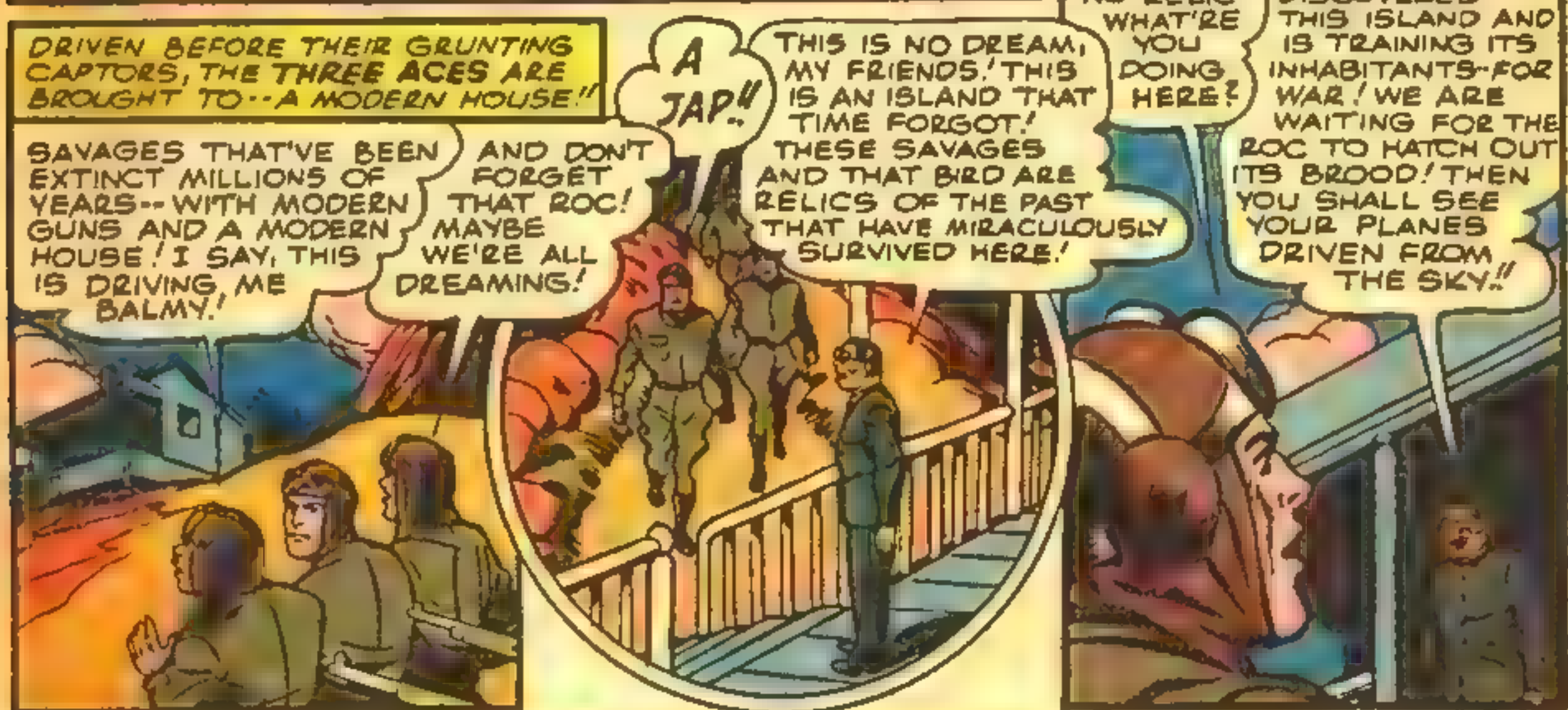
HAPPY
LANDINGS!!



AND AS THE GIANT BIRD
RETURNS TO ITS VOLCANIC
ROOST---

BY JOVE!! I
STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE
WHAT I'VE
SEEN!

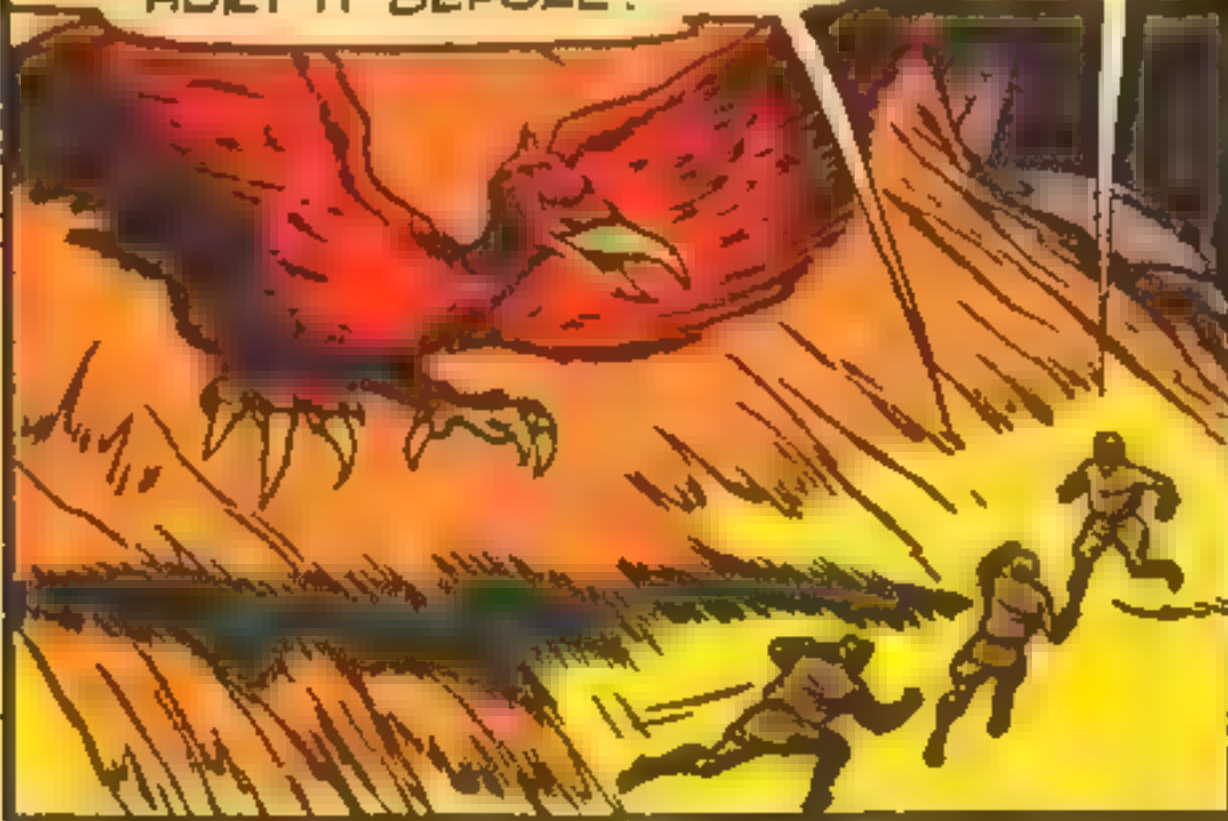
I BELIEVE IT--
BUT WHO'S
GOING TO
BELIEVE ME?



SLOW AND CLUMSY ON EARTH, THE ROARING ROC LUMBERS TOWARD THEM---

THE BLIGHTER'S COMIN' AFTER US! WHAT DO WE DO NOW? BULLETS COULDN'T HURT IT BEFORE!!

THAT CROW'S GOT STEEL FEATHERS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK--IF YOU BOYS CAN HOLD THE ROC OFF FOR A FEW MINUTES!!

WE'LL DO IT, GUNNER--GO AHEAD!



CARRYING A WRECKED PROPELLOR LIKE A BATTERING RAM, TWO ACES CHARGE FORWARD---

ALL SET, PALS! COME BACK HERE!

WE'RE COMIN', GUNNER! IT'S A PLEASURE!!

AND AS THE ROC CREEPS CLOSER---

WONDER WHAT GUNNER IS UP TO?!

MY WORD! THE BLASTED BIRD'S SNAPPIN' AT US!!

LUMMY, GUNNER! D--DO WE JUST STAND HERE AND WAIT FOR THAT MONSTER TO G-GET US?

STAND WHERE YOU ARE! WE'VE GOT TO ACT AS BAIT!!



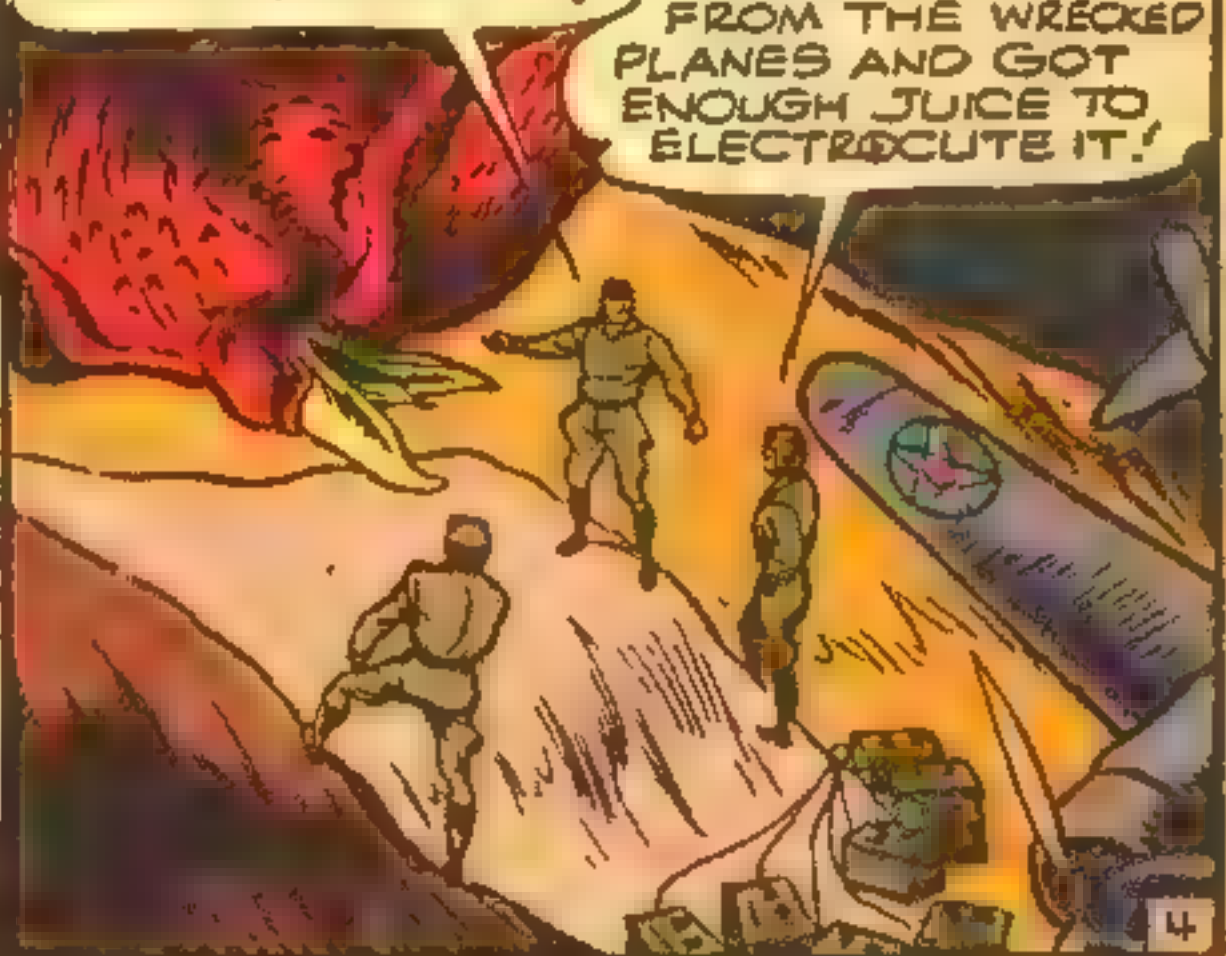
A GIANT OUTSTRETCHED TALON TOUCHES A TANGLED WIRE!

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS, PALS! IT'S WORKING!!



BY JOVE, GUNNER, THE BLASTED BIRD'S KICKED THE BUCKET! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

SIMPLE! I HOOKED UP ALL THE BATTERIES AND SPARK COILS FROM THE WRECKED PLANES AND GOT ENOUGH JUICE TO ELECTROCUTE IT!



DRAWN BY THE ROC'S DYING SCREAMS, THE SAVAGES ENTER THE CAVE...

HEL-LO! HERE COME NASTY MEN FROM THE PAST! SEEM A BIT HOT UNDER THE COLLAR--IF THEY HAD ANY COLLARS!

MAYBE PEEVED BECAUSE WE KILLED THEIR PET CANARY, WHAT?

HAI MONA GHUT!

BOYS, AFTER WE TOOK ON THE ROC, YOU SEEM LIKE A FLOCK O' SPARROWS.

HAI!

PGHAL!

BANEEE!!

HOW'D YOU LIKE THIS, OLD THING? MERELY A TRIFLE I PICKED UP IN PICCADILLY! THEY CALL IT IRISH CONFETTI!

AIEEE!!

WHY'D YOU LADS EVER LEAVE ONE MILLION B.C.? IT WAS SO MUCH SAFER-- NOTHING BUT DINO-SAURS AND MAMMOTHS-- NO THREE ACES!!

OVERWHELMED BY HUNDREDS, THE ACES RETREAT TO THE REAR OF THE CAVE!

LIP Y'GO, GUNNER! MAYBE WE CAN HATCH A FEW ROC'S EGGS TO FIGHT FOR US!

THAT'S AN IDEA, FOGGIE! THEY'LL FIGHT FOR US RIGHT NOW!

OVER THEY GO! SUFFERIN' SPARKPLUGS, BUT THEY'RE HEAVY!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE SCRAMBLED YEGGS FOR LUNCH!

LIKE MAMMOTH SNOWBALLS, THE GIANT EGGS THUNDER INTO THE CAVE WALL--

CRACKED BY THE CRUSHING IMPACT, THE THIN WALLS TREMBLE AND SPLIT--LIKE A WHITE HOT SNAKE, A STREAM OF LAVA OOZES OUT.

Allee! **MONOI QUE JAZU!** **WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, BOYS, BEFORE THE LAVA CUTS US OFF!**

BY JOVE, WHISTLER, YOU WERE WRONG! LOOKS LIKE FRIED YEGGS ON THE MENU!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, FOGGIE, OR WE'LL BE THREE VERY RED ACES!!

A FEW FEET AHEAD OF THE FIERY WAVE, THE THREE ACES SPURRY DOWN THE SIDE OF THE VOLCANO---

THERE'S THE RISING SUN COMIN' DOWN THE STAIRS. WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?

WHAT A QUESTION! WE MAKE HIM SET, OF COURSE!

WHAT-HO, CHAPPIES! LOOK THERE! A HELIO-- AND DO WE NEED IT!!

AS THE LITTLE ISLAND SHAKES IN THE THROES OF A TITANIC UPHEAVAL----

GET HER GOIN', FOGGIE! THIS ISLAND IS ON THE WAY TO BECOMIN' EXTINCT FROM THE WAY IT'S DANCING!

HOLD ON, LADS! I'LL GUN HER SO HIGH SHE'LL BOUNCE!

With a deafening roar, the island splits asunder and churns down toward the ocean bed---

THERE SHE GOES!! **..AND A GOOD THING, TOO! CREATURES FROM THE PAST WOULD ONLY HAVE BROUGHT MISERY AND TERROR TO OUR WORLD!**

HOMEWARD BOUND----

I SAY, GUNNER, WHAT CAN WE REPORT TO THE COMMANDER? HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE TRUTH!

OH, WE'LL JUST SAY WE CAUGHT A JAP THROWIN' ROCKS AT OUR PLANES--KEEP 'EM FLYIN', FOGGIE!!

ACTION! COLOR! ADVENTURE

DON'T LOOK IN THE DICTIONARY FOR THE MEANING OF THESE WORDS. JUST LOOK FOR THE 3 ACES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS--THEY'RE A TRIPLE THREAT TO THE ENEMY!!!

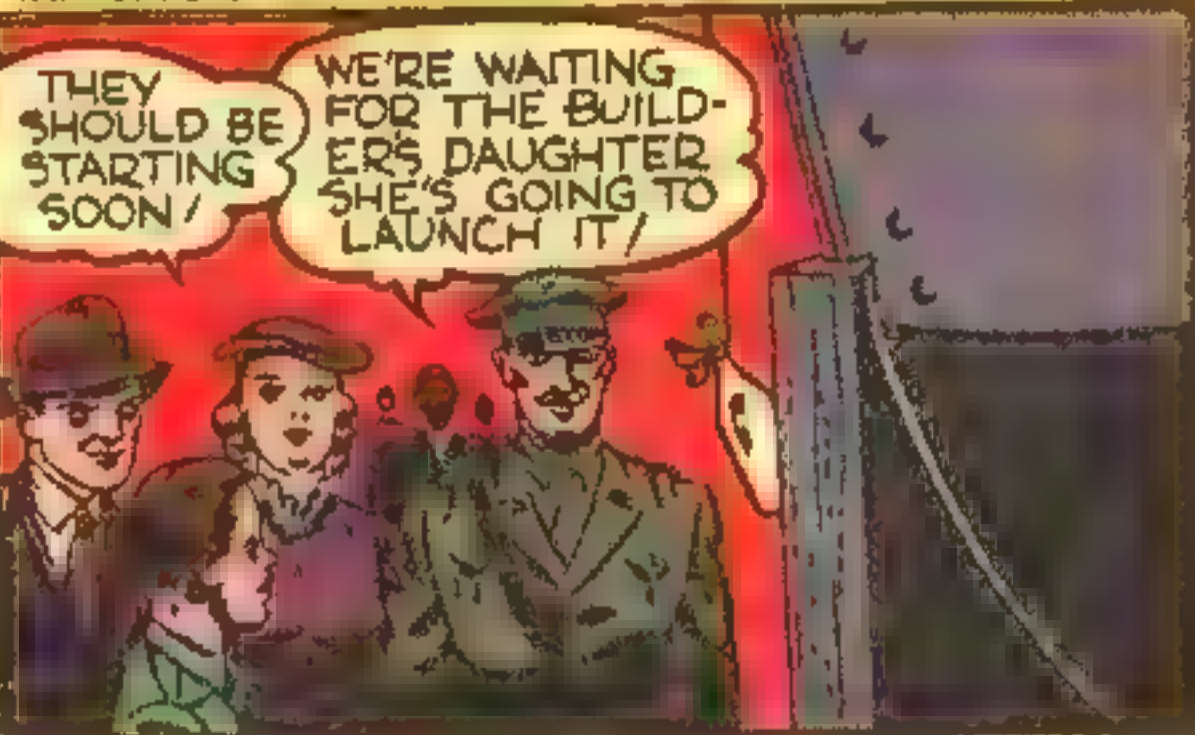
TEX THOMSON AS

MR AMERICA

MR. AMERICA -- SYMBOL OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY / CHAMPION OF HIS COUNTRY, MR. TEX THOMSON, WAGES UNCEASING WAR ON SABOTEURS AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS! AND NOW WITH THE GOING FULL BLAST, PANICKY ENEMY AGENTS DESPERATELY TRY TO STEM IT, BUT THEY CANNOT SUCCEED!



AT THE DODD DRYDOCKS, WHERE A NEW MERCHANT MARINE SHIP IS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED --



THEY SHOULD BE STARTING SOON!

WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BUILDER'S DAUGHTER SHE'S GOING TO LAUNCH IT!

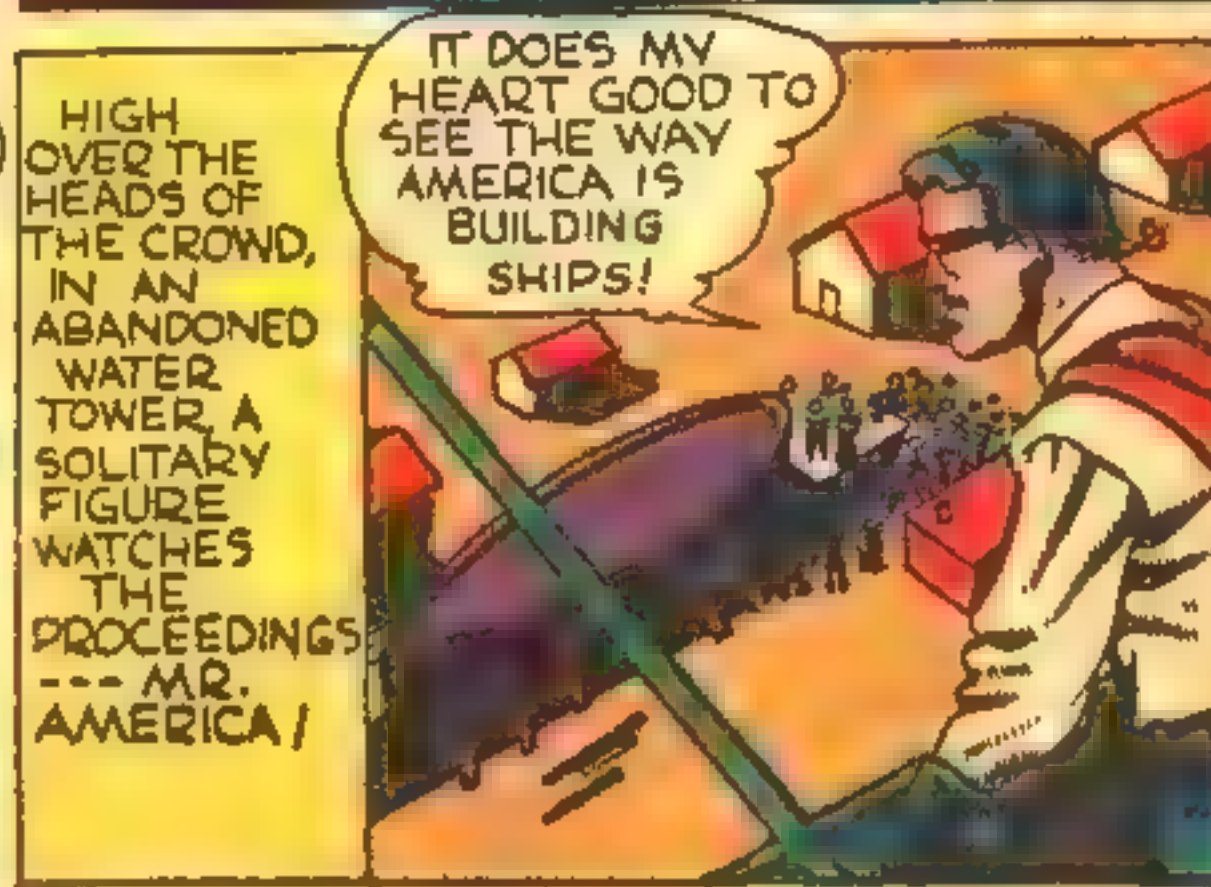


IT'S A WONDERFUL DAY! A COLORFUL THROG IS HERE AT THE SHIPYARD TO SEE OUR LATEST MERCHANT SHIP SLIDE DOWN THE WAYS! AH, WE'RE READY TO BEGIN! MRS MABEL DODD HAS JUST ARRIVED!



SORRY I'M LATE! I WAS DELAYED AT THE HAIR-DRESSER'S!

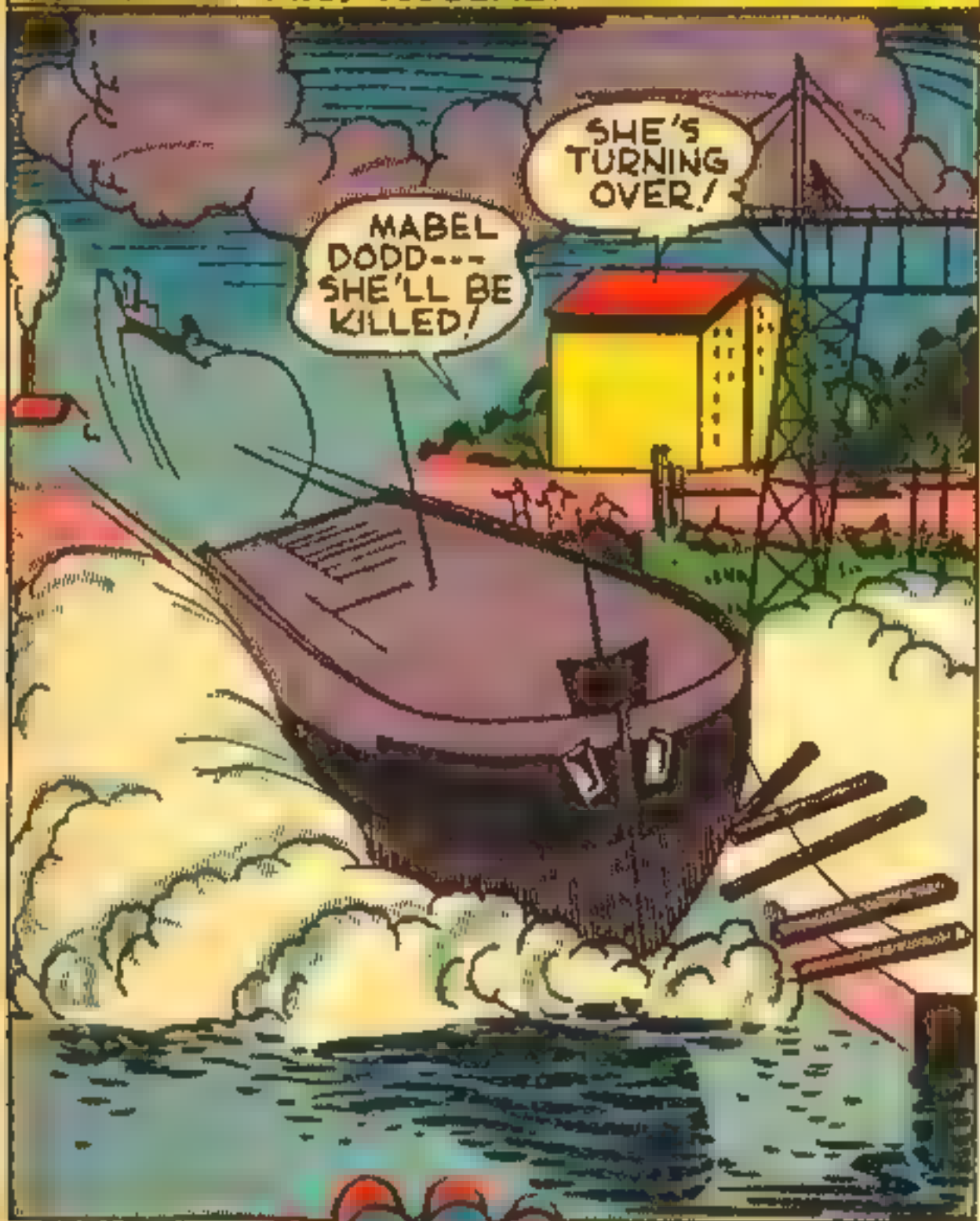
WELL, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE WE CAN START THE CEREMONY!



HIGH OVER THE HEADS OF THE CROWD, IN AN ABANDONED WATER TOWER, A SOLITARY FIGURE WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS --- MR. AMERICA!

IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE THE WAY AMERICA IS BUILDING SHIPS!

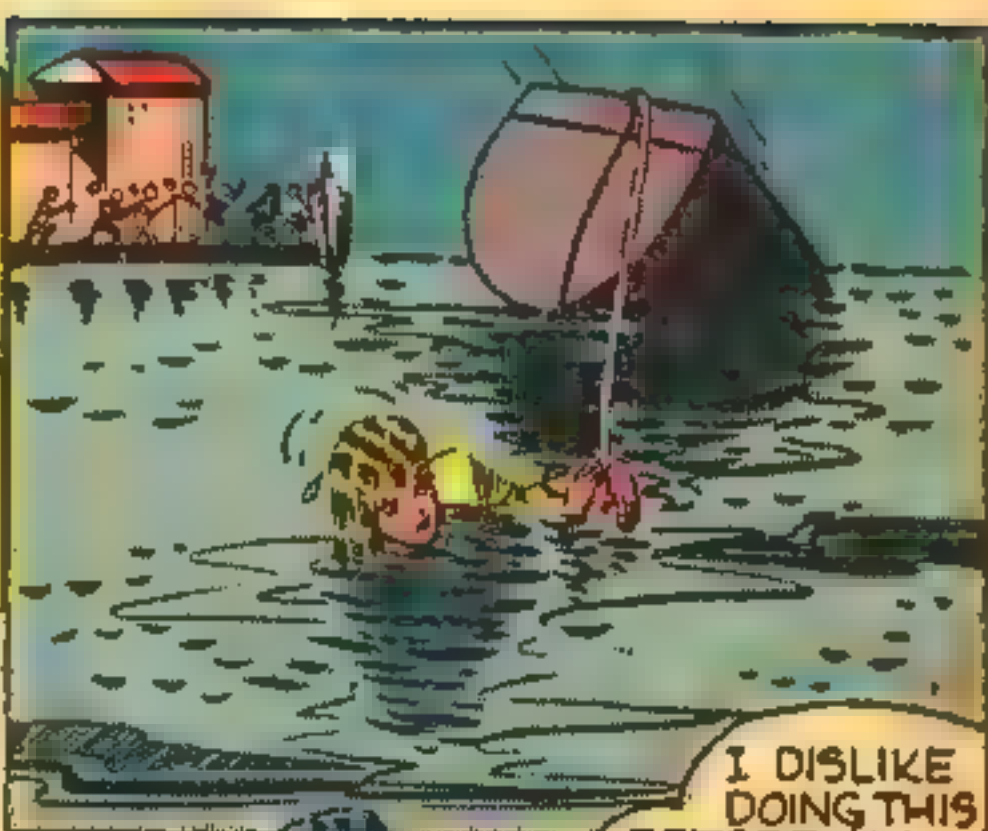
THE CHAMPAGNE IS SMASHED ACROSS THE PROW / THE MAJESTIC SHIP SLIDES SLOWLY AND GRACEFULLY DOWN THE WAYS. SUDDENLY---



MABEL DODD--- SHE'LL BE KILLED!

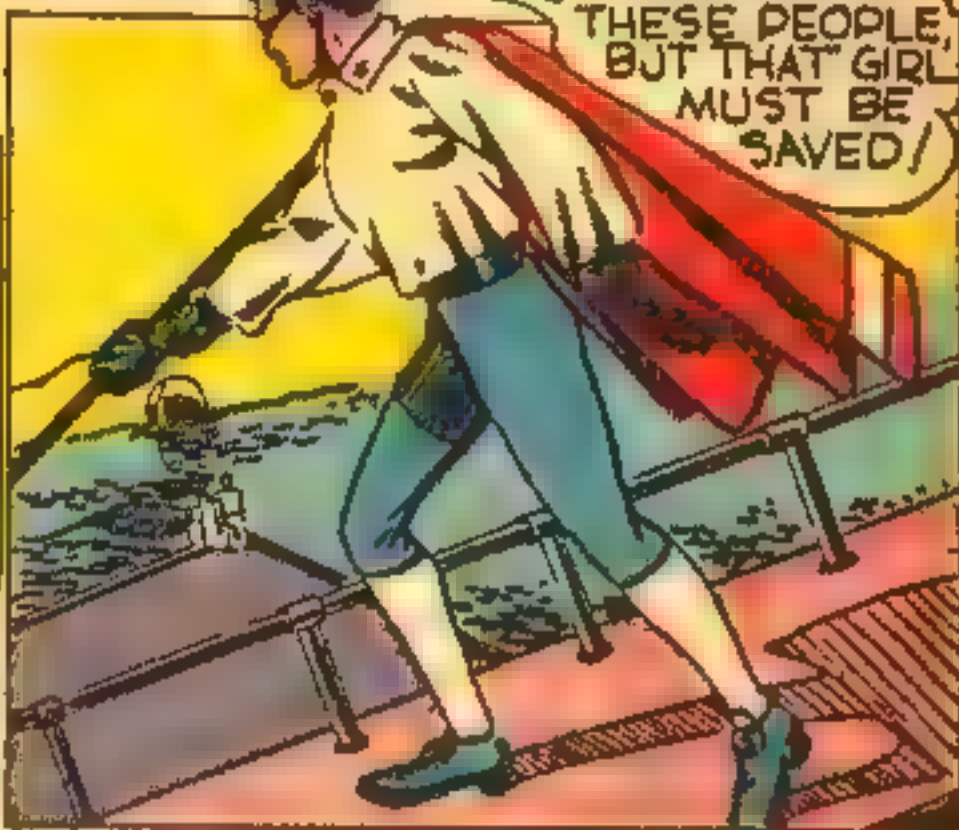
SHE'S TURNING OVER!

CAUGHT BY A COIL OF ROPE, THE GIRL IS HELPLESS AS THE SHIP STARTS TO SINK!

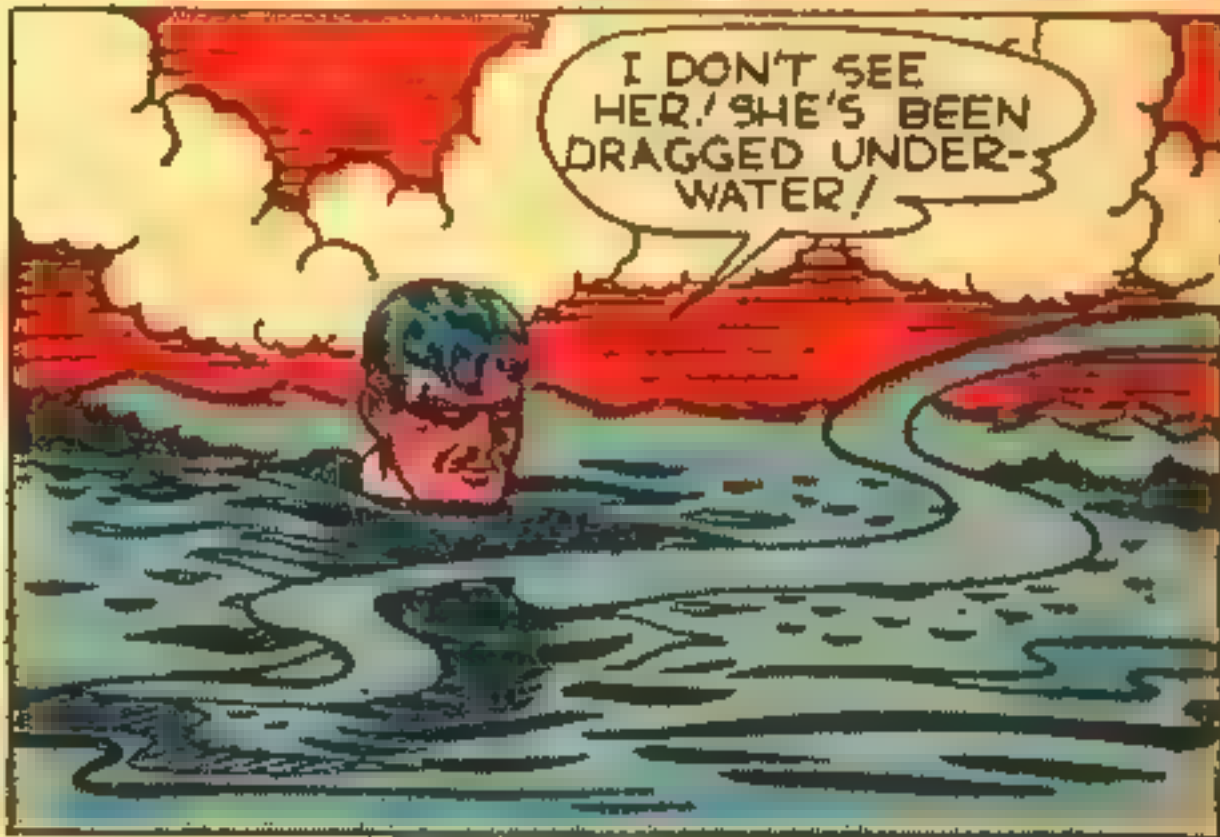


I DISLIKE DOING THIS BEFORE ALL THESE PEOPLE, BUT THAT GIRL MUST BE SAVED!

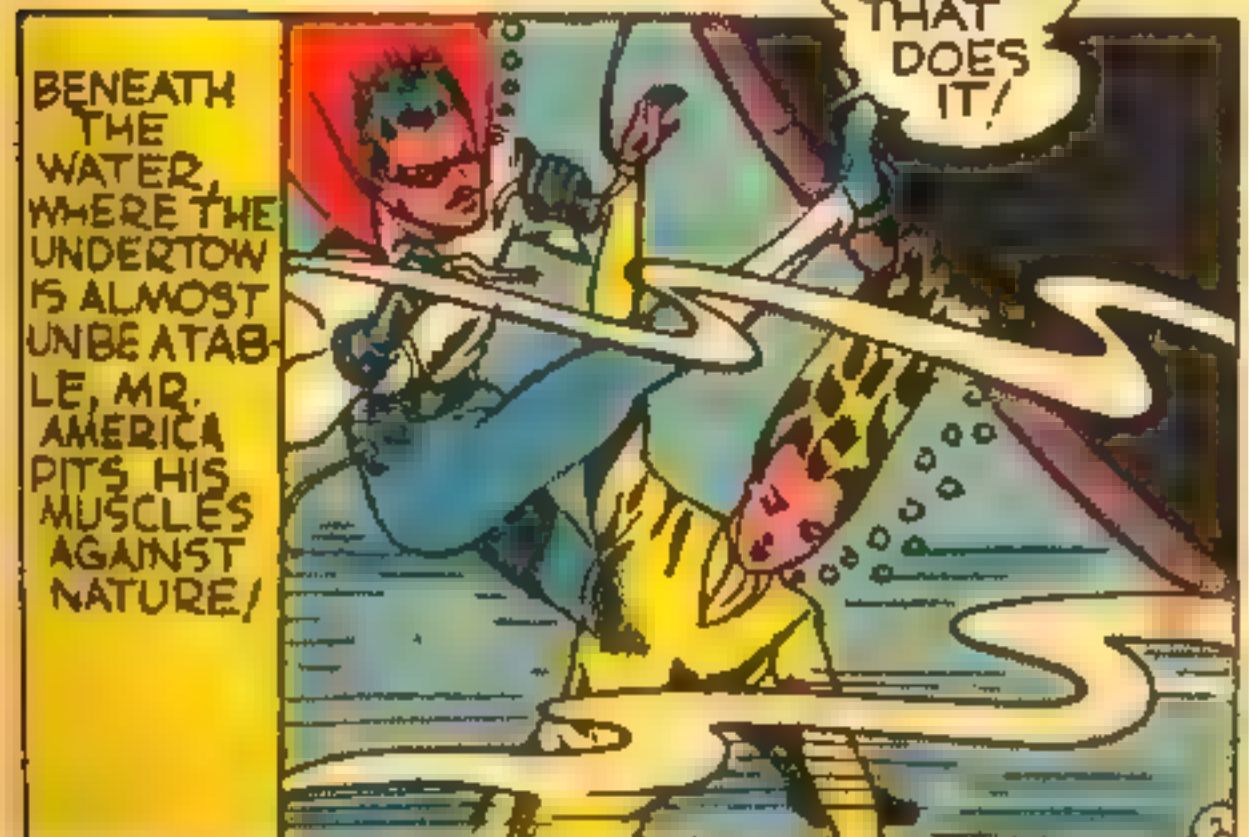
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S INDECISION, MR. AMERICA DECIDES ON A PLAN OF ACTION!



THE STRANGELY-GARBED FIGURE CUTS THROUGH THE AIR--



I DON'T SEE HER! SHE'S BEEN DRAGGED UNDER-WATER!

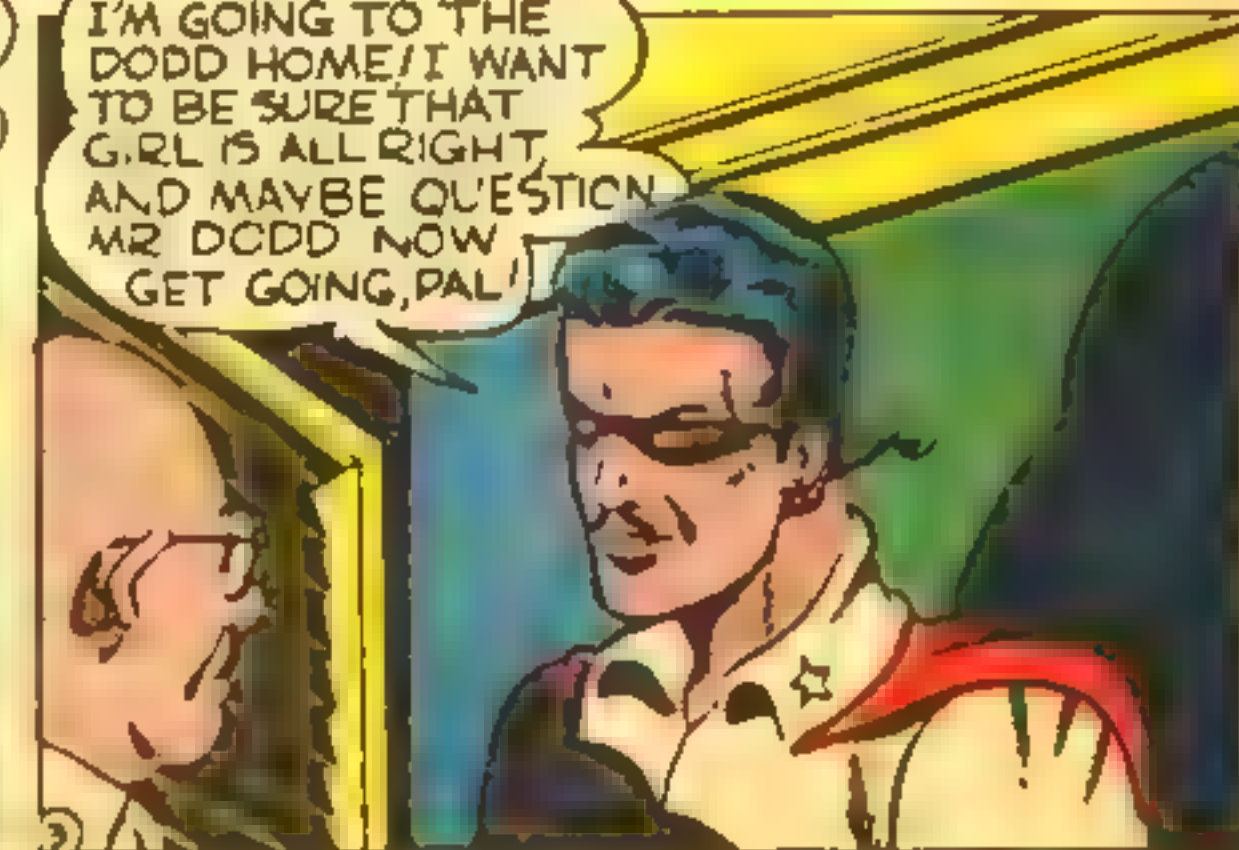
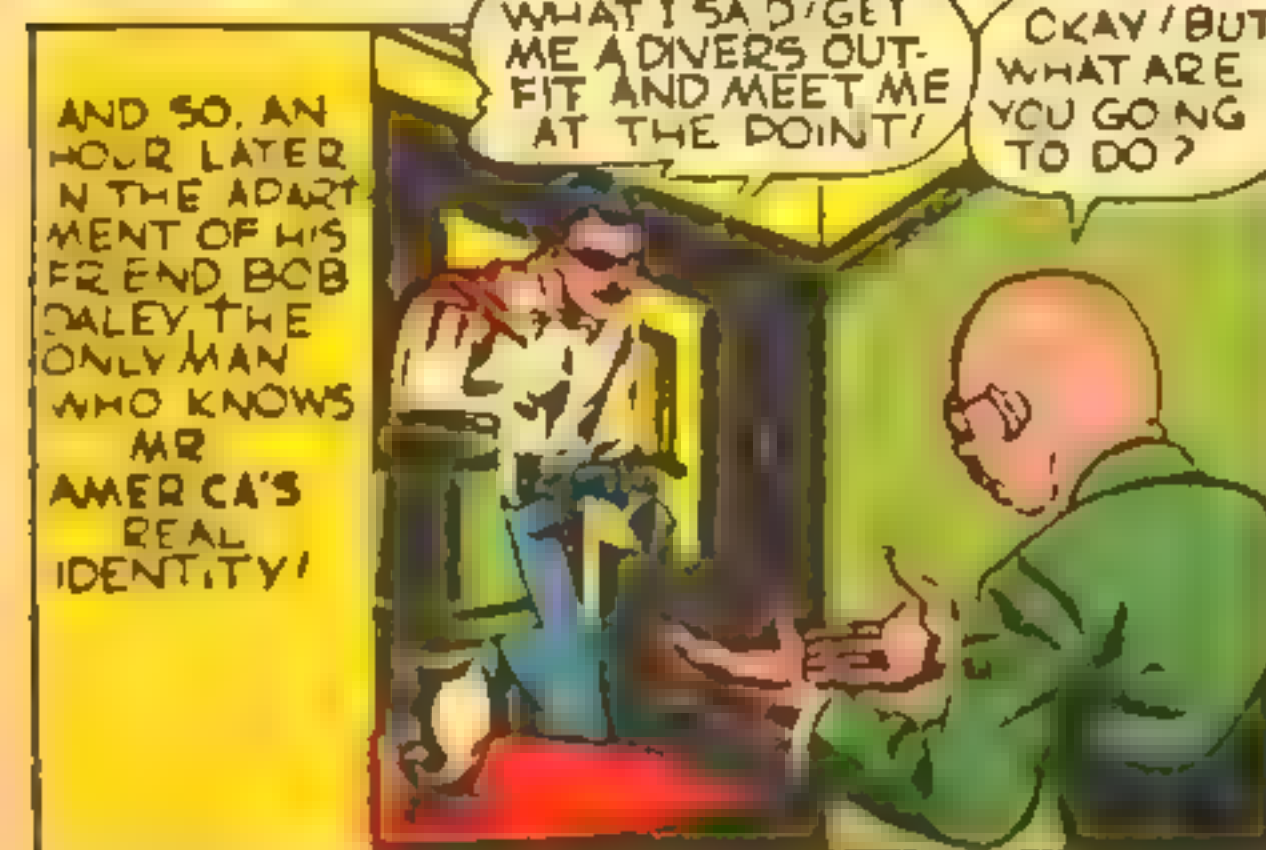
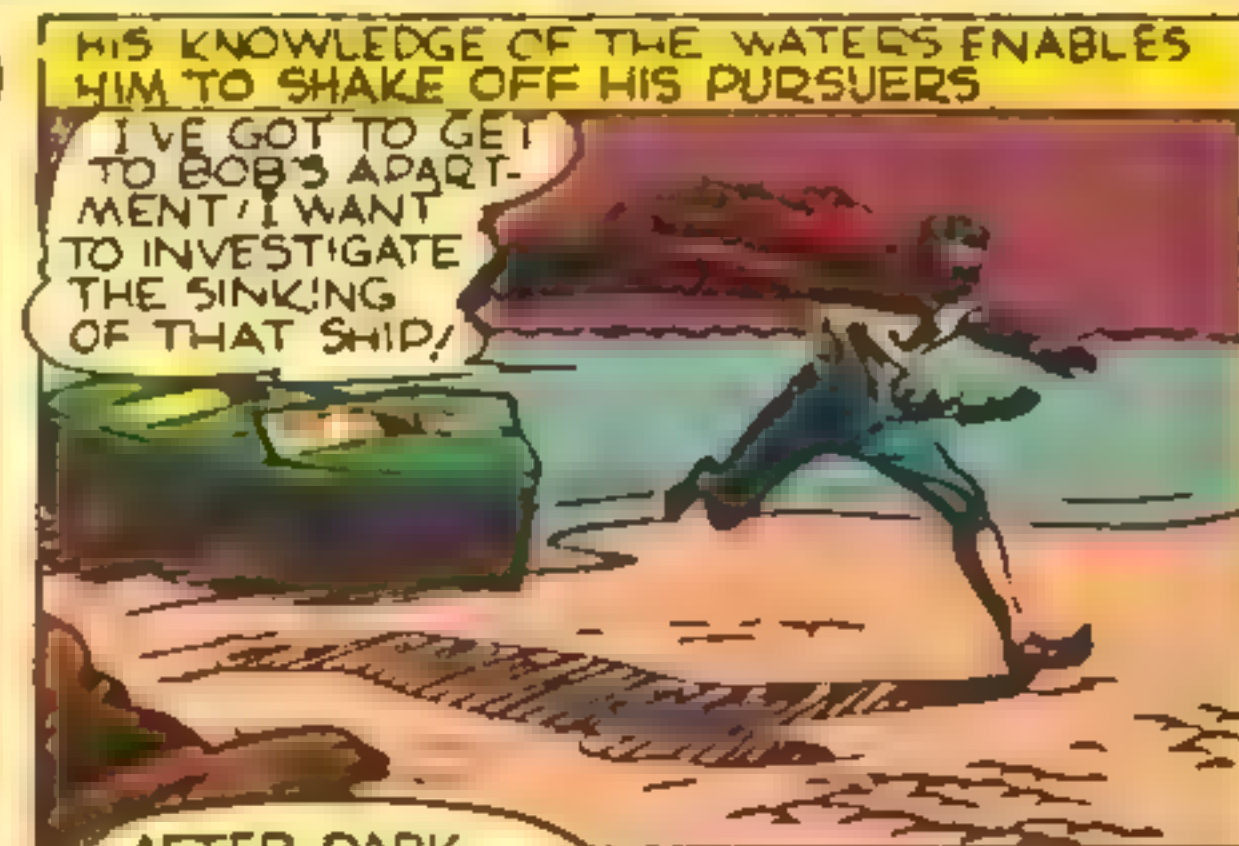
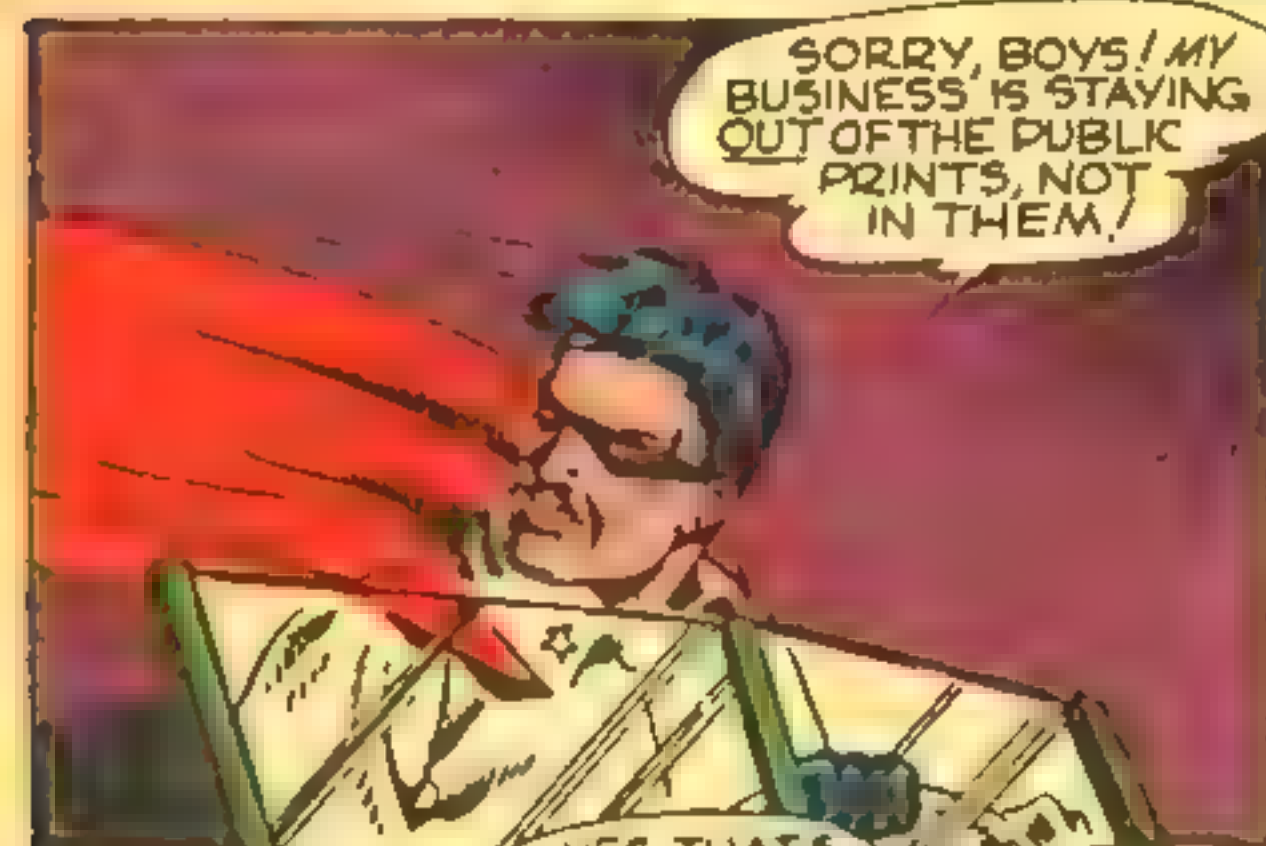
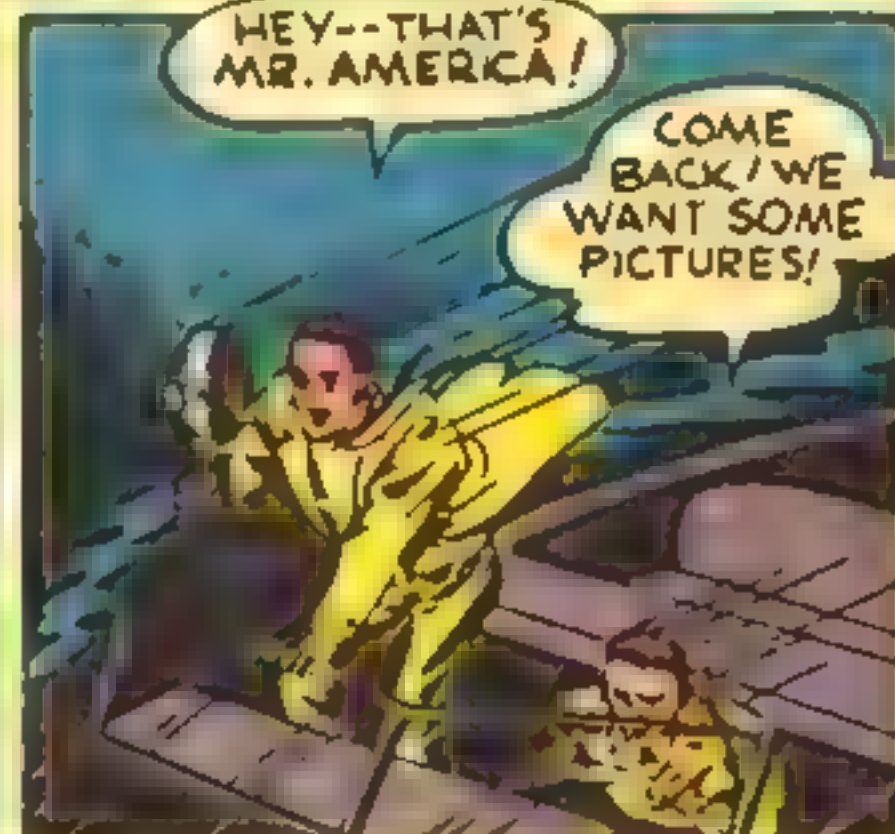
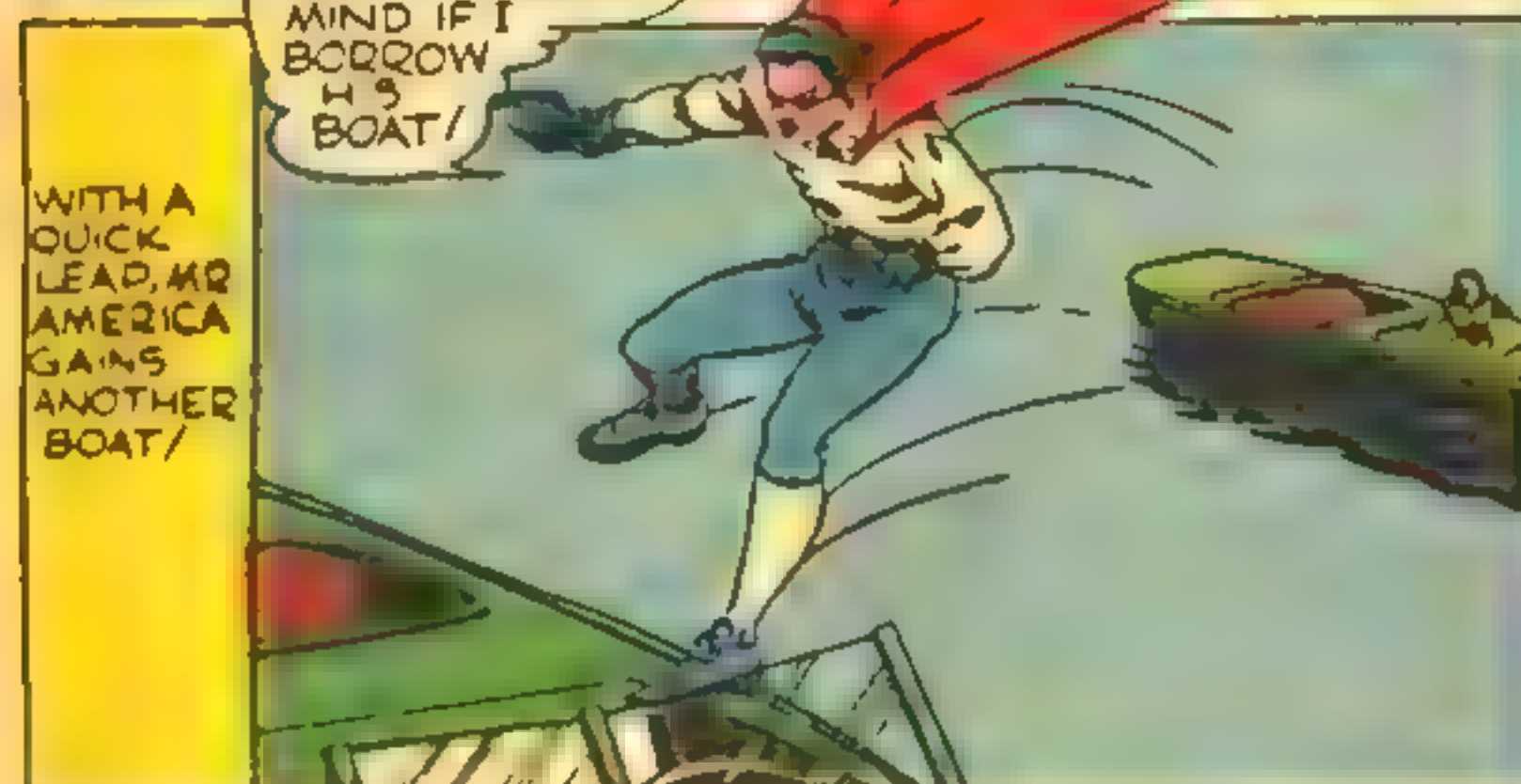
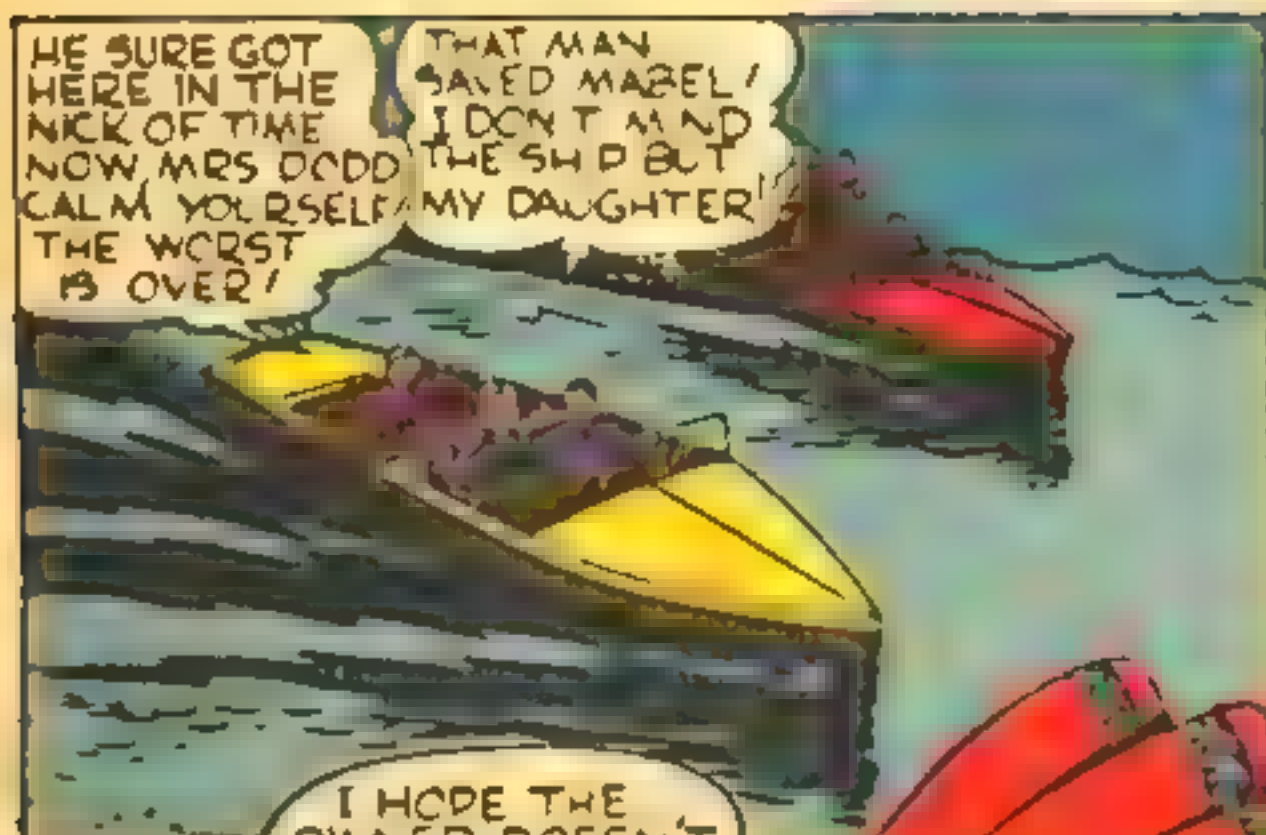


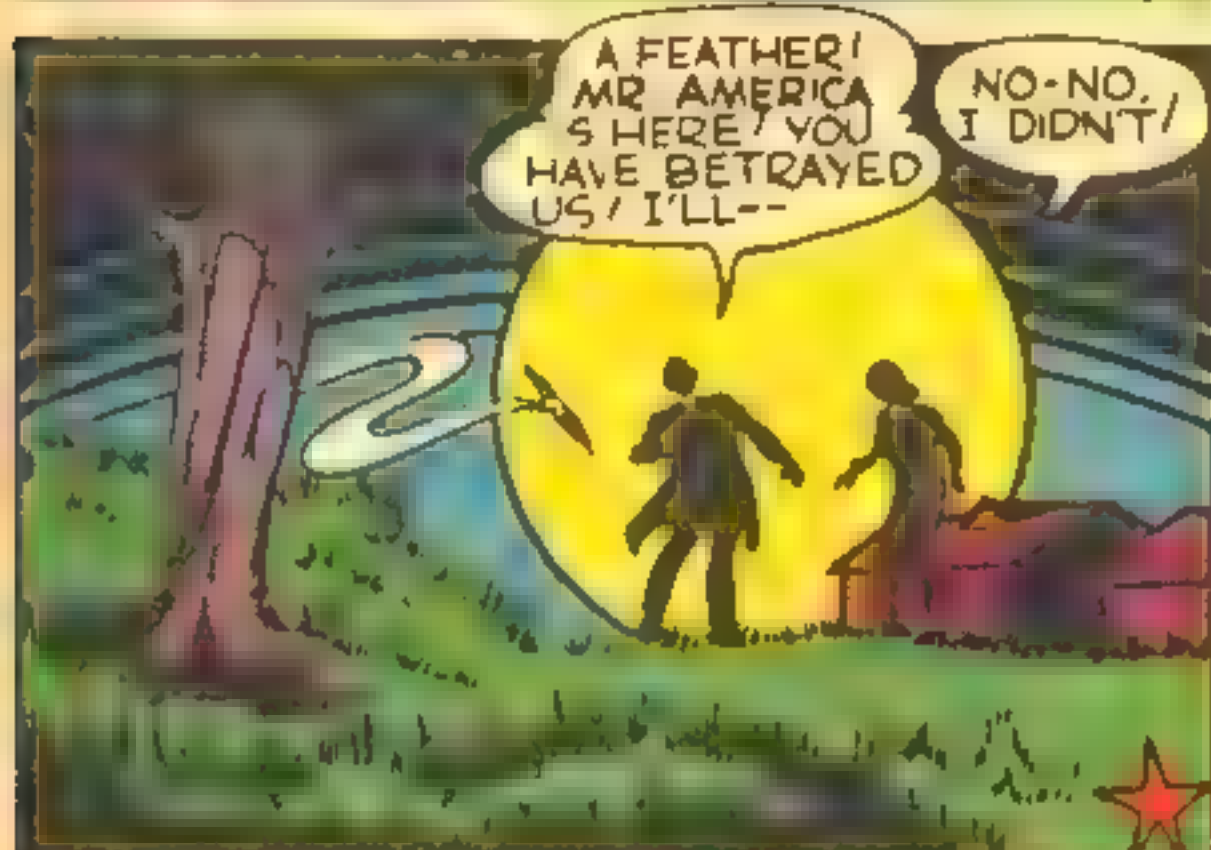
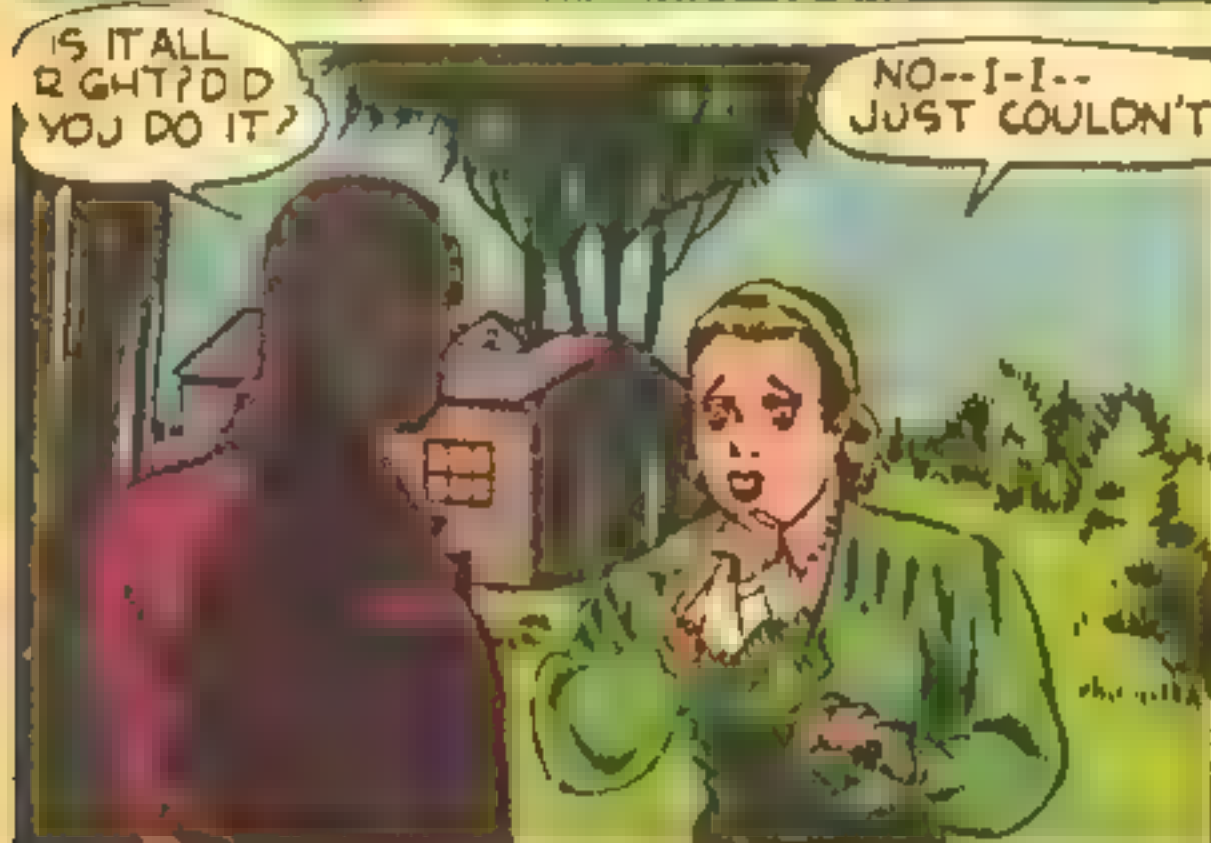
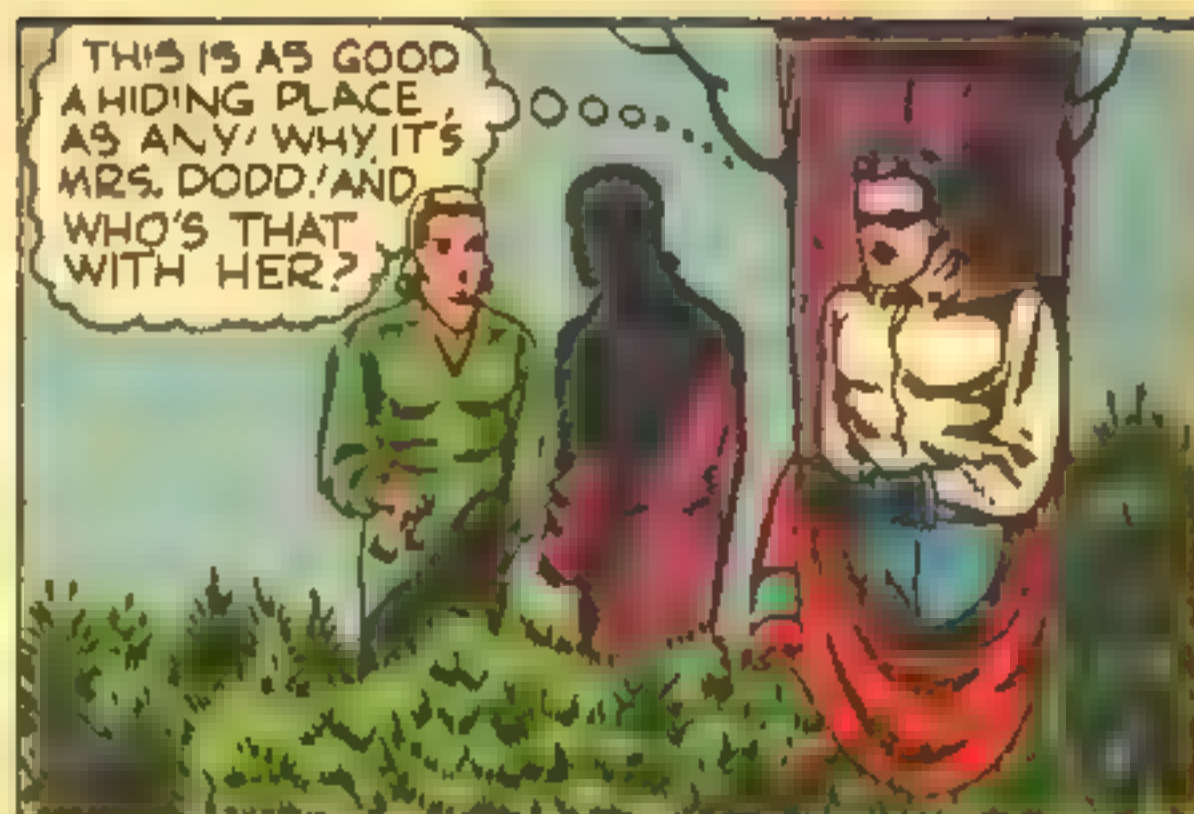
BENEATH THE WATER, WHERE THE UNDERTOW IS ALMOST UNBEATABLE, MR. AMERICA PITS HIS MUSCLES AGAINST NATURE!

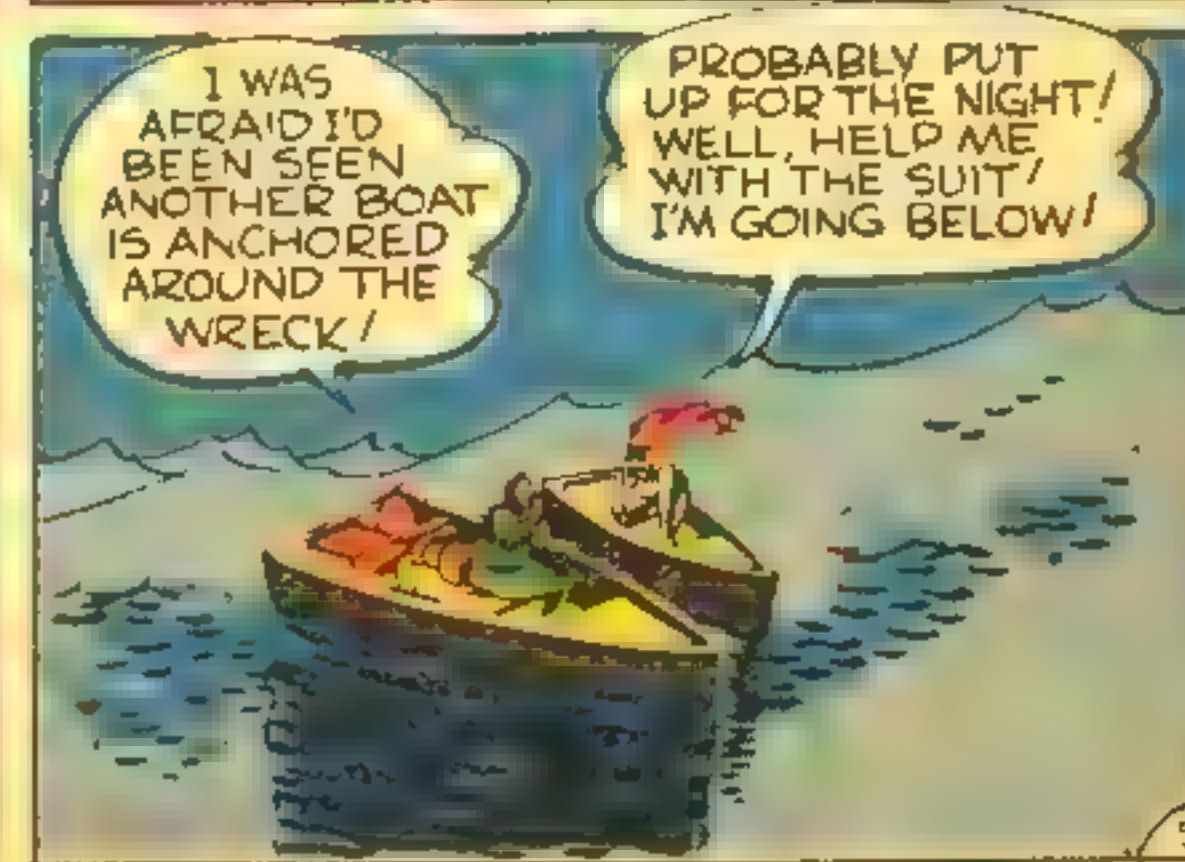
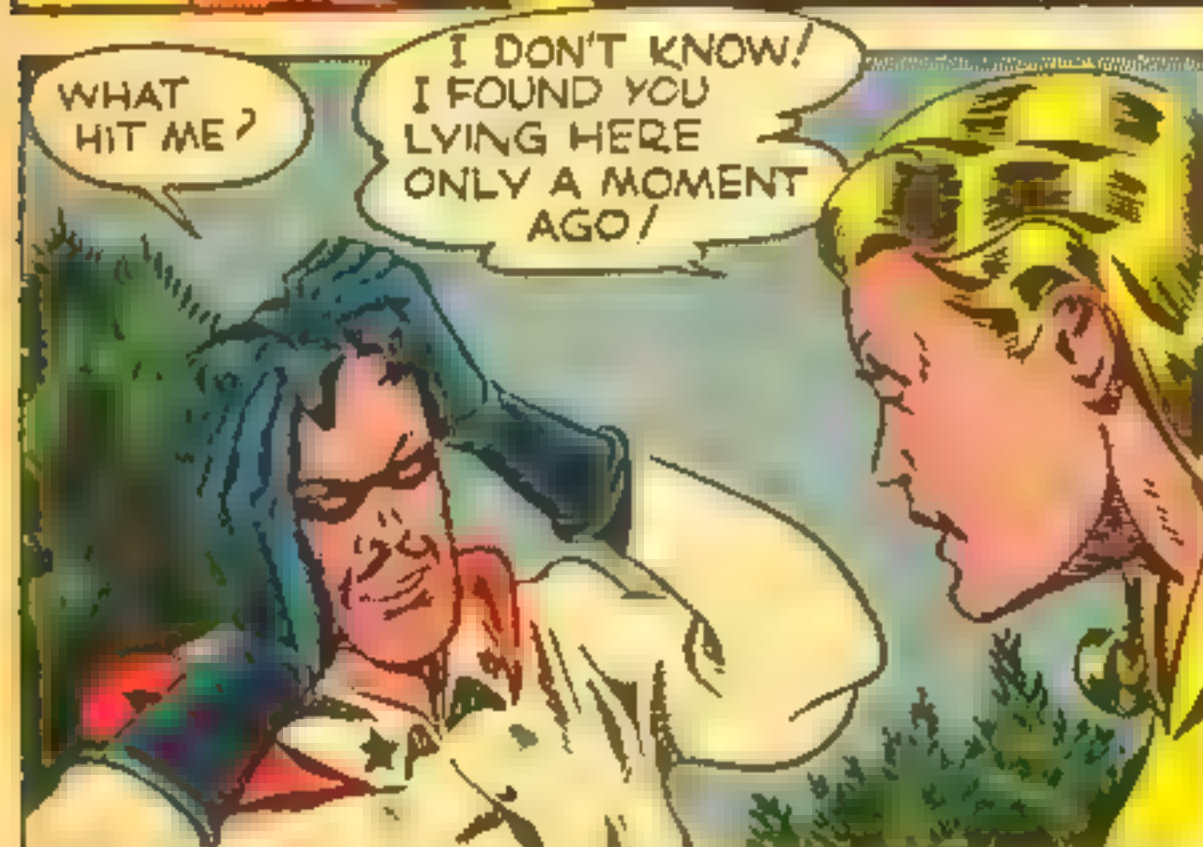
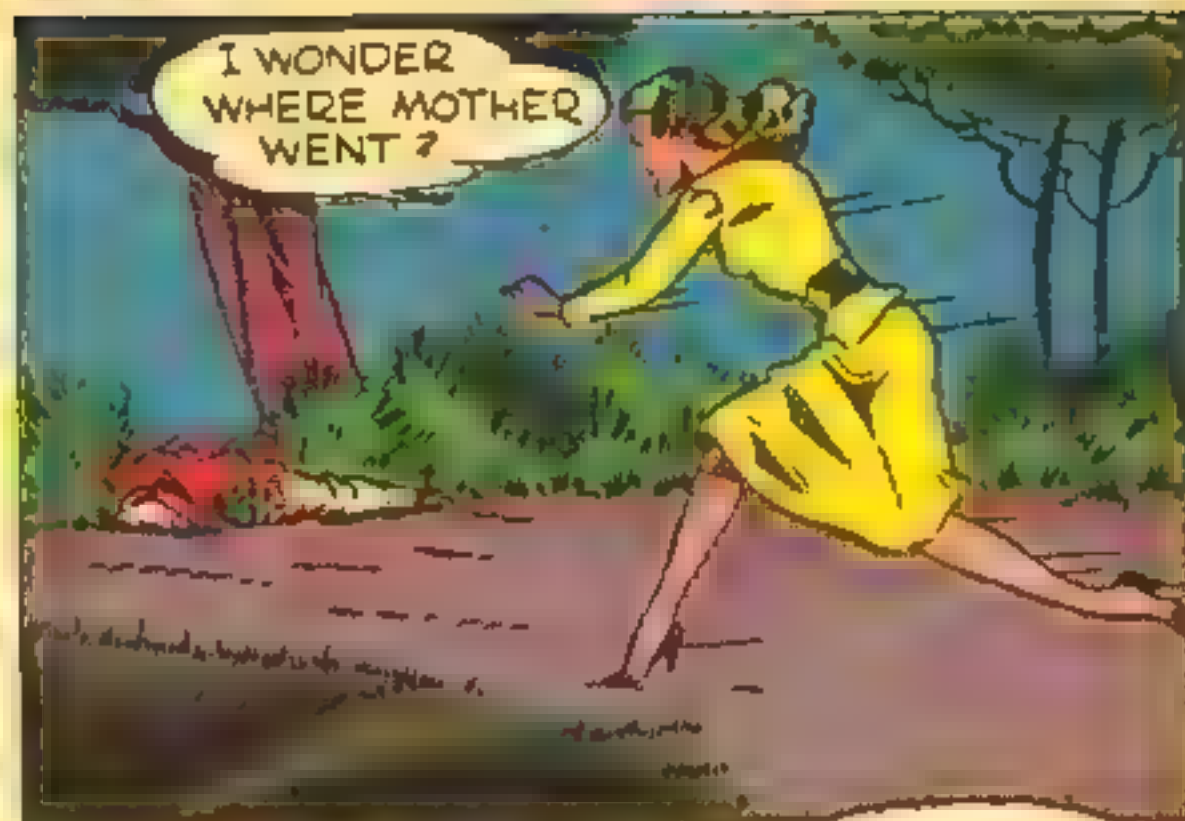
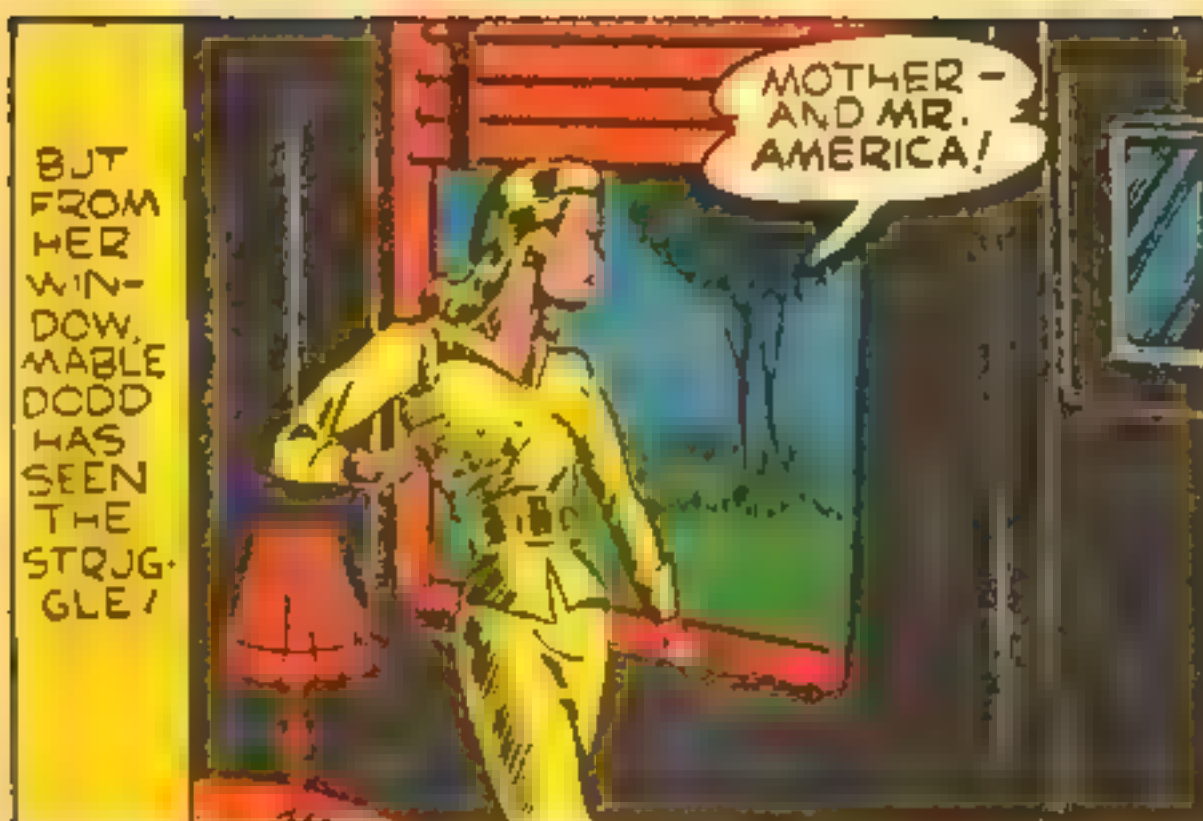
THERE-- THAT DOES IT!

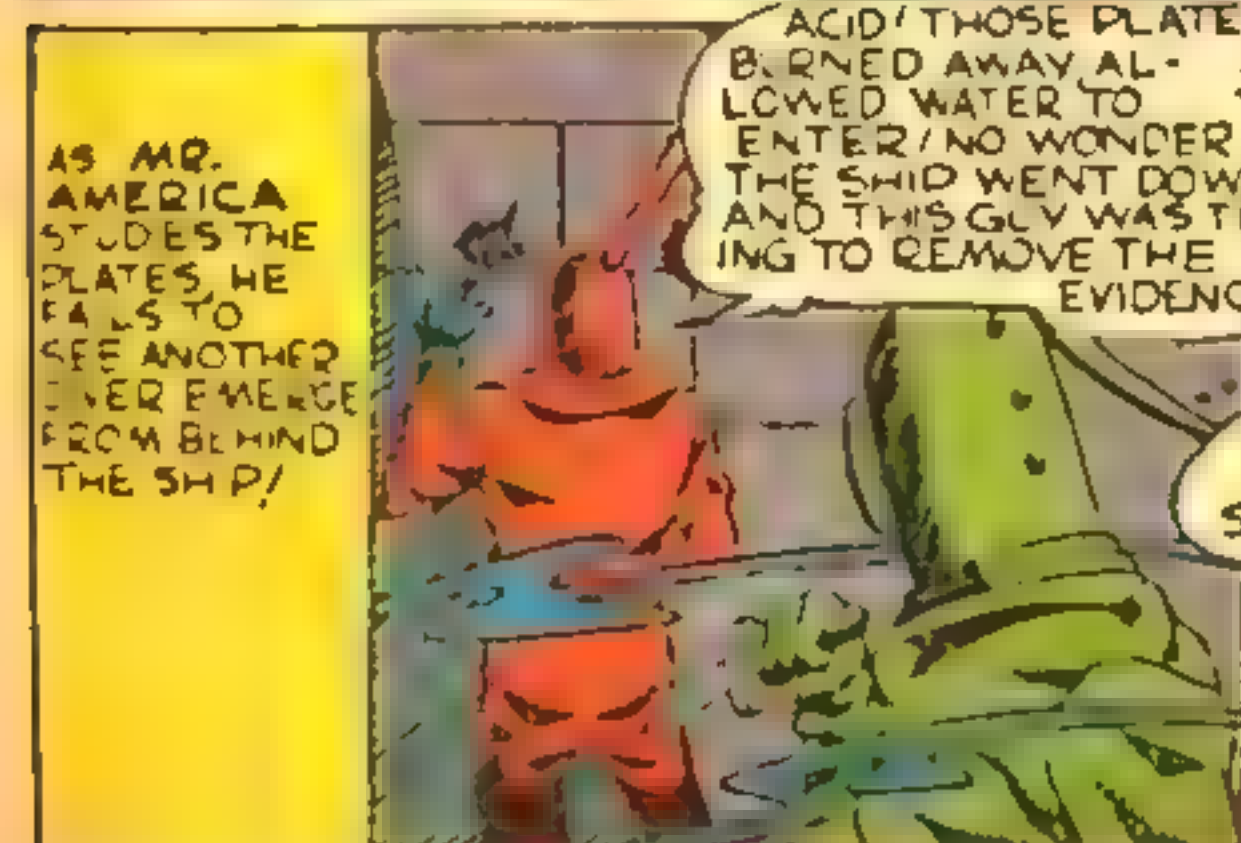
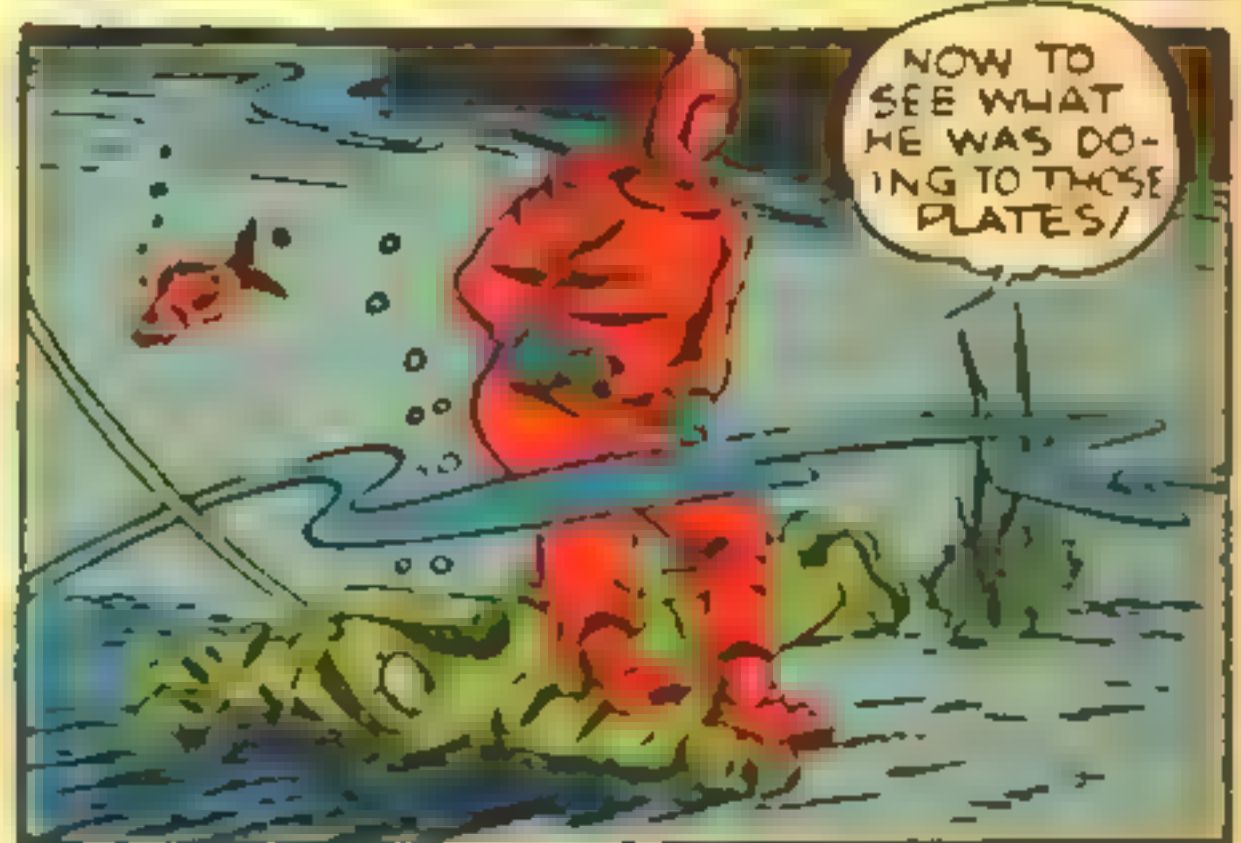
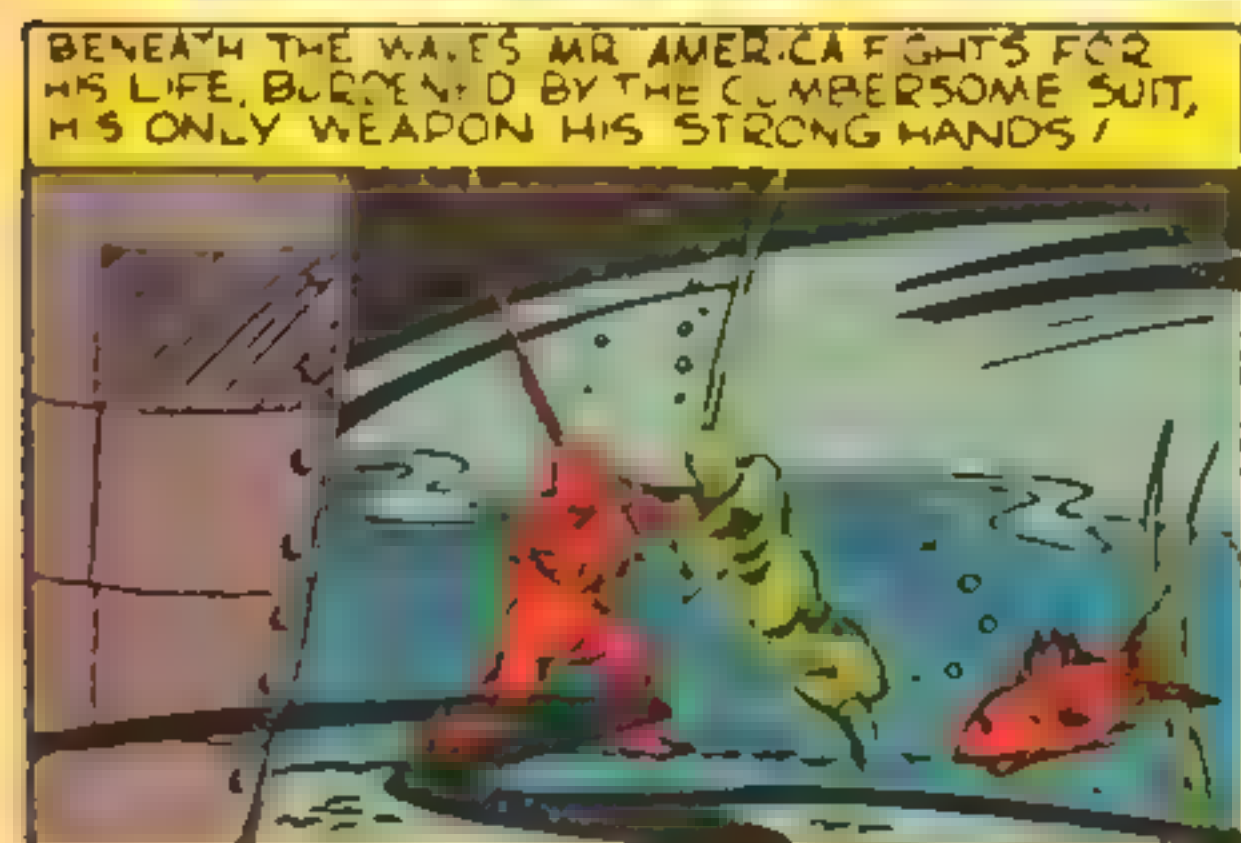
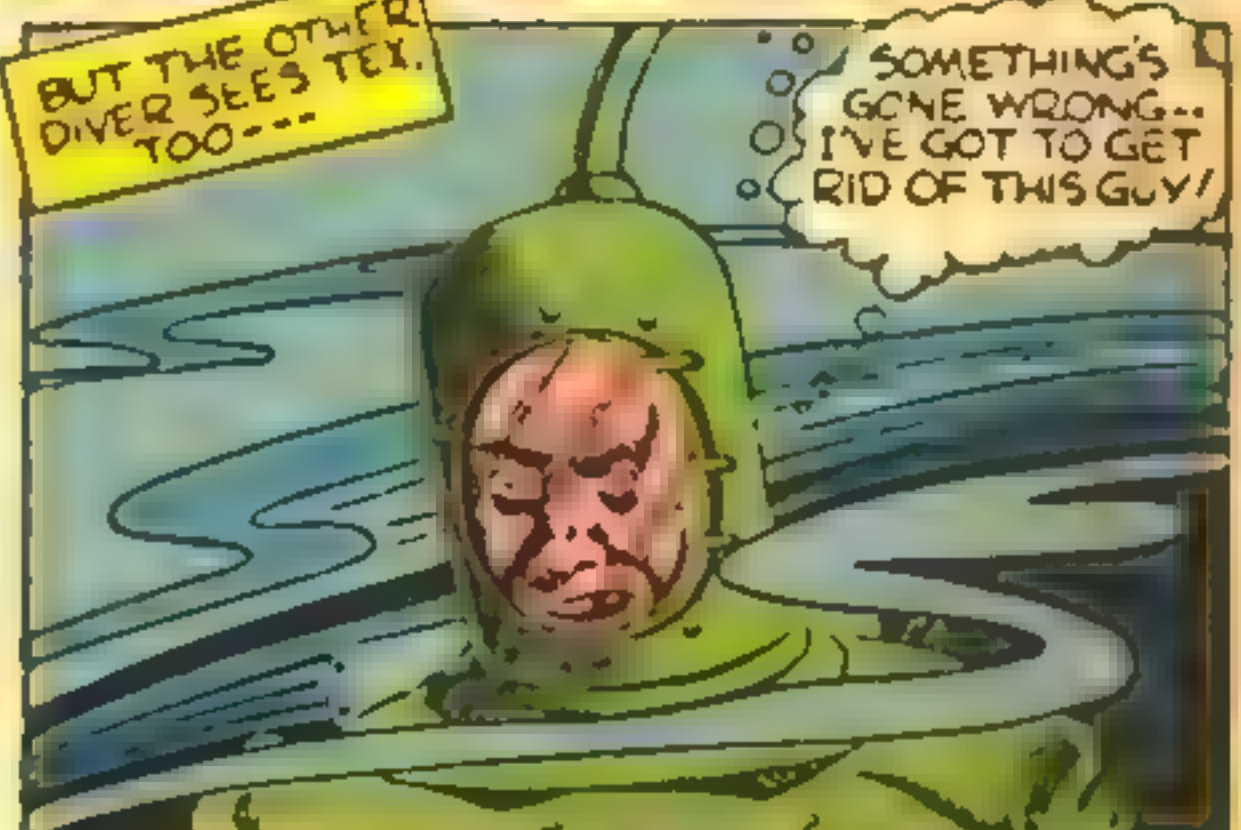
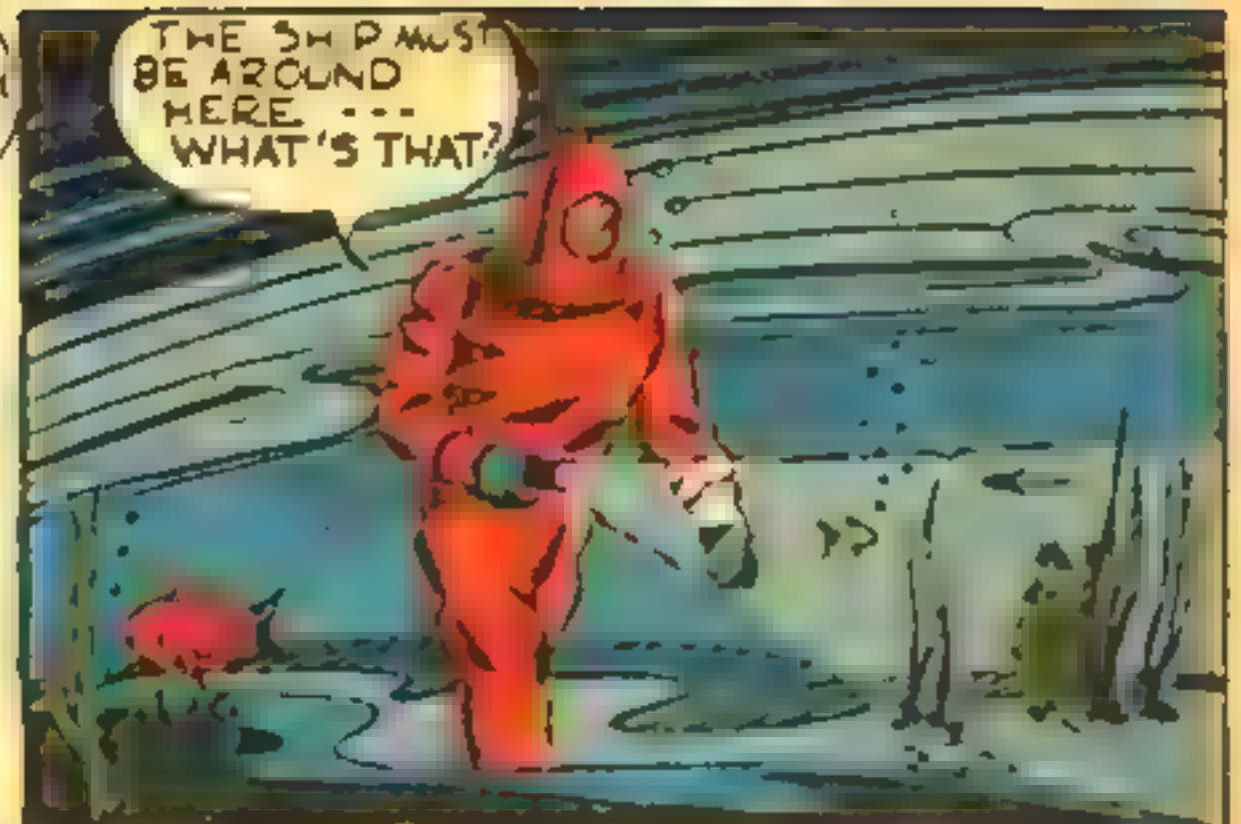
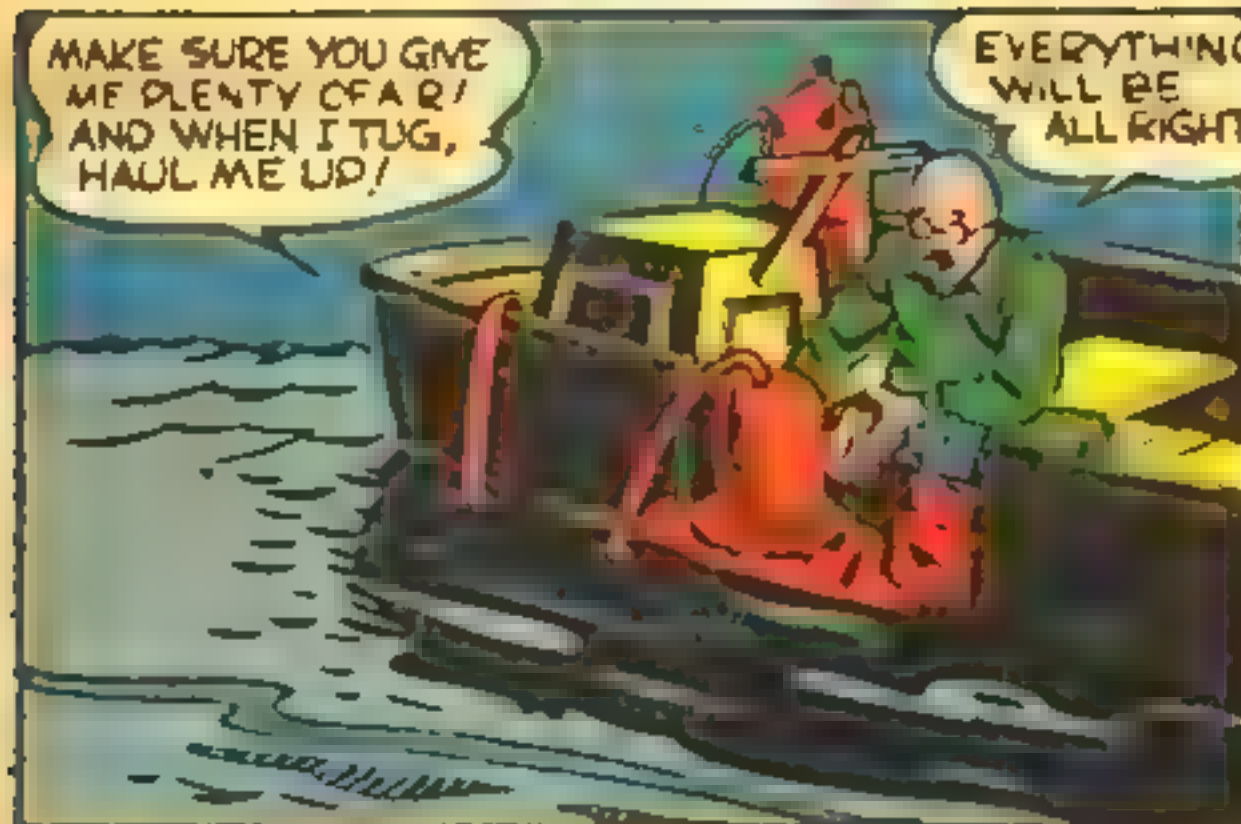


LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE COMING OUT! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

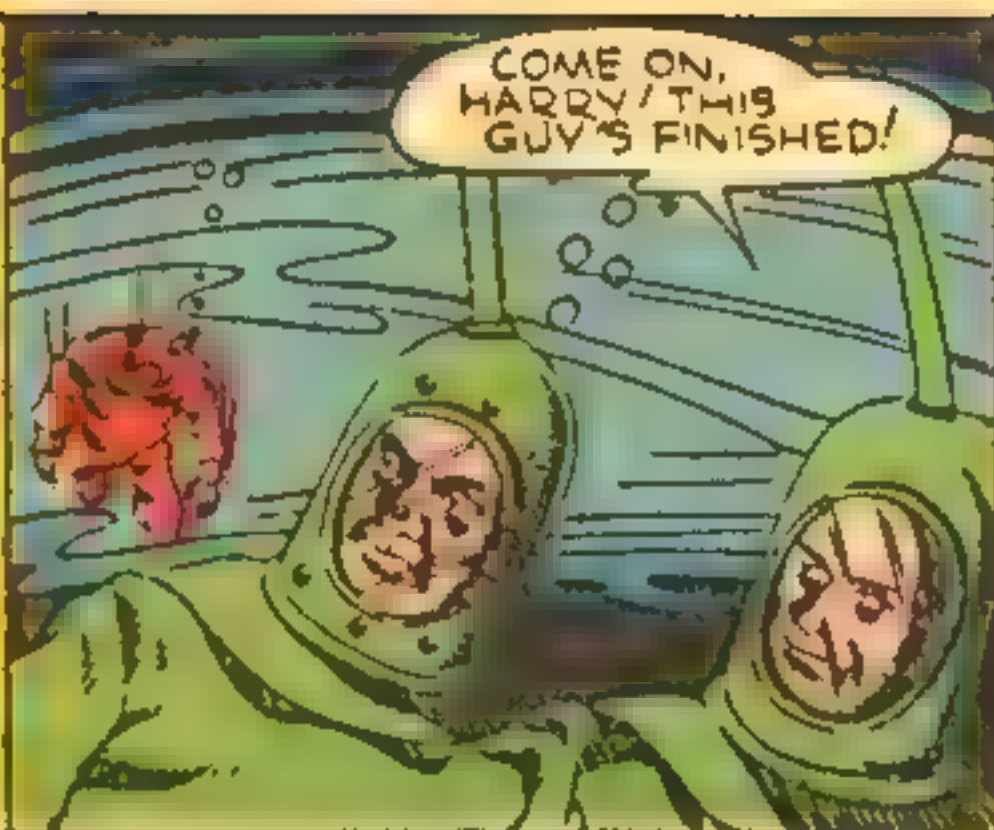




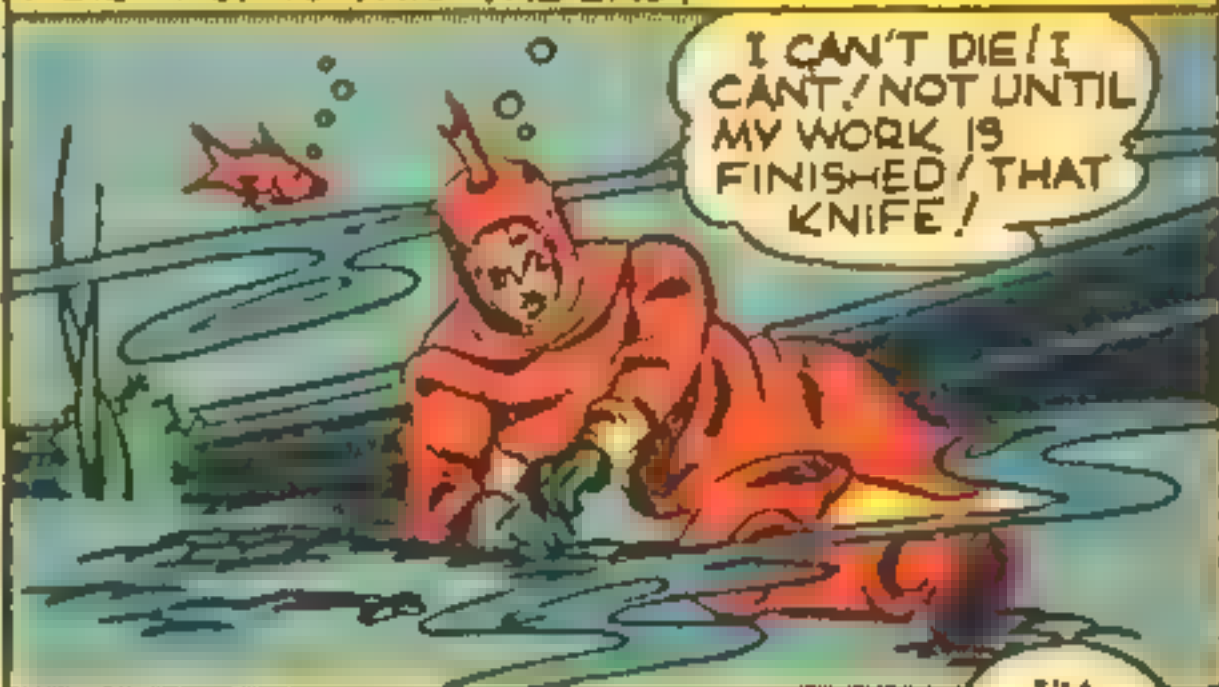




HELPLESS, MR. AMERICA FEELS THE BLOOD RUSH TO HIS HEAD /



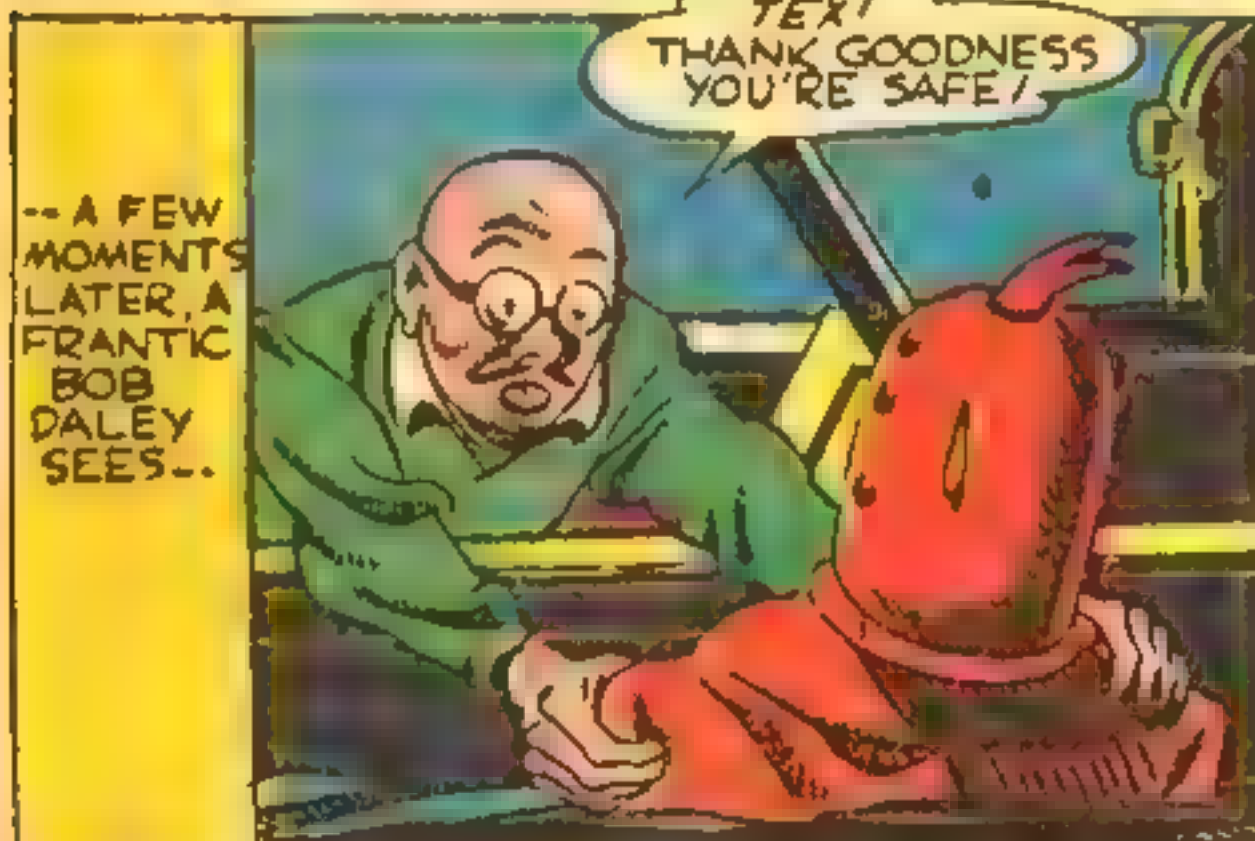
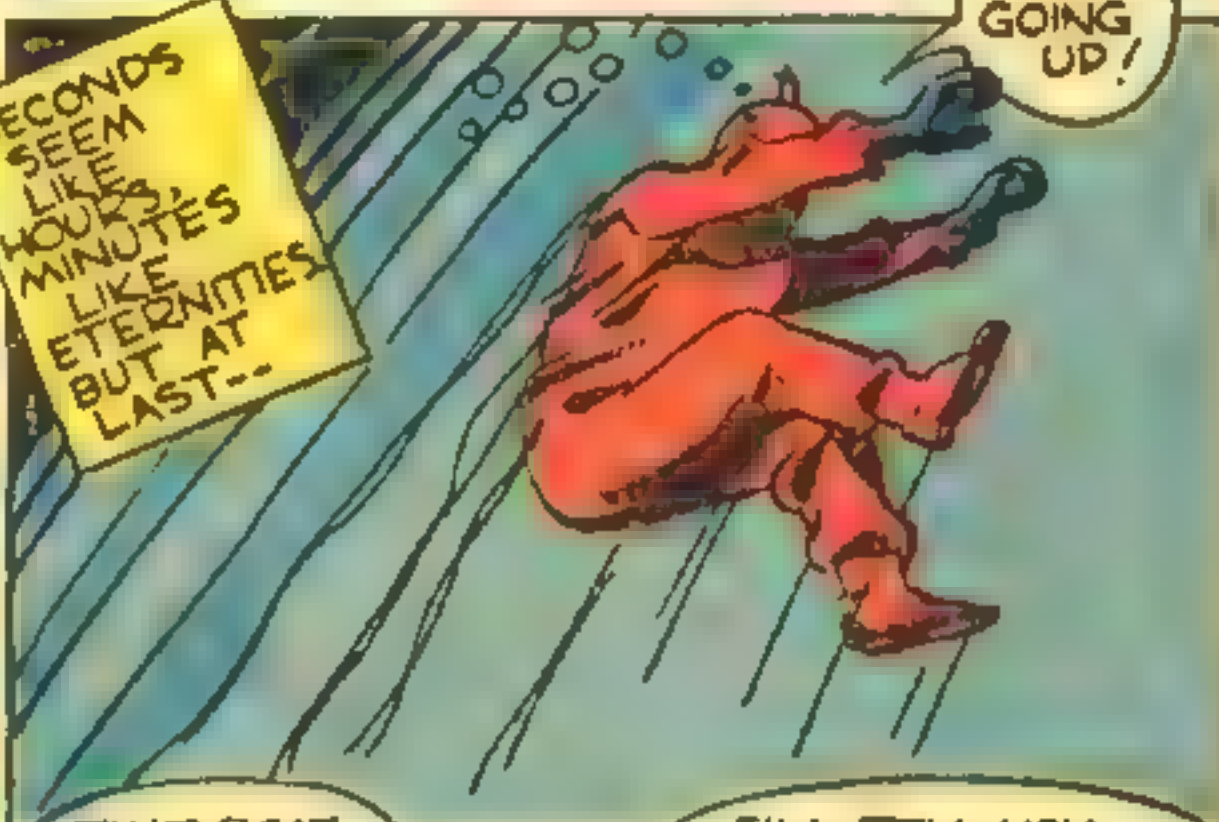
BUT ALREADY MR. AMERICA'S FINGERS ARE GETTING NUMB / HIS HEART POUNDS AS HE GASPS FOR AIR / IS THIS THE END?



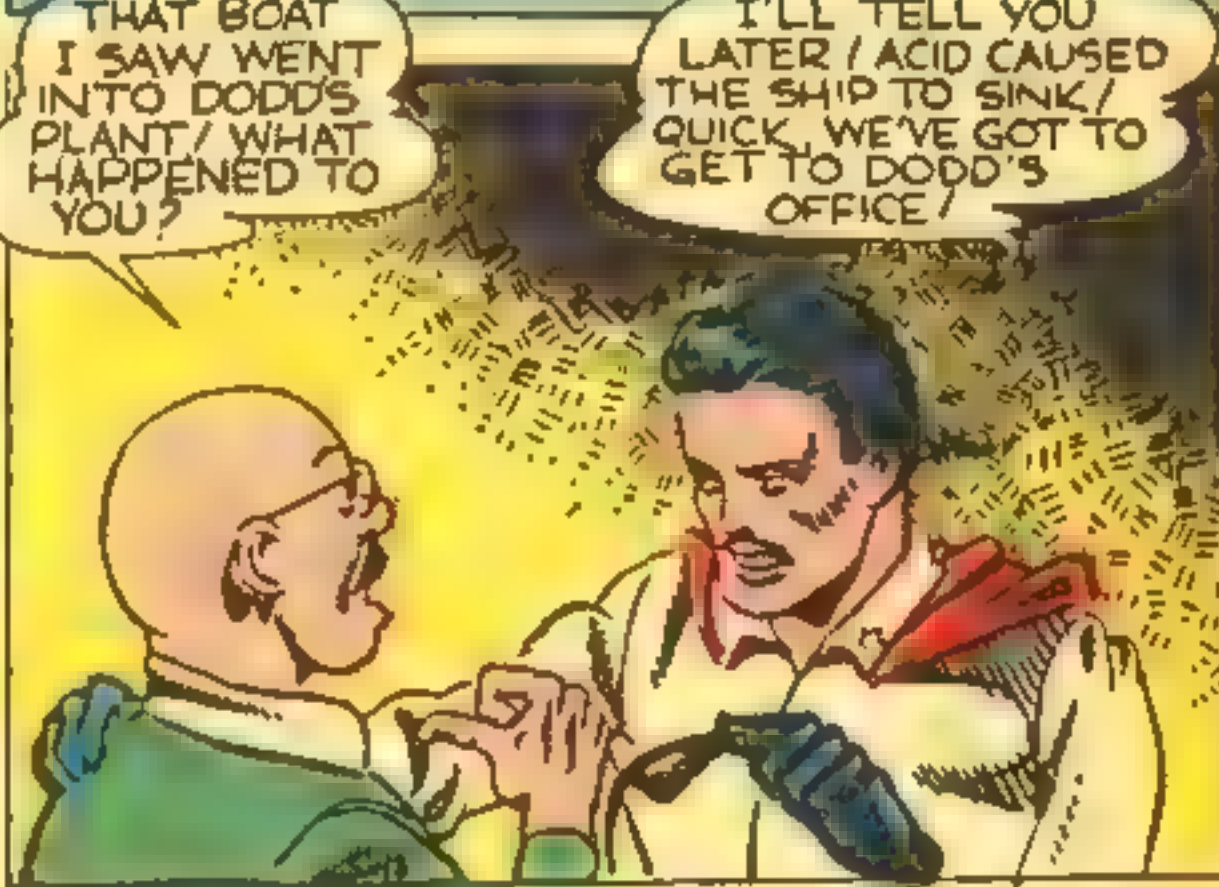
AND THEN, SALVATION. FOR IN HIS HASTE TO DEPART THE WOULD-BE MURDERER HAD DROPPED THE KNIFE. WEAKLY, MR. AMERICA PICKS IT UP AND---



SECONDS SEEM LIKE HOURS, MINUTES LIKE ETERNITIES BUT AT LAST---

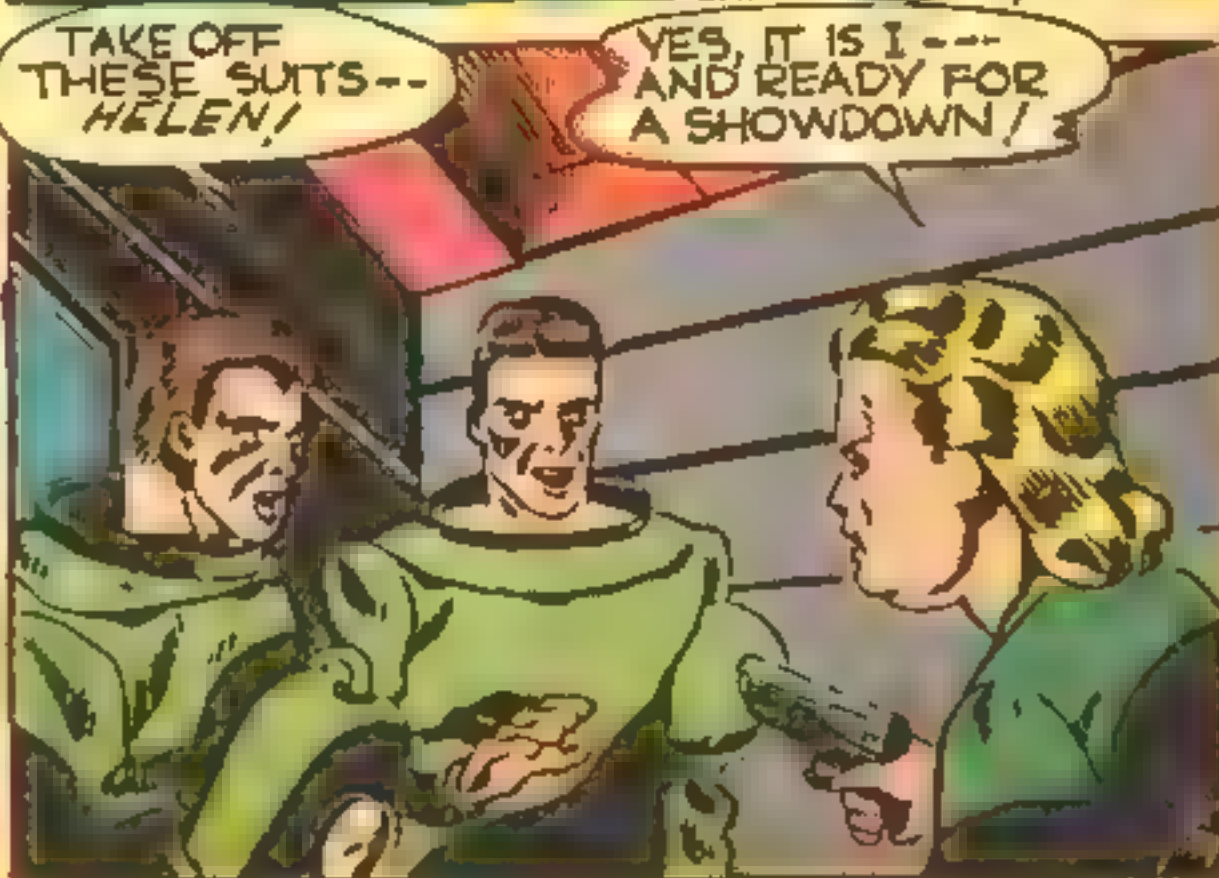


-- A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A FRANTIC BOB DALEY SEES--



THAT BOAT I SAW WENT INTO DODD'S PLANT / WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

MEANWHILE, IN DODD'S OFFICE AT THE SHIP-YARDS --



YES, IT IS I --- AND READY FOR A SHOWDOWN!



I'M THROUGH WITH YOU AND YOUR BLACKMAILING! I KNOW YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SHIP GOING DOWN TODAY! I ALMOST LOST MY DAUGHTER! AND TONIGHT YOU TRIED TO MAKE ME POISON MY HUSBAND! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU--

SUDDENLY--

THE HELMET HITS THE WOMAN ON THE WRIST, KNOCKING THE WEAPON FROM HER HAND.

NOW I'LL SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR GOOD! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!

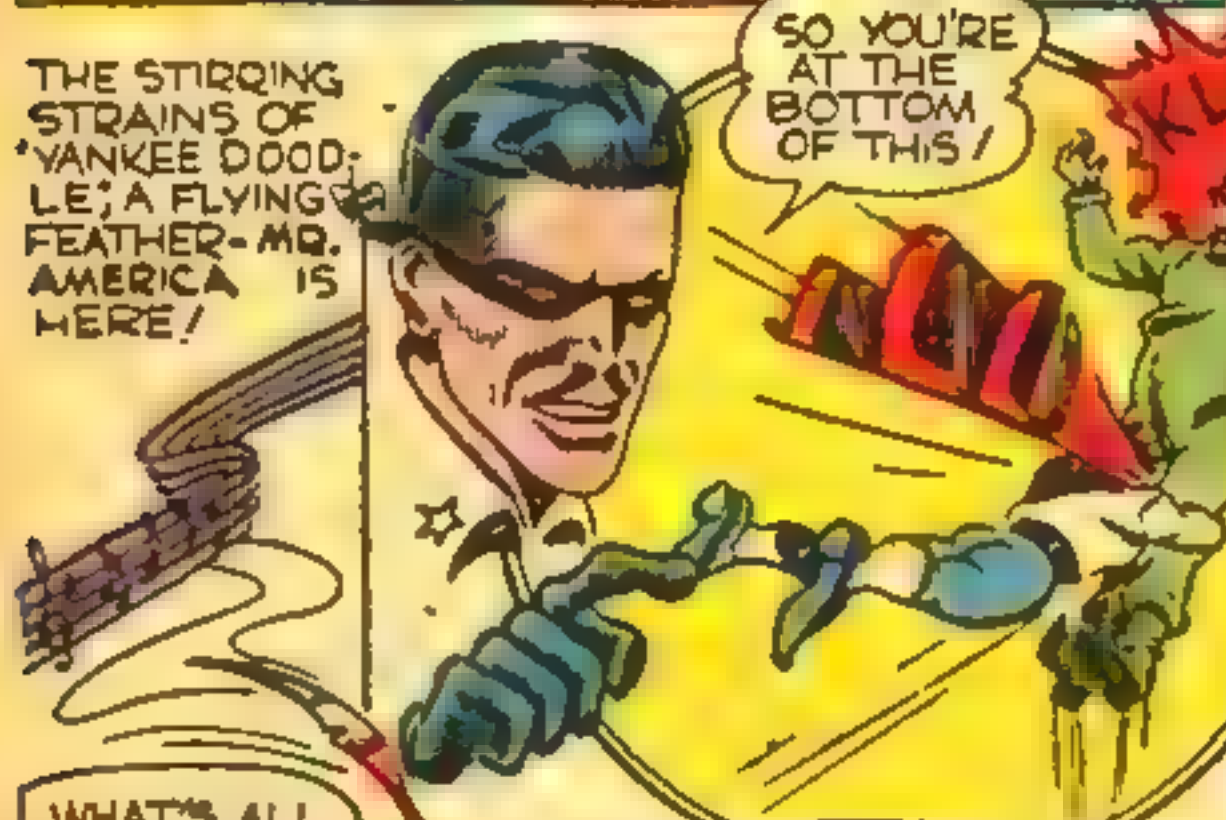
THEY'RE IN THERE!

GET A ROPE, HARRY!

LISTEN! LOOK!



OUTSIDE, THE CRY OF THE WOMAN REACHES FRIENDLY EARS.



THE STIRING STRAINS OF 'YANKEE DOODLE'; A FLYING FEATHER-MR. AMERICA IS HERE!

SO YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

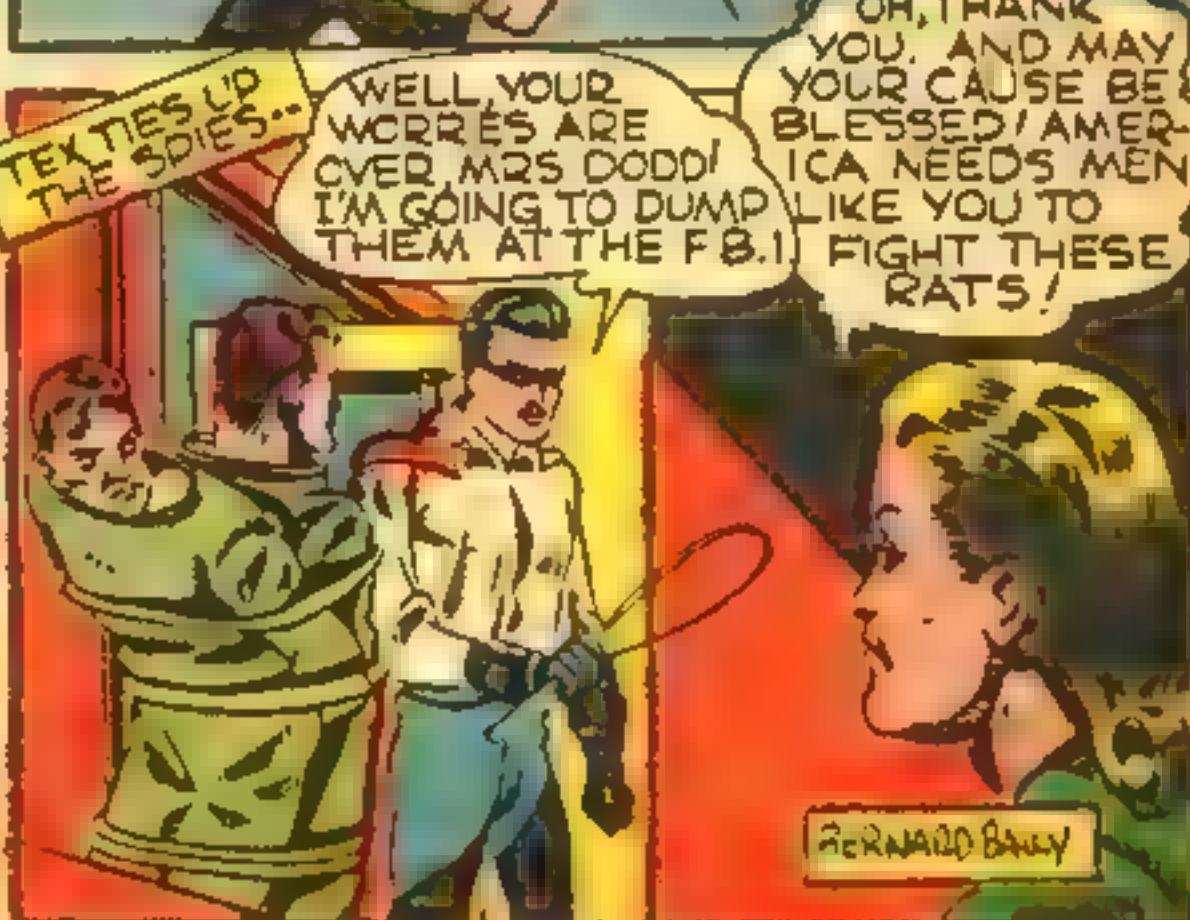
KLONK

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, MRS. DODD? THESE MEN ARE SABOTEURS!

I KNOW. I FOUND OUT TODAY HARVEY AND I WERE SWEETHEARTS BEFORE I MARRIED! HE'S BLACKMAILED ME SINCE! TONIGHT, HE WANTED ME TO POISON MY HUSBAND SO HE COULD GET CONTROL OF THE PLANT. HE'S AN ENEMY AGENT!



TEX TIES UP THE SPIES--

WELL, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, MRS. DODD! I'M GOING TO DUMP THEM AT THE F.B.I.

OH, THANK YOU, AND MAY YOUR CAUSE BE BLESSED! AMERICA NEEDS MEN LIKE YOU TO FIGHT THESE RATS!

BERNARD BARRY

SKY CHALLENGE

by Eric Carter

THE way the Wing Commander figured it out, there had to be a trick to it. This new Nazi bunch of flyers didn't have anything like the sportsmanship the other bunch showed. That's what the Wing Commander said, anyway, and he should have known because he was in the last show.

And now here the flying Jerries were trying to taunt the crack Eagle Squadron. It just didn't make sense, not after what we had been doing to them over the Channel and London-town. The note had been dropped by a fast-flying Messerschmidt and it read:

"If you fellows are as good as your publicity, why don't you send somebody up to get Arentz? He'll be around the middle of the Channel tomorrow."



Naturally, everybody wanted to go, and if the Wing Commander had called for volunteers we would have had to draw lots, just as they did when Richtofen used to invite the enemy up. Until Eddie Rick-enbacker went aloft, then the invites were very infrequent.

And now here we were, a new generation of pilots, not knowing that in a little while we wouldn't be fighting for John Bull, but Uncle Sam. Right now, all we were concerned with was this challenge.

But the Wing Commander said no. "I don't trust those dirty rats," he said, "and they're not letting Arentz out alone. They know how anxious we are to get a crack at them." Then he smiled, tried to soften the disappointment he saw on our faces. "Anyway, I'll pass this, along to Headquarters."

"Yeah," Smitty cracked, "and they'll file it away." Disgusted,

he went over to the bar in the officer's quarters.

He was a funny lad, Smitty. Came out from Oklahoma, and had learned his flying the hard way, barnstorming crates at carnivals. Then he had gone to China and finally wound up in England, giving as his explanation that he was needed here more than anyplace else. That was the first inkling we had that beneath his sparse frame was a burning resentment against dictators and oppressors. He never talked much.

But he could fly and fight. The guys in the mess said he must have been born under the shadow of an eagle's wings. He had nine planes to his credit, and a couple of decorations. It was the planes he cared more for, because, as he said: "I could see them really going down, feel that I was striking a blow against those I hate." And, fingering the decorations, "These represent the past. I don't want to remember the planes I shot down. I'm looking forward to getting more."

And then his eyes would light up. Only now they weren't lighted, as he sipped his drink. More than any one of us, he wanted to be up there next day, trap or no trap, to match his skill with Arentz. He would have taken on a fleet of planes to get at that Nazi.

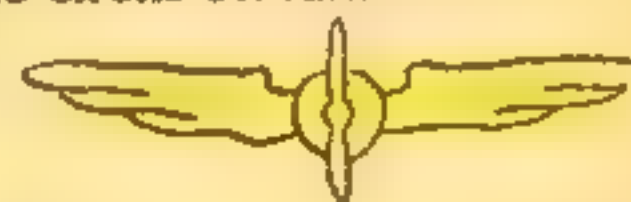
It didn't help much next evening when the Nazis mocked us again, dropping another challenge, and asking if we were scared. They even offered to stage the fight over English soil. Smitty didn't sleep much that night, thinking about it. But orders were orders, and except for our daily patrol we saw no action.

By the time the third challenge arrived, a day later, every nerve was taut, and it was plain to see that the Wing Com-

mander was worried. We had an idea what he was thinking about: Was this only a trick to upset morale? So far, Headquarters had paid no attention, and it didn't appear likely that they would. Headquarters knew the Commander would handle the situation by ignoring it.

They couldn't have figured on the last taunt.

The guy who screamed out of the clouds in his Messerschmidt the following dawn really was reckless. The boys on the ack-acks let him have it but missed, so terrific was his speed. But he managed to drop his message. And as luck would have it, dropped it at the feet of Smitty who, with the rest of us, had come tumbling out of our bunks when the sirens screamed.



Smitty's face was contorted with anger as he picked up the rag doll that had been dropped from the enemy plane. It was a crude caricature of one of us, and the note attached to it read: "This is your last chance. We withdraw our challenge today, confident that your backbones are like this." It was signed, "Arentz," and we knew then who the reckless flier had been.

The Wing Commander said nothing as he took the rag doll from Smitty and studied the note. Then he looked at us, and his eyes were very tired, and yet understanding. Slowly, he said: "I want you boys to know that I'd like to go up there myself. Just as much as any of you. But orders are orders." He held up his hand to silence the storm of protest. "No, boys, nothing but regular work. This war isn't going to be won by any one man."

"That's not what they think,"

Smitty said, bitterly. "Not when they can send Arentz himself over." His eyes blazed. "I'd like to——"

The Wing Commander smiled. "You're too valuable a man to lose, Smitty," he said. "Come along now. I want to talk over the reconnaissance flight with you."

An hour later we were aloft, and in every man's mind was the thought that maybe we'd meet Arentz and his patrol. But the Jerries kept out of sight. Disappointed, we started home, having nothing except pictures to bring back.

Our course called for a wide sweep around the Channel, and once again we were disappointed. With fog coming in, the enemy wouldn't show. Suddenly, a call came through the radios, just as we were heading in. It was the Wing Commander and he had noticed Smitty's absence.

Smitty, protecting our tail, had been in the rear. How long ago he had disappeared no one could tell. It was almost noon now, and we had been flying this course two hours.

The Commander's voice came crackling over, calling for a new formation. Two of us, it ordered, were detailed to fly back on the patrol flight and try to pick up Smitty.

In a few minutes, we were high above the squadron, and the fog began to thin out. There was no sign of Smitty, but we knew what must have happened. Without permission, he had managed to detach himself from the squadron. There was only one thing he could be doing: looking for Arentz!

Time trembled in the balance as we headed for the middle of the Channel. We knew that what the Commander had said was straight: if Arentz were waiting, there'd also be a flight of Messerschmidts hiding in the clouds, ready to pounce on the one of us who had accepted the challenge. That's the kind of sportmen they were. And are!

At fifteen thousand feet, we

saw them. Thank heavens they didn't see us first. Smitty was pushing his ship in a perfect inside loop, his guns spitting. Almost above him was Arentz, in his ship with the wild boar painted on the sides. We could see him start his ship into an Immelman that would keep Smitty from coming up under him, and we wondered about the maneuver.

But only for an instant. Suddenly, two ships zoomed from the cloud in, which they had been hiding. Two Nazi ships, getting ready for the kill! Just as the Commander had said, Arentz' challenge was a trap. He had figured we'd send up our best man, and he wanted to get him knocked off. Knowing our code of ethics, he was sure only one man would go up.



We gave our ships the gun, hoping against hope we could get into the fight in time, before those other two Jerries could crowd up on Smitty.

It was too late. Arentz must have seen us come out of a cloud bank. His maneuver sent Smitty over toward the onrushing planes. There was a sickening spurt of machine gun fire, flame that belched death. They couldn't have missed Smitty with their eyes closed.

Black smoke suddenly poured from his plane and he went into a spin, wobbling crazily. Enraged, we tore into the two ships which Arentz suddenly decided to leave behind him. He was taking no chance of a lucky shot sending him down. In a fraction of a second, we were engaging the enemy and Arentz was streaking toward home.

But wait! Something had happened. Smitty's plane, still belching smoke, had suddenly righted itself. It was under Arentz' belly now, and any aviator knows the fear that will strike a man when he's got that way. Not that we, thought

Arentz was a man, he wasn't! He had no more chance than he would have given Smitty, whose bullets now splattered against the undercarriage, snarled into the gas tank. Flame enveloped Arentz' ship as it carried its cargo to doom. Smitty didn't even watch it go; he was right with us, helping us send the other two Nazi ships after their pal.

When we made the base, the whole outfit was waiting for us. Smitty landed last, and the two of us who had gone up for him, were outside our ship, running toward him when he climbed out, grinning. The fuselage of his ship was peppered with holes, and one of the shots must have got Smitty because he was hanging onto his shoulder. A blackened mass dangled from his good hand, and Smitty handed it up to the Wing Commander.

We gaped at the burned rag doll, which still smouldered. And then Smitty's voice, calmly and peacefully, explained the whole thing. "I was lost, sir," he said, "and I'm sure glad you sent up these boys." He grinned. "This doll Arentz gave us . . . I . . . I . . . figured if I set fire to it, the smoke would make him think he had hit me. Then I could come up under his belly."



The Commander grabbed Smitty as he fell. Then, gruffly, he turned to us. "Well, what are you fellows staring at?" he demanded. "The man said he lost his course, didn't he? That fog was very heavy. Come on, give me a hand with him."

His eyes twinkled as he passed Smitty over. Sometimes, they seemed to say, orders can be made different orders. And this had been one of the times!

The End

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But only for an instant. Suddenly, two ships zoomed from the cloud in which they had been hiding. Two Nazi ships, getting ready for the kill! Just as the Commander had said, Arentz' challenge was a trap. He had figured we'd send up our best man, and he wanted to get him knocked off. Knowing our code of ethics, he was sure only one man would go up.



We gave our ships the gun, hoping against hope we could get into the fight in time, before those other two Jerries could crowd up on Smitty.

It was too late. Arentz must have seen us come out of a cloud bank. His maneuver sent Smitty over toward the onrushing planes. There was a sickening spurt of machine gun fire, flame that belched death. They couldn't have missed Smitty with their eyes closed.

Black smoke suddenly poured from his plane and he went into a spin, wobbling crazily. Enraged, we tore into the two ships which Arentz suddenly decided to leave behind him. He was taking no chance of a lucky shot sending him down. In a fraction of a second, we were engaging the enemy and Arentz was streaking toward home.

But wait! Something had happened. Smitty's plane, still belching smoke, had suddenly righted itself. It was under Arentz' belly now, and any aviator knows the fear that will strike a man when he's got that way. Not that we thought

Arentz was a man, he wasn't! He had no more chance than he would have given Smitty, whose bullets now splattered against the undercarriage, snarled into the gas tank. Flame enveloped Arentz' ship as it carried its cargo to doom. Smitty didn't even watch it go; he was right with us, helping us send the other two Nazi ships after their pal.

When we made the base, the whole outfit was waiting for us. Smitty landed last, and the two of us who had gone up for him, were outside our ship, running toward him when he climbed out, grinning. The fuselage of his ship was peppered with holes, and one of the shots must have got Smitty because he was hanging onto his shoulder. A blackened mass dangled from his good hand, and Smitty handed it up to the Wing Commander.

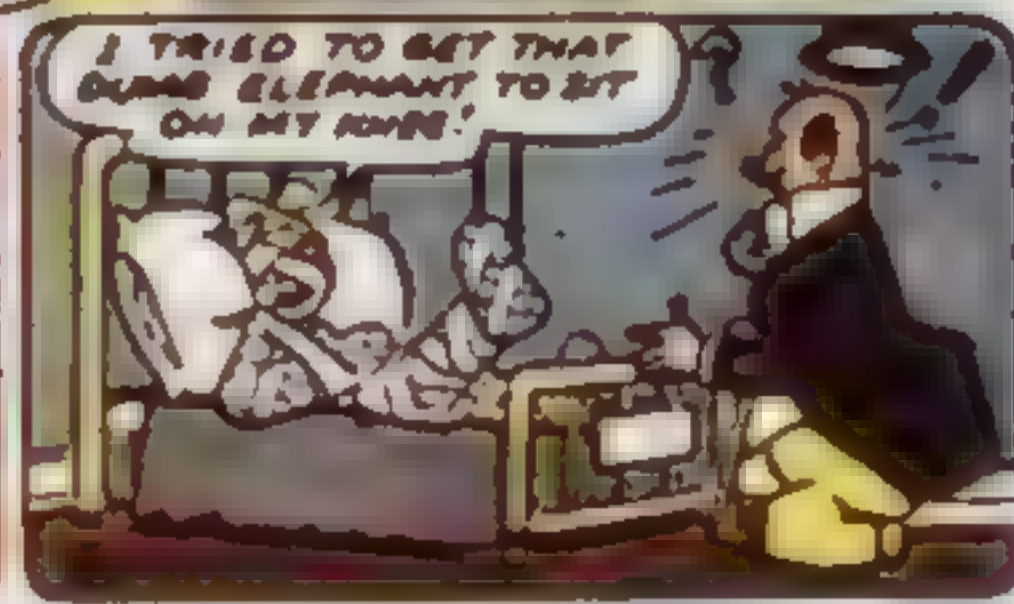
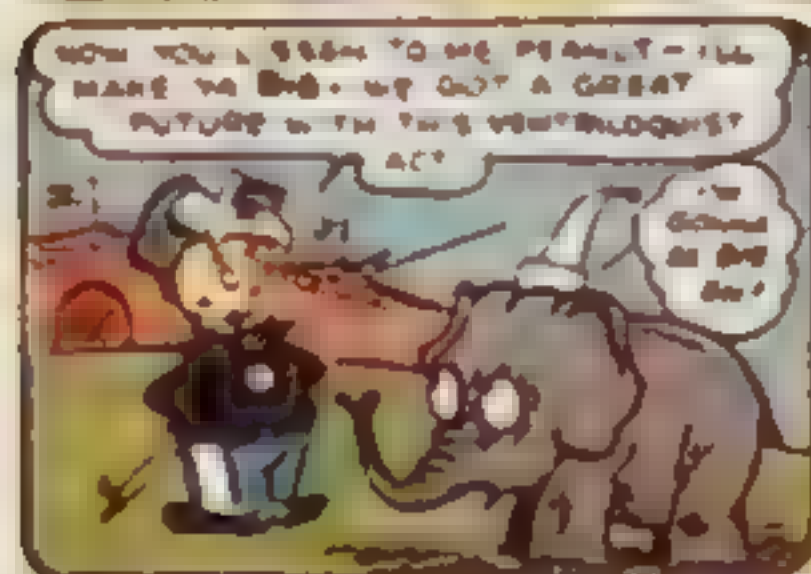
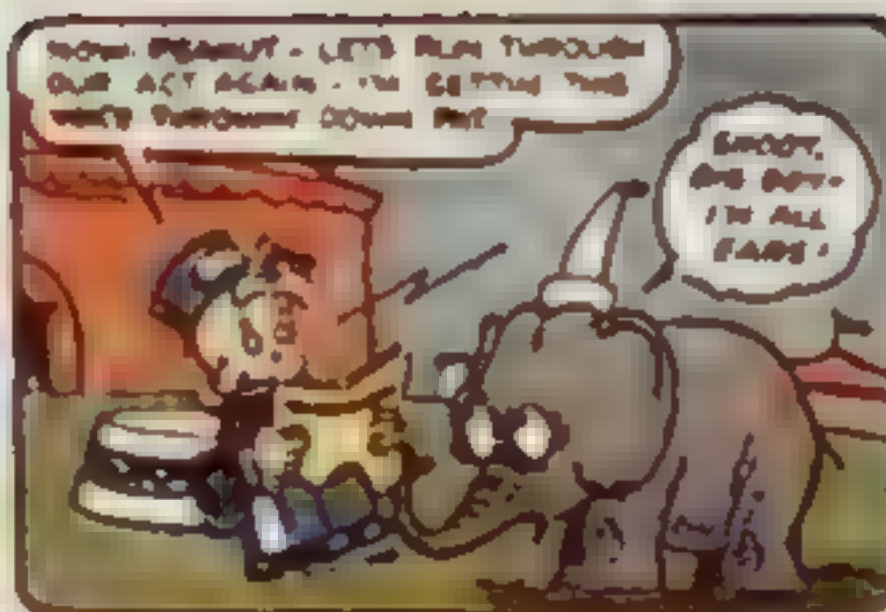
We gaped at the burned rag doll, which still smoldered. And then Smitty's voice, calmly and peacefully, explained the whole thing. "I was lost, sir," he said, "and I'm sure glad you sent up these boys." He grinned. "This doll Arentz gave us . . . I . . . I . . . figured if I set fire to it, the smoke would make him think he had hit me. Then I could come up under his belly."



The Commander grabbed Smitty as he fell. Then, gruffly, he turned to us. "Well, what are you fellows staring at?" he demanded. "The man said he lost his course, didn't he? That fog was very heavy. Come on, give me a hand with him."

His eyes twinkled as he passed Smitty over. Sometimes, they seemed to say, orders can be made different orders. And this had been one of the times!

The End.

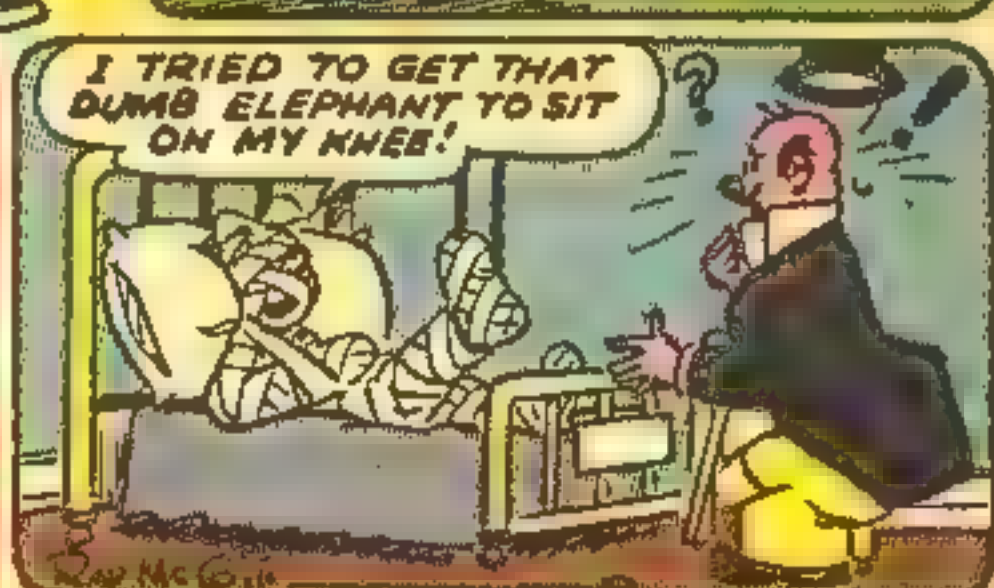
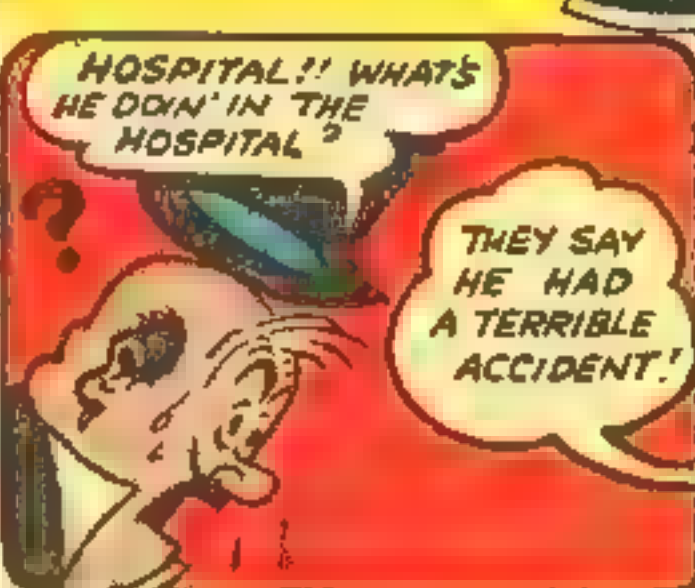
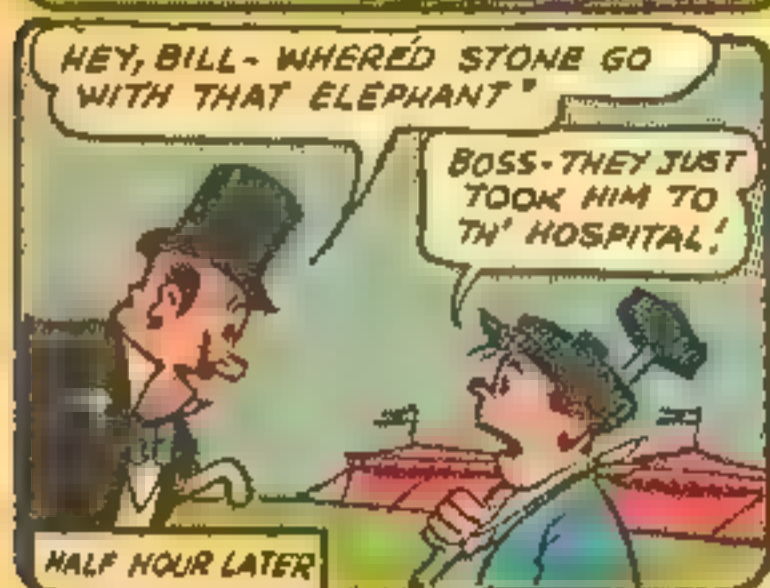
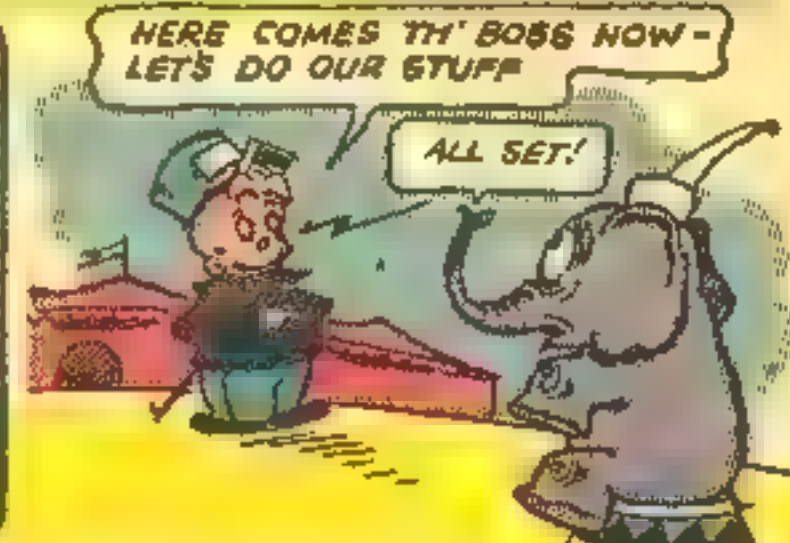
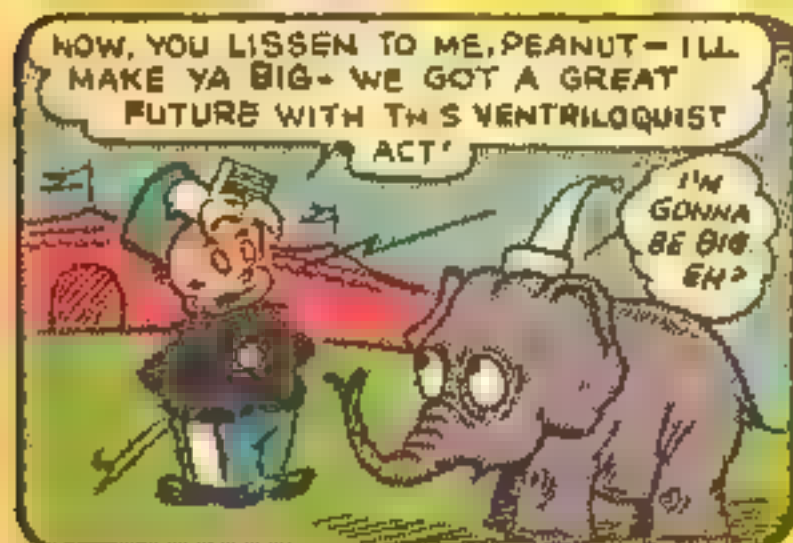
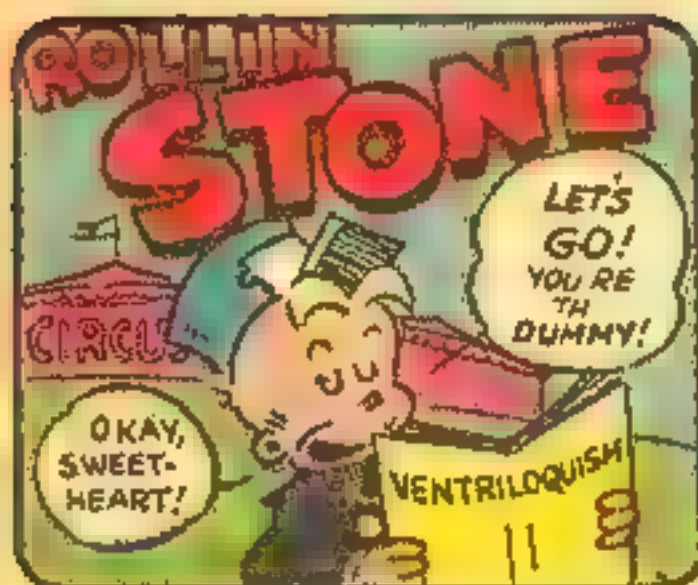


IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

YOWSAH, BUDDIES!
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE
CONTAINING BOTH
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!
--AND EVERY ONE OF
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CONGO BILL

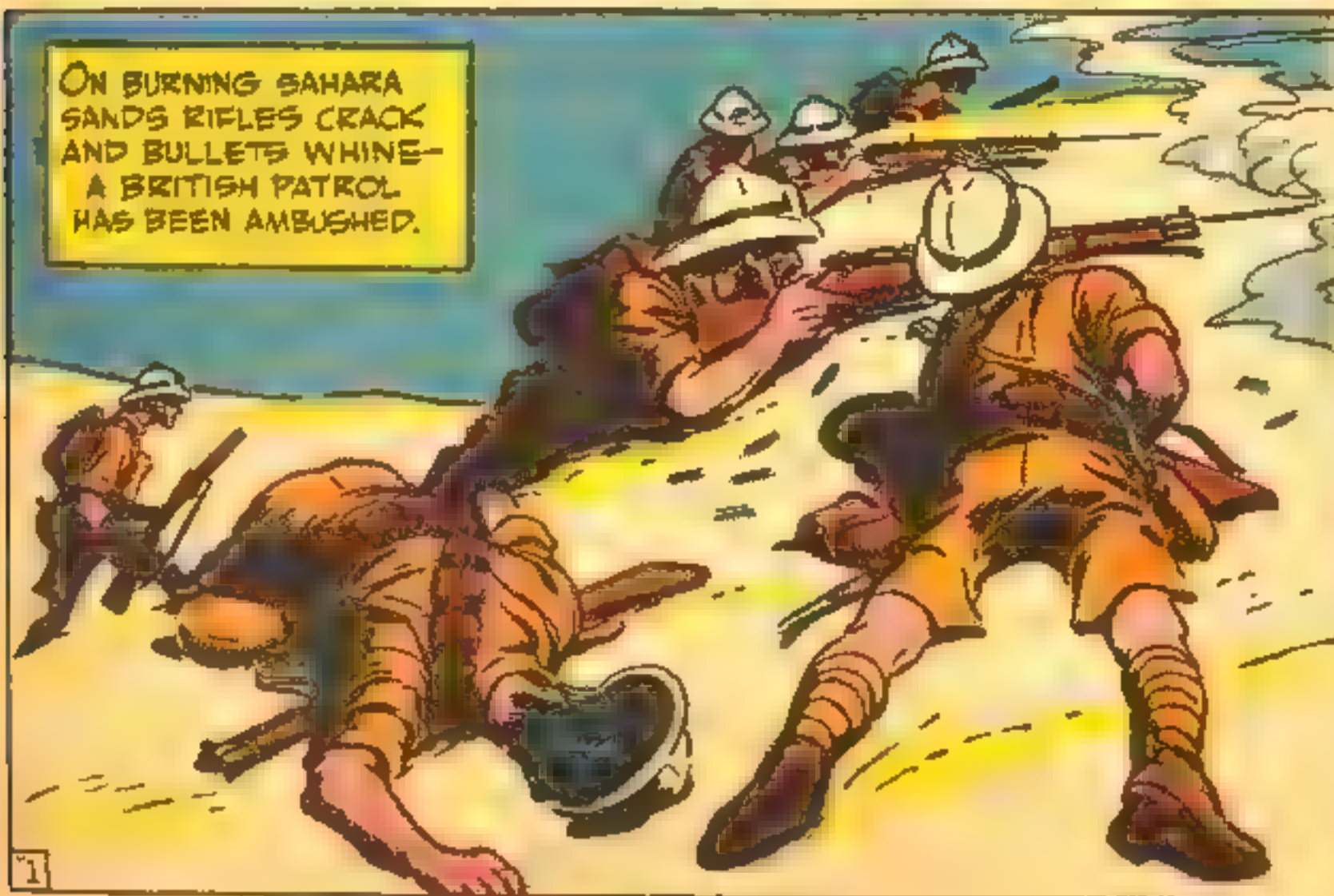


THE DISCIPLES OF ALLAH RIDE THE BLAZING SANDS OF REBELLION TO FOLLOW THE FRENZIED TRAIL OF A MAN WHO IS SEEMINGLY IMMORTAL... UNTIL CONGO BILL FINDS THE ACHILLES HEEL OF A CLOVEN HOOF...AND THE KEY TO A DESIGN OF DOUBLE-CROSS AND DECEIT IN THE ADVENTURE OF ...

"THE MAN OF A THOUSAND LIVES!"

by FRAY

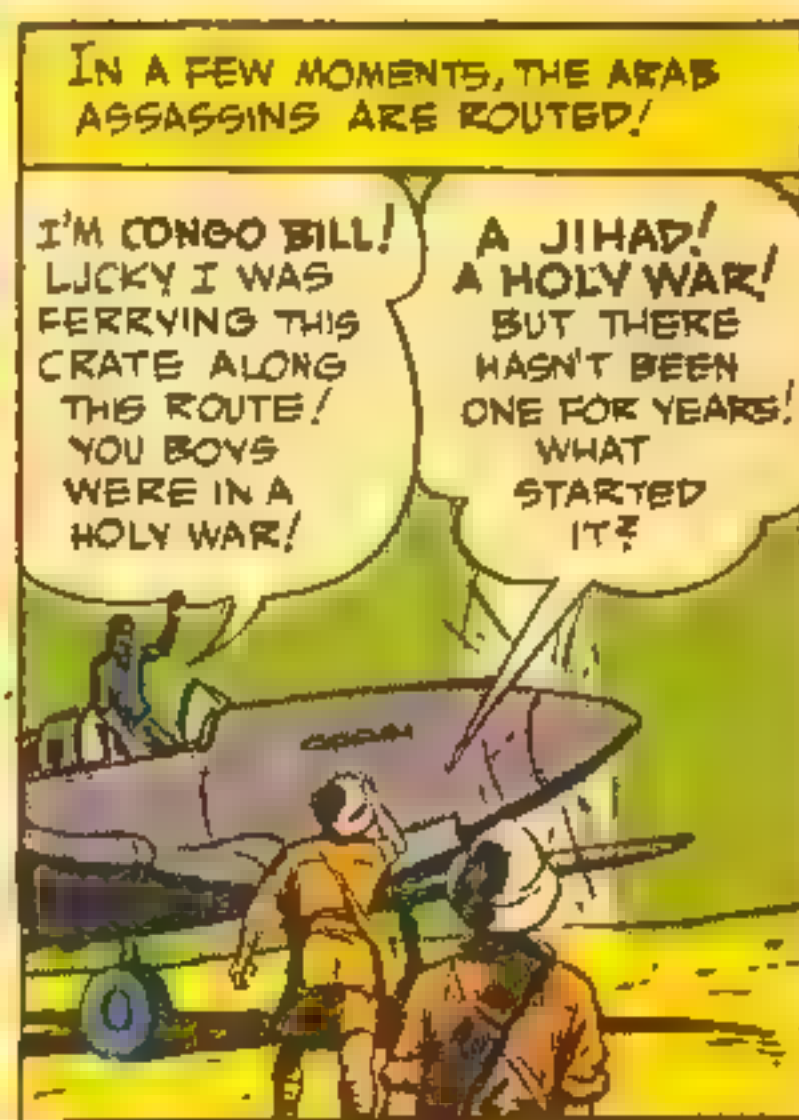
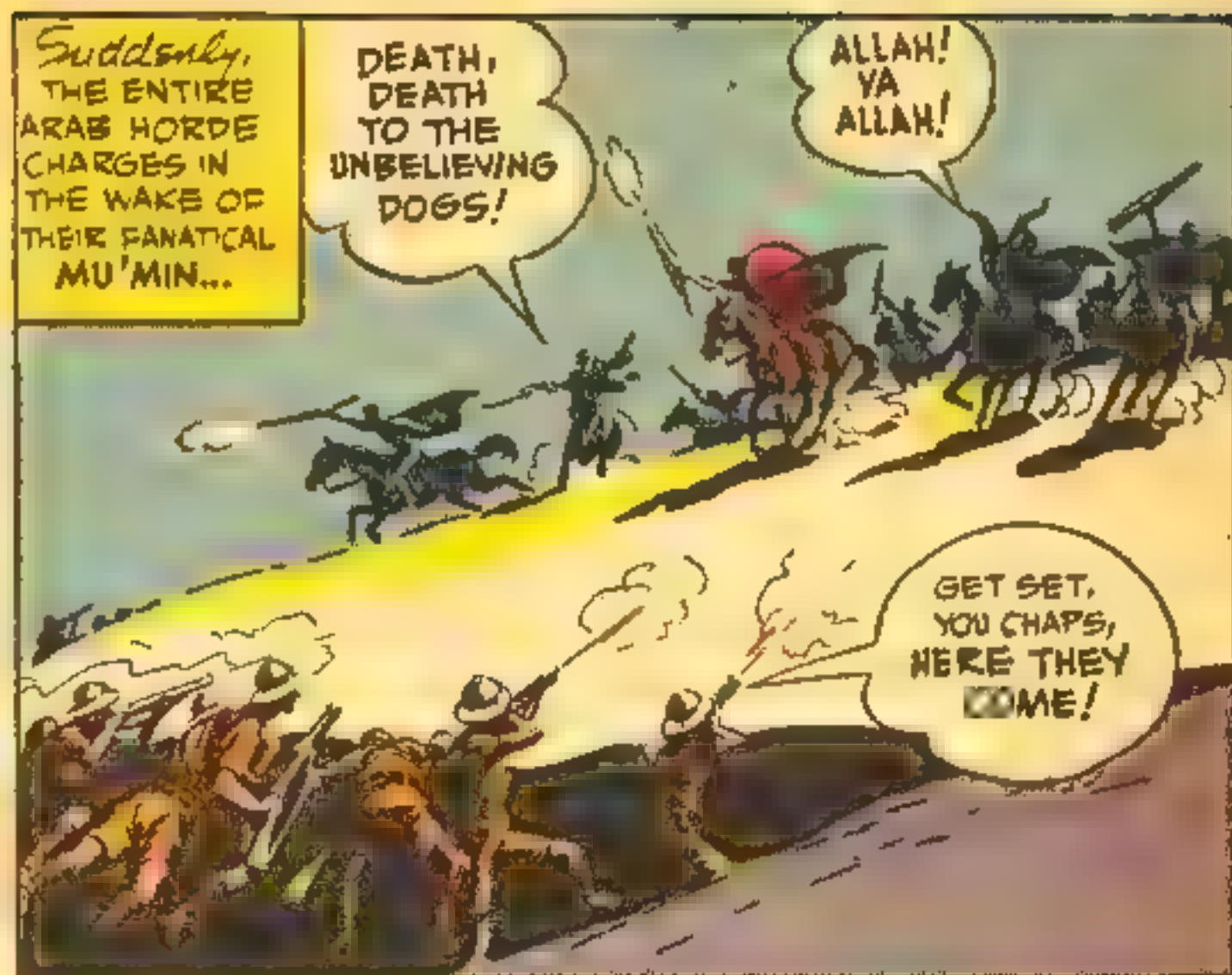
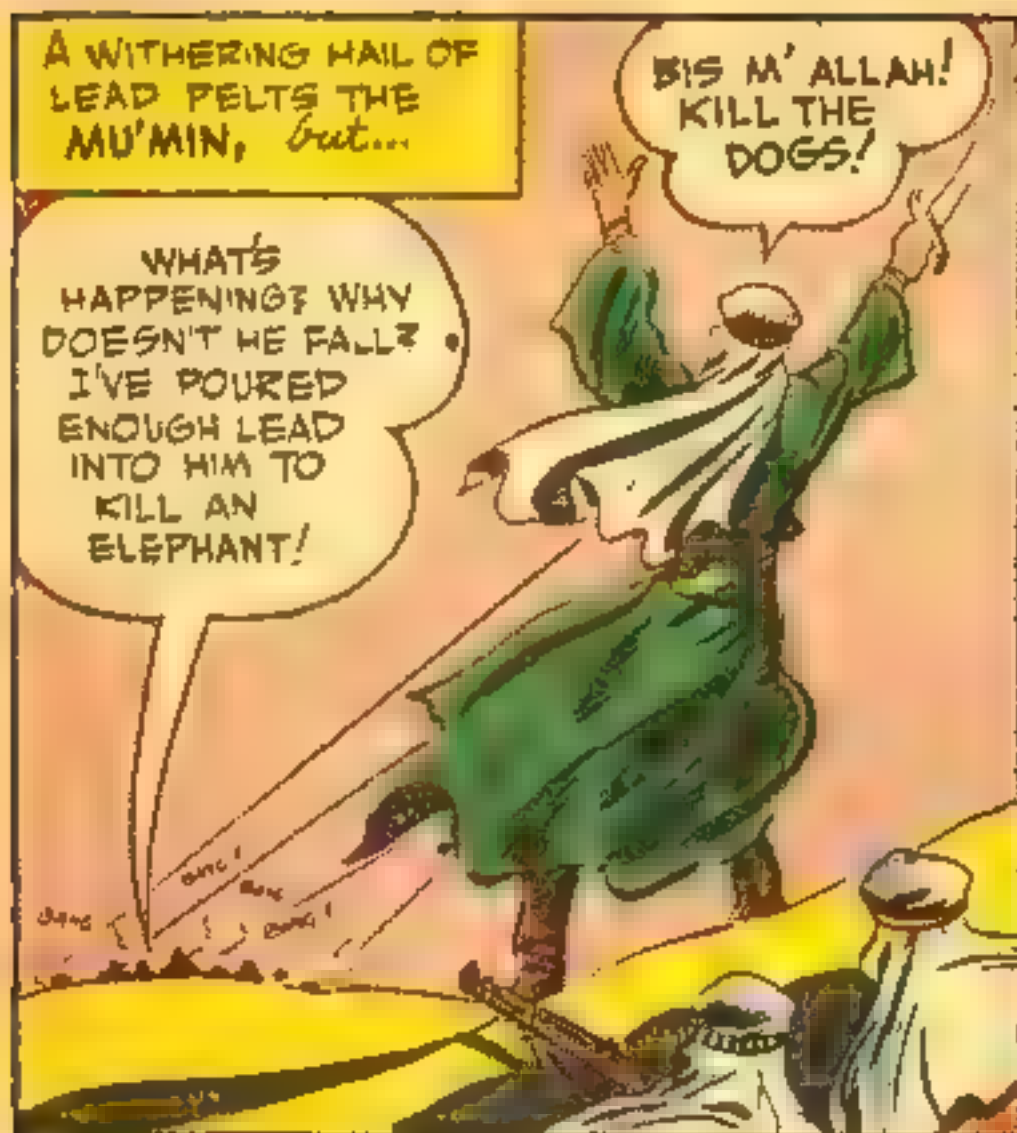
ON BURNING SAHARA SANDS RIFLES CRACK AND BULLETS WHINE—A BRITISH PATROL HAS BEEN AMBUSHED.

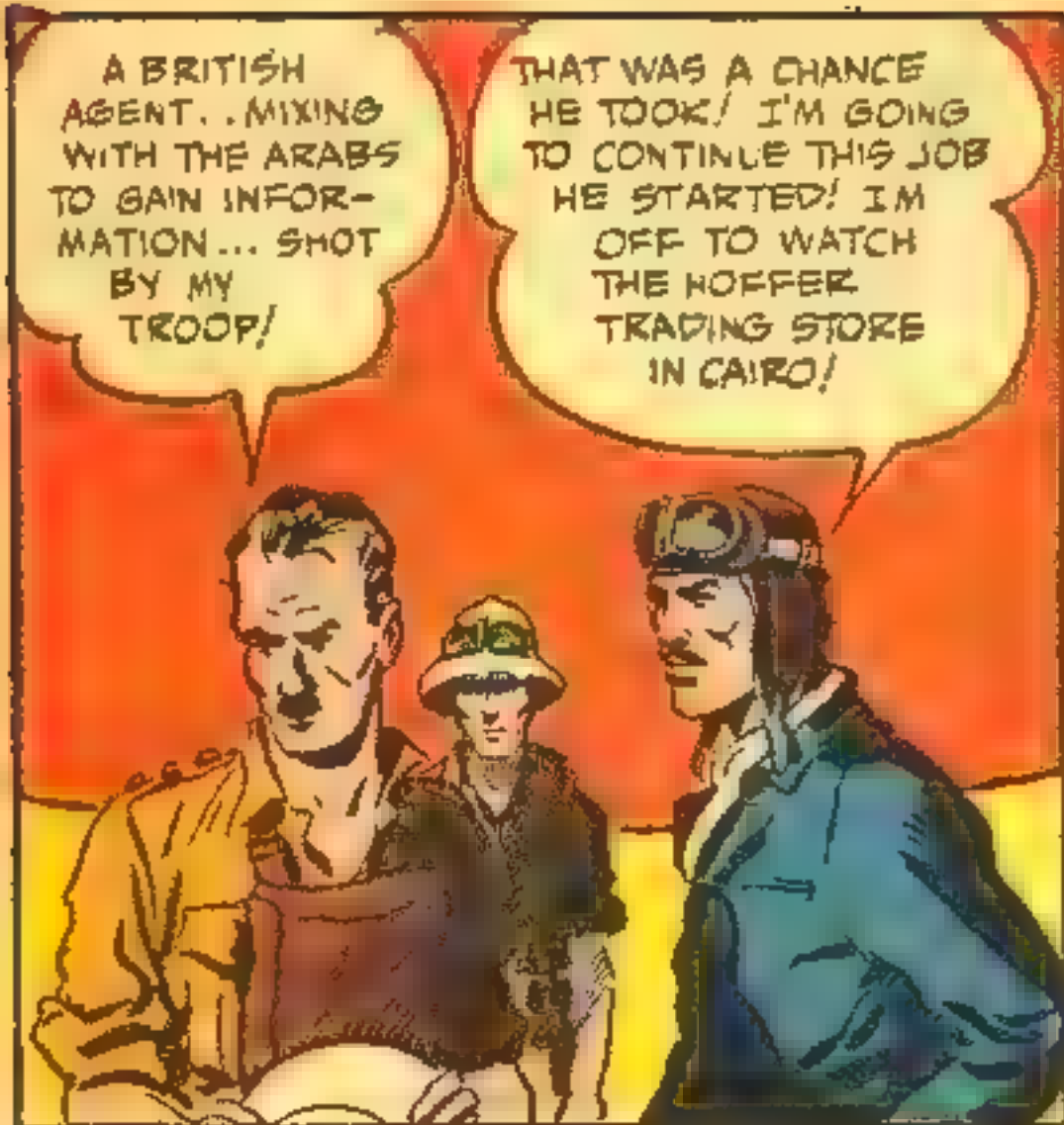


WE CAN'T LAST LONG AGAINST THAT MOB!

THERE'S THAT FOUL ARAB MU'MIN AGAIN! MAYBE YOU CHAPS HAVE HAD BAD AIM SO FAR! I'LL TRY MY LUCK!



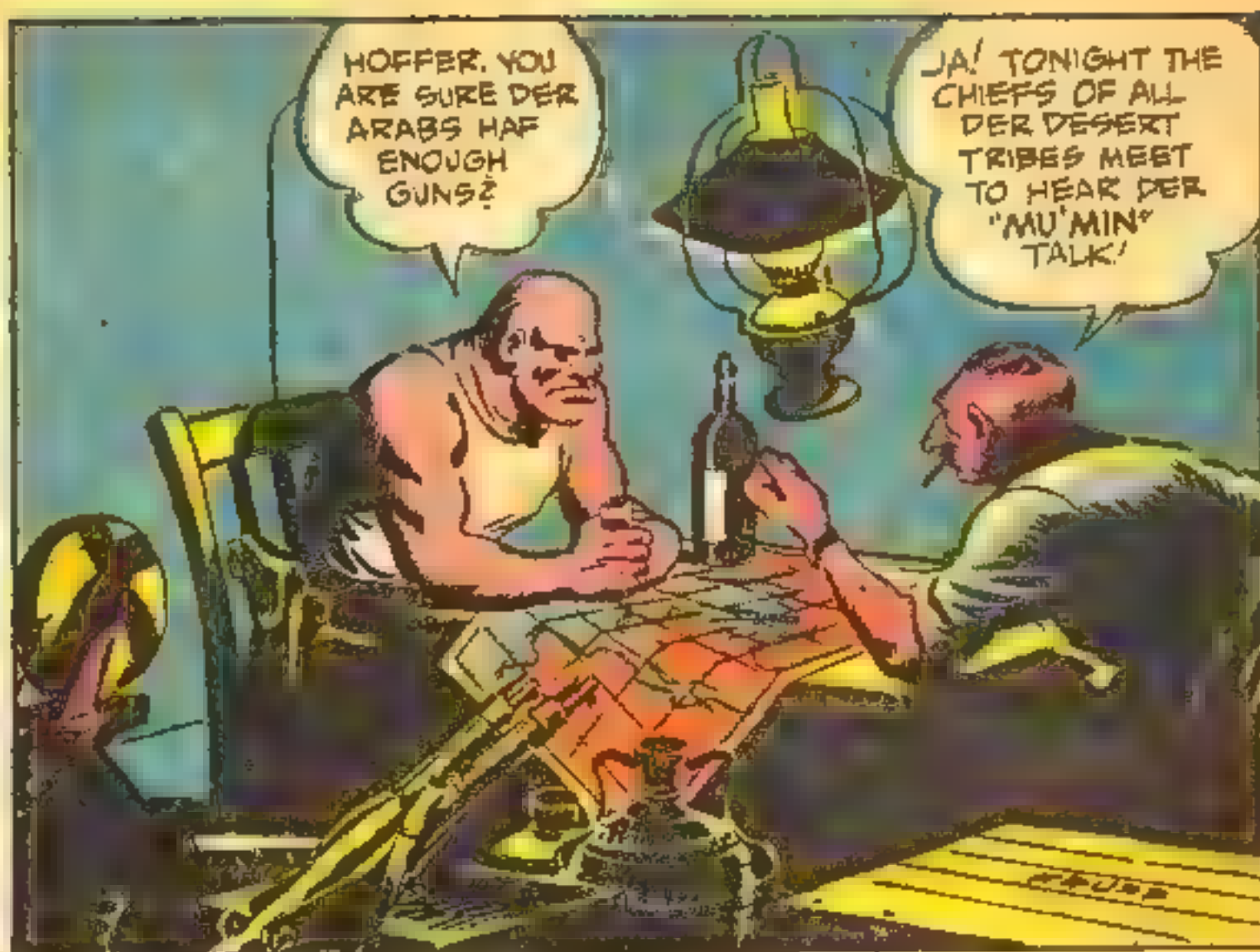




WHEN THE STORE CLOSSES FOR THE NIGHT, CONGO BILL MAKES HIS FIRST MOVE...



SO FAR SO GOOD! HELLO... VOICES ..FROM THE BASEMENT!



HOFFER, YOU ARE SURE DER ARABS HAF ENOUGH GUNS?

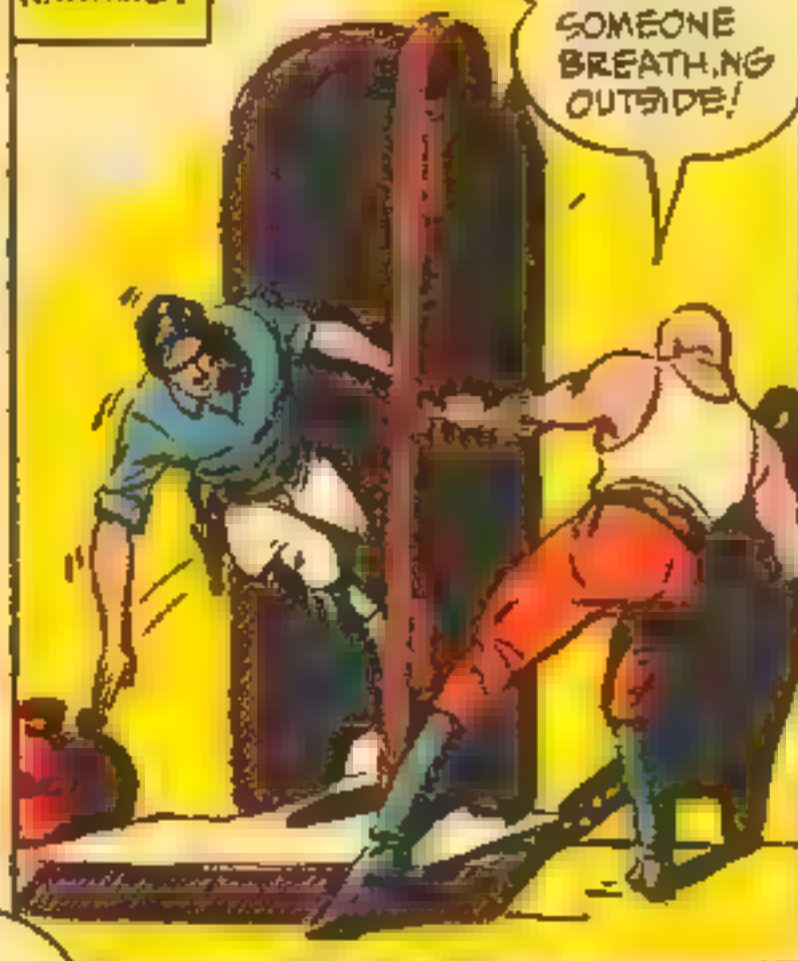
JA! TONIGHT THE CHIEFS OF ALL DER DESERT TRIBES MEET TO HEAR DER "MU'MIN" TALK!

HE VILL INSTRUCT DEM TO MAKE A JIHAD... A HOLY WAR ON DER BRITISH! DER ENGLISH VILL NEED EVERY MAN TO FIGHT DER ARAB ARMY!

JA! IT VILL DRAW MEN FROM ODDER DIVISIONS IT VLL LEAVE HER FORCE IN AFRICA WEAK... UND DEN OUR ARMY VILL EASILY VIN!



With-OUT WARNING!



HA! I THOUGH I HEARD SOMEONE BREATHING OUTSIDE!

DON'T BE GENTLE V.T' HIM!

VE KNOW HOW TO DEAL VIT' SPIES!



BILL IS DRAGGED TO A BARREN ROOM...

SO DER BRITISH SUSPECT!



BAH! IT VILL DO DEM NO GOOT! BY TONIGHT ALL DER TRIBES VILL BE UP IN REBELLION!

STILL, IT WOULD DO NO HARM TO INFORM OUR SUPERIORS BY DER WIRELESS!

I VILL GO VIT' YOU! DON'T WORRY... DER ENGLISH SPY VLL BE QUITE SAFE LOCKED DOWN HERE!

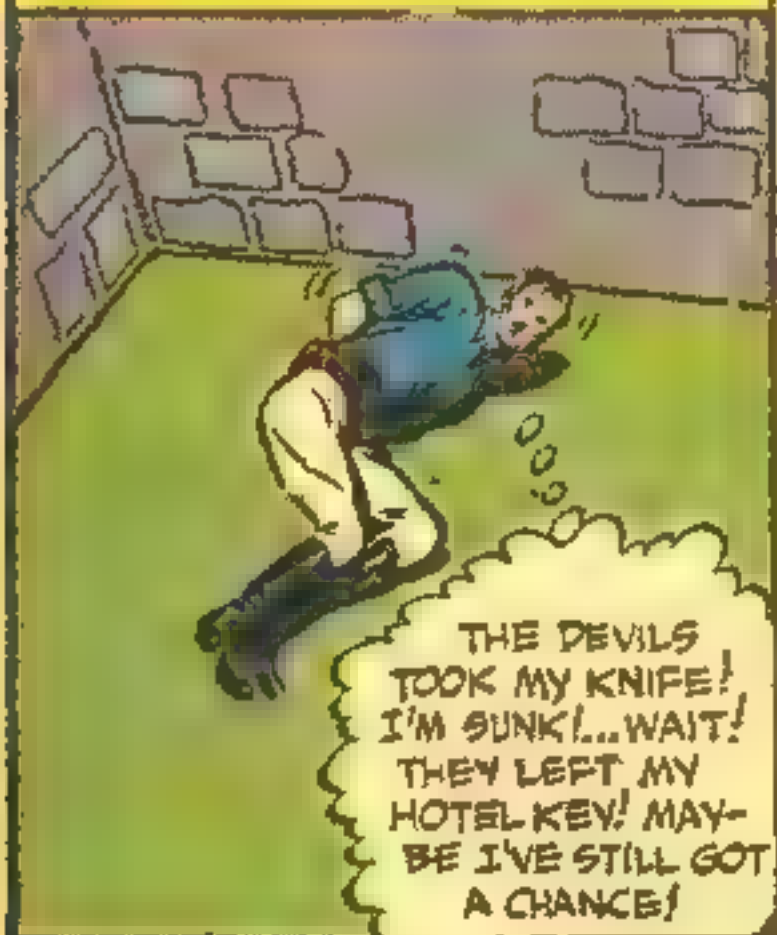


SOME TIME AFTER.. BILL WAKES TO THROBBING CON-SCIOUSNESS!

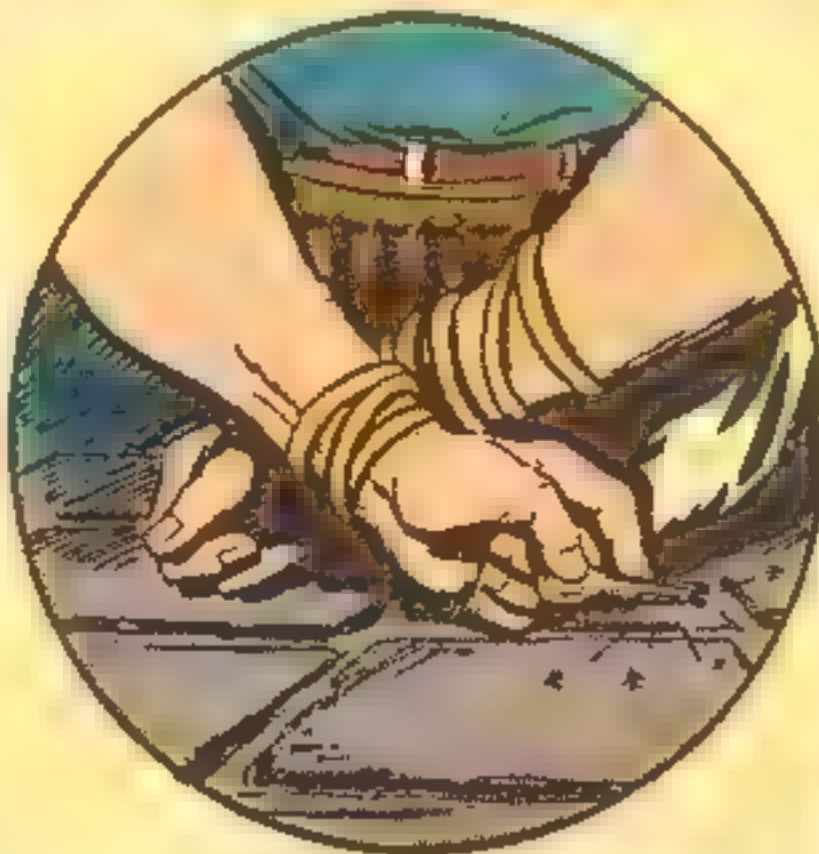
CAUGHT GOOD AND PROPER. ROPES ARE TIGHT... MAY- BE I CAN MANAGE TO REACH MY POCKET KNIFE...



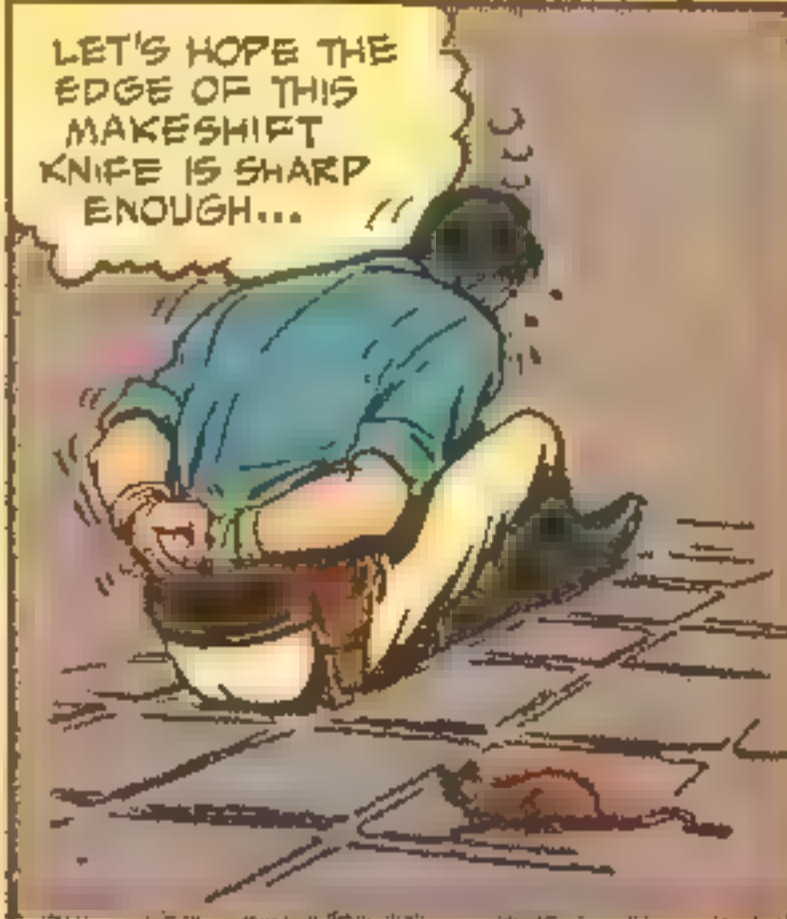
STRAINING, SHIFTING, SQUIRMING, BILL MANAGES TO PROBE HIS POCKET WITH FUMBLING FINGERS.



LIKE A BARBER HONING A RAZOR, BILL GRINDS THE KEY AGAINST THE STONE FLOOR!



MINUTES DRAG ALONG. SEEM LIKE HOURS... FINGERS BEGIN TO NUMB FROM THE STRAIN... BUT AT LONG LAST...



OH-OH! THAT WAS THE DOOR UPSTAIRS! GOT TO SNAP IT UP!

AND BILL DOES SNAP IT UP... A RIGHT UPPERCUT!



NIGHT ON THE DESERT! LIKE HUDDLING SHADOWS, GRIM DESERT NOMADS CROWD ABOUT A MALIGNANT, FRENZIED FIGURE... THE MU'MIN!

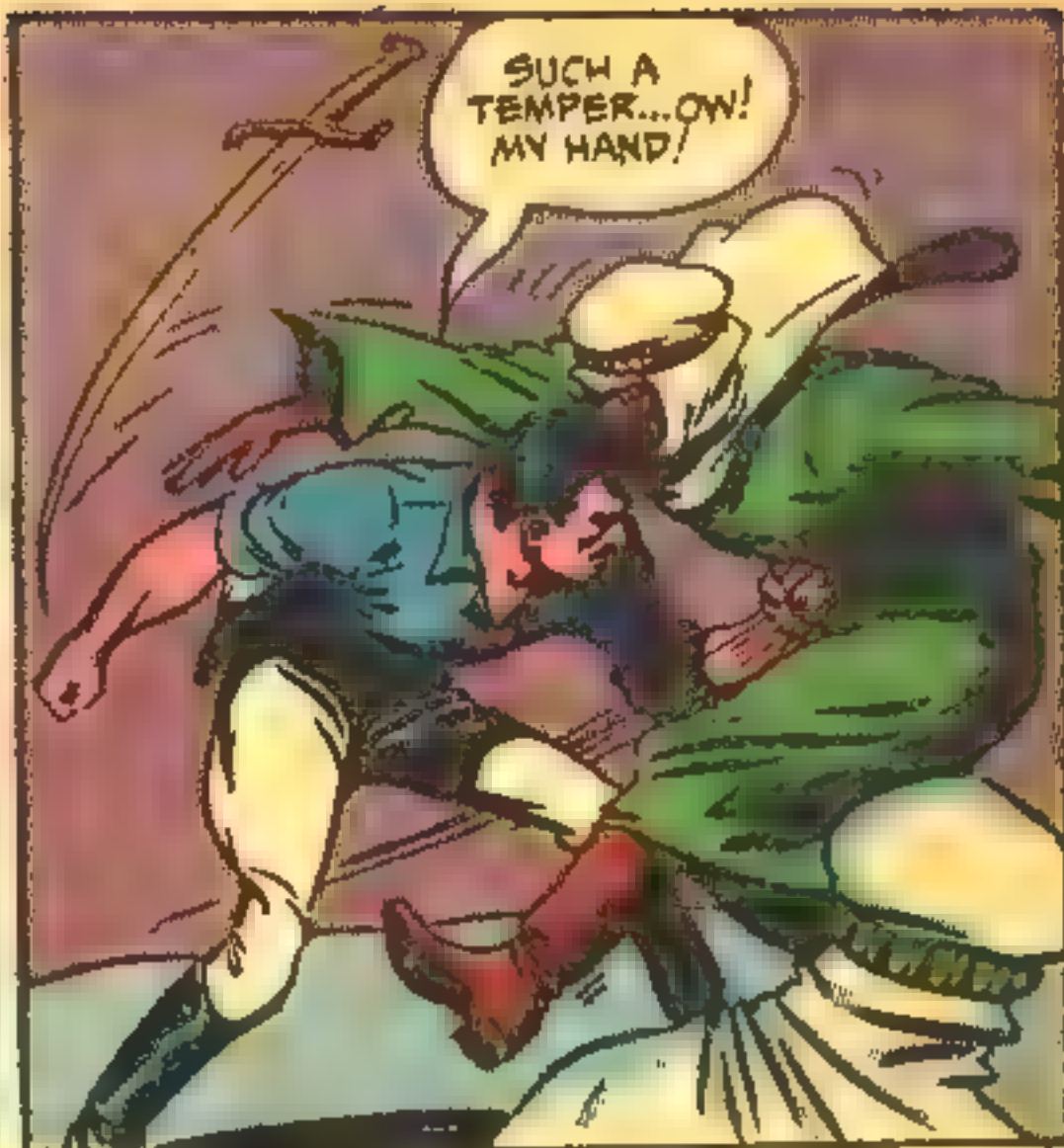




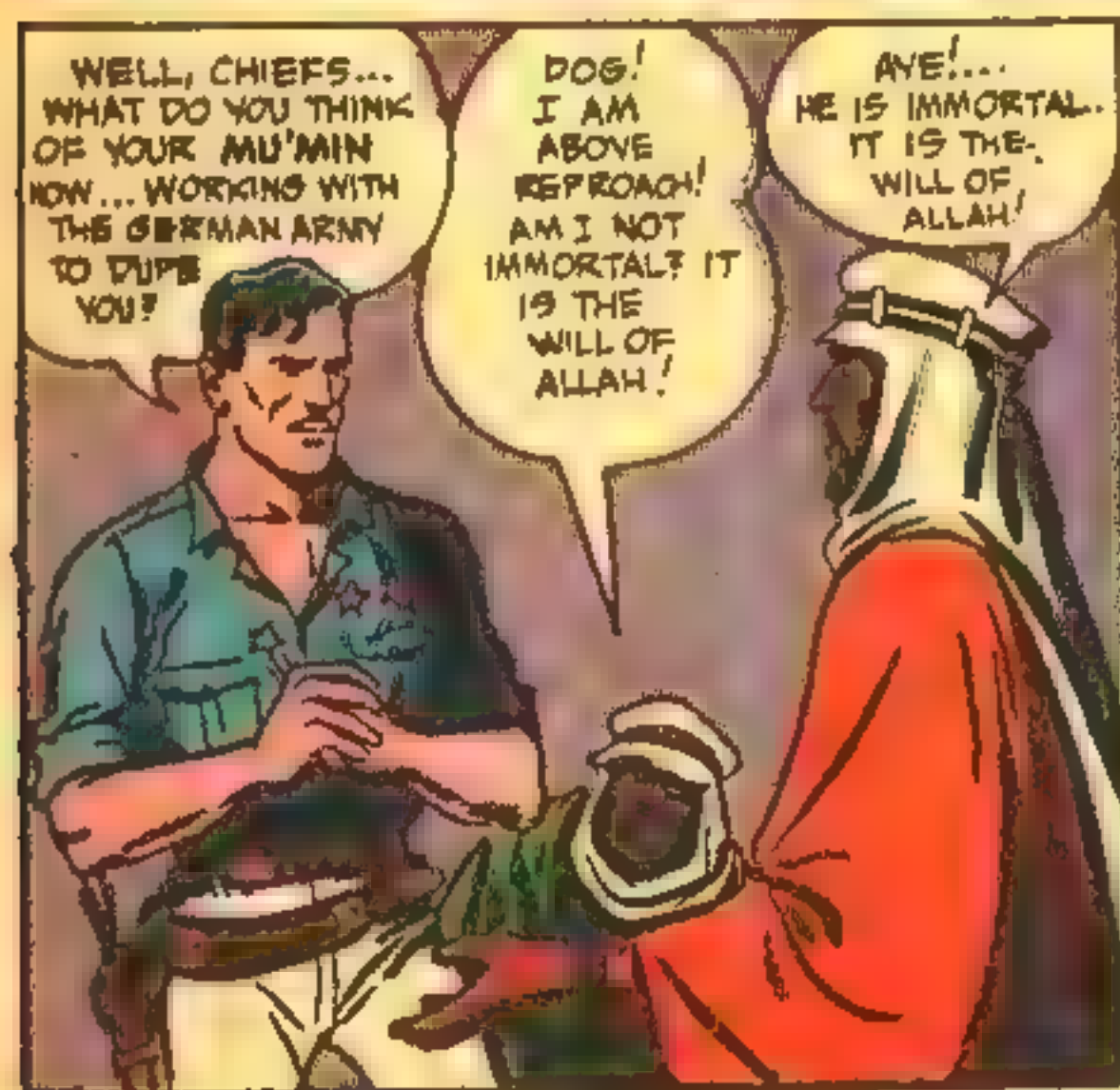
NOW TELL THESE ARAB CHIEFS HOW YOU AND THE MU'MIN INTENDED USING THEM FOR THE GERMAN ARMY! TALK!

OW! UH IT'S TRUE! WE WANTED TO WEAKEN DER BRITISH SO OUR GERMAN ARMY WOULD BE VICTORIOUS IN AFRICA...

TRAITOR! I KILL YOU BOTH!



SUCH A TEMPER...OW! MY HAND!



WELL, CHIEFS... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR MU'MIN NOW... WORKING WITH THE GERMAN ARMY TO DUPE YOU?

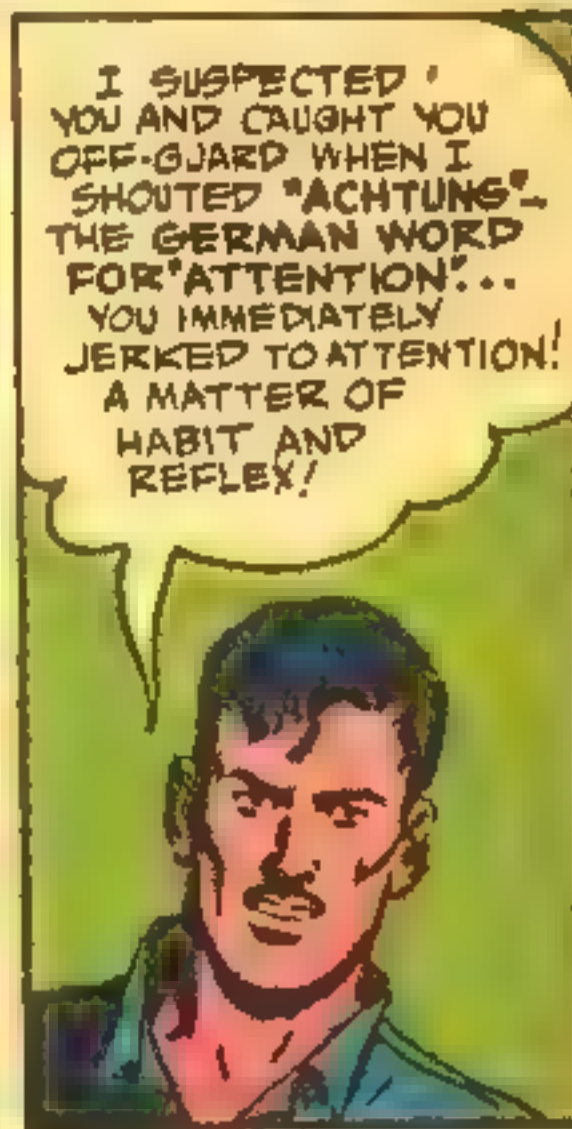
DOG! I AM ABOVE REPROACH! AM I NOT IMMORTAL? IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH!

AHE!... HE IS IMMORTAL. IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH!



BILL RIPS OFF THE MU'MIN'S HEADGEAR!

THE WILL OF ALLAH, IS IT? HERE'S YOUR MU'MIN, A GERMAN OFFICER!



I SUSPECTED YOU AND CAUGHT YOU OFF-GUARD WHEN I SHOUTED "ACHTUNG" - THE GERMAN WORD FOR "ATTENTION"... YOU IMMEDIATELY JERKED TO ATTENTION! A MATTER OF HABIT AND REFLEX!



MAYBE YOU'RE IMMUNE TO BULLETS BUT NOT TO A RIGHT TO THE JAW!



AND HERE'S WHY HE WAS "IMMORTAL"... A BULLET-PROOF SUIT, CLEVER, EH? ONLY HIS FACE, FEET AND HANDS COULD HAVE BEEN HURT BY A BULLET!

WE HAVE BEEN FOOLS! HE IS AN IMPOSTOR!



YOU HAVE OPENED OUR EYES. ANY NATION THAT USES RELIGION FOR A TREACHEROUS CAUSE CANNOT BE TRUSTED! NOW THE TRIBES WILL WAR ON GERMANY... NOT THE ALLIES!

NOW YOU'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE, CHIEF!

THE END.

How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff so out of date!

War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Mimik to Celebes!

Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!



Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

Famous for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish
a Morrow Coaster Brake on
any bike—ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



SILLY WILLY

by

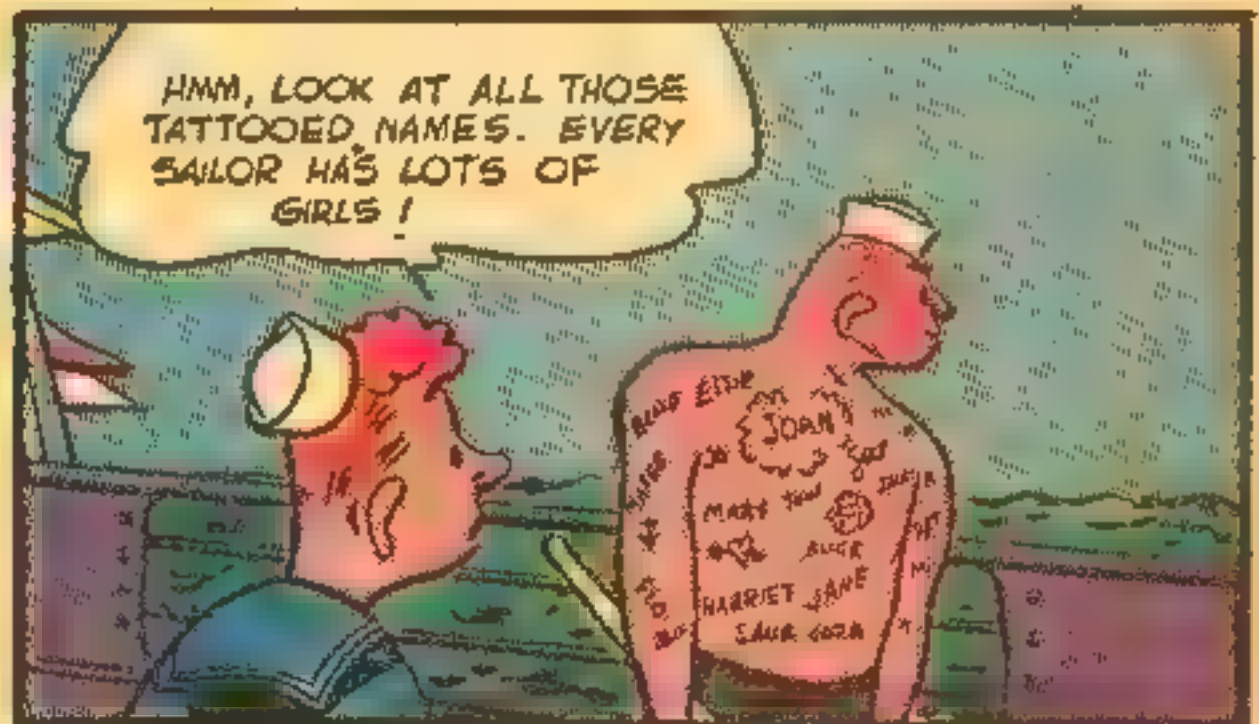
ALVIN
KOLTUNOFF



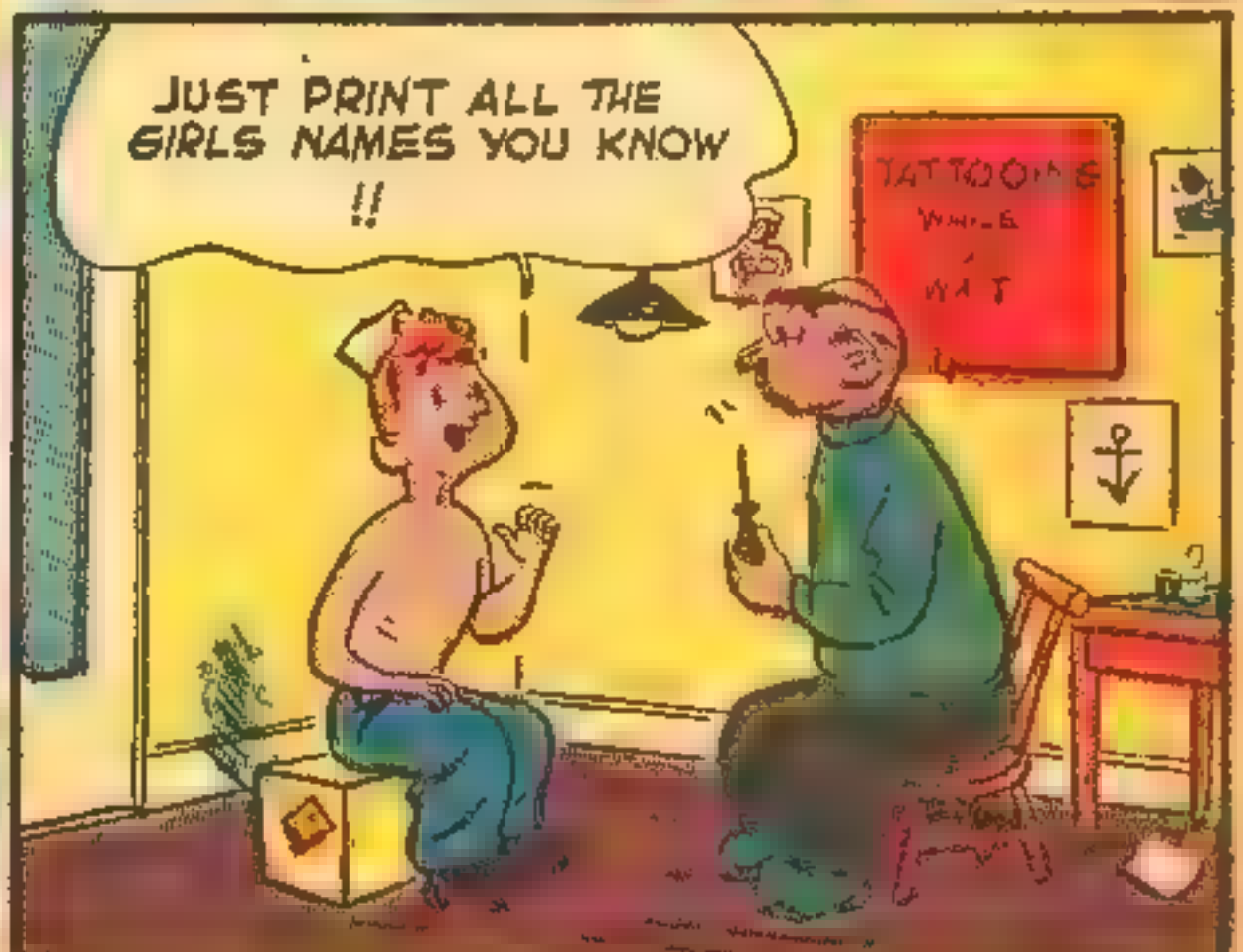
I'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT
ON MY SHORE LEAVE LATER!



HMM, LOOK AT ALL THOSE
TATTOOED NAMES. EVERY
SAILOR HAS LOTS OF
GIRLS!



JUST PRINT ALL THE
GIRLS NAMES YOU KNOW
!!



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

By JOSEPH SULMAN

FROM THE DEPTH OF THE UNDERWORLD RISES A NEW CRIMINAL, A MAN WHO DARES DEATH TO STRIKE ITS HARDEST.. AND LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY AT EACH SUCCESSIVE FAILURE? FOR ABNER JORKEN CANNOT DIE? NEITHER LEAD NOR STEEL, NEITHER ELECTRICITY NOR WATER CAN KILL THIS UNKILLABLE MAN?

NOW HE MEETS ZATARA AND IN WHAT MANNER THEY CLASH IS TOLD IN "THE CASE OF THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE!?"



IN THE CATSKILLS, DURING THE HUNTING SEASON, TWO MEN WANDER THROUGH THE WOODS...

WHAT A BEAUTY!
I'LL BRING HIM
DOWN!



MISSED!
AT THIS
DISTANCE,
TOO!

NO, NO! YOU
DIDN'T MISS.
YOU GOT HIM!



I SCRATCHED
HIS LEG!
SAY, THAT WASN'T
ENOUGH TO
KILL HIM,
WAS IT?

YES, INDEED!
YOU SEE, DEATH
DOES NOT RESULT
SO MUCH FROM
THE BULLET
AS IT DOES FROM
SHOCK!



EVEN YOU MUST HAVE HEARD HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO KILL CERTAIN ANIMALS. THEIR NERVOUS SYSTEMS ARE SO DULLED THAT THE SHOCK TAKES A LONG TIME TO REGISTER! IF THERE WERE NO SHOCK, THERE WOULD BE NO DEATH!

YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, DOC? COULDN'T YOU FIX A MAN SO THAT THIS SHOCK YOU SPEAK OF - WOULDN'T HAPPEN?

HMMM. IT MIGHT BE DONE. IT MIGHT BE.

HEREAFTER FOR LONG WEEKS DOCTOR MORRIS THATCHER WORKED WITH UNCANNY SKILL IN HIS SMALL CABIN IN THE WOODS...

IF I CAN DULL THE NERVE GANGLIA, I COULD BRING ABOUT A SUSPENSION OF FEELING. IN TIME, THIS WOULD DEFINITELY END ALL SHOCK!

ONE DAY ABOUT THIS TIME, ZATARA IS ON A WALK THROUGH THE SMALL FORESTS...

THAT HUNTER OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL! HE'LL HIT THAT DOG!

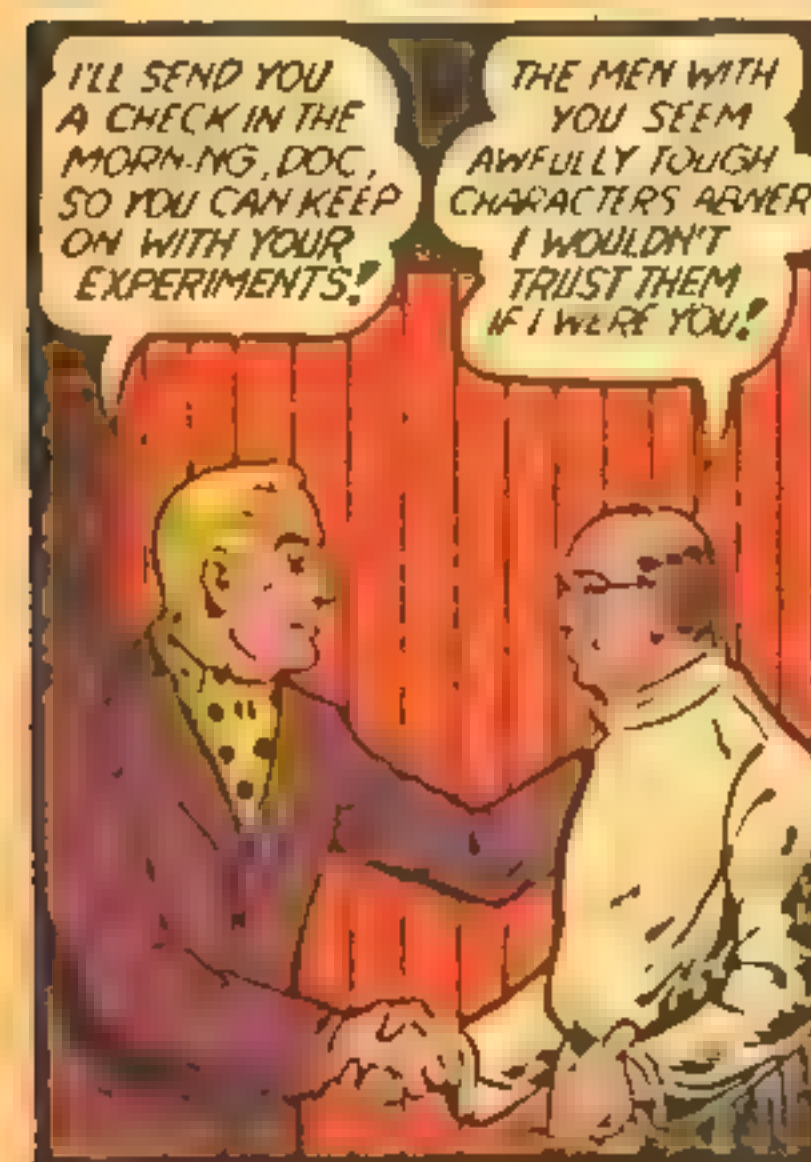
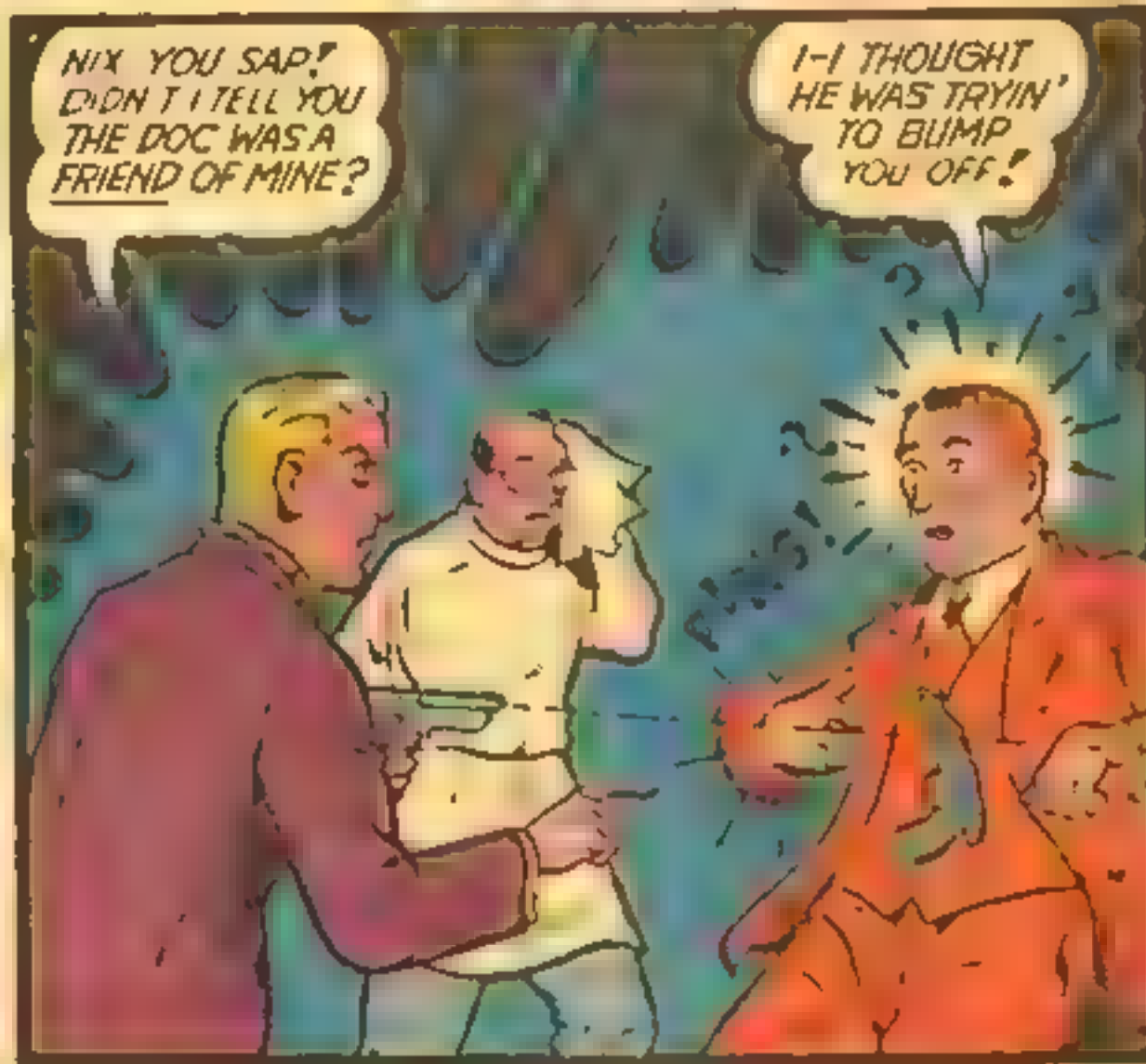
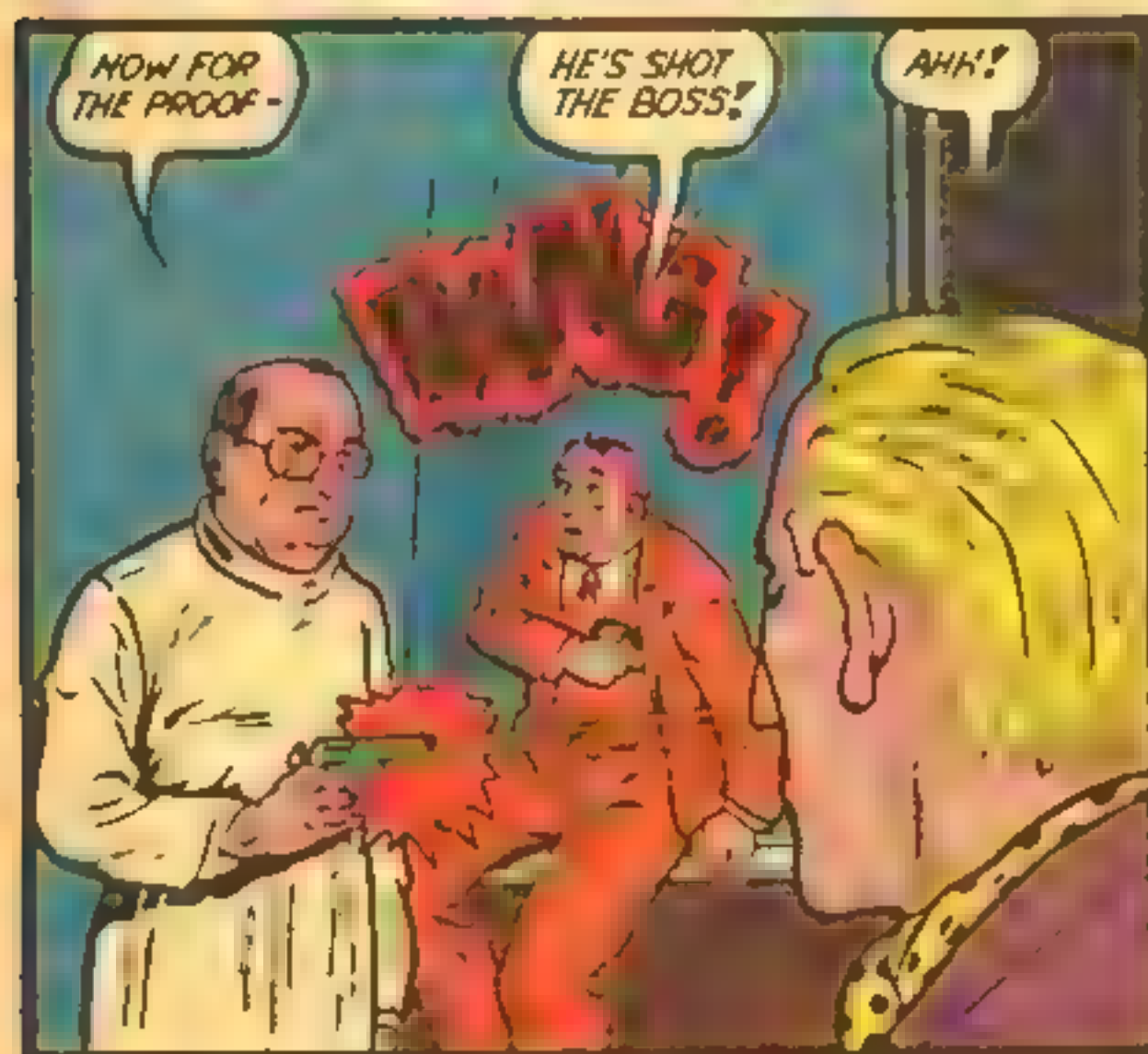
THE MAGICIAN WATCHES WITH AWED EYES AS THE BULLET PASSES THROUGH THE DOG, AND THE ANIMAL KEEPS RIGHT ON RUNNING!

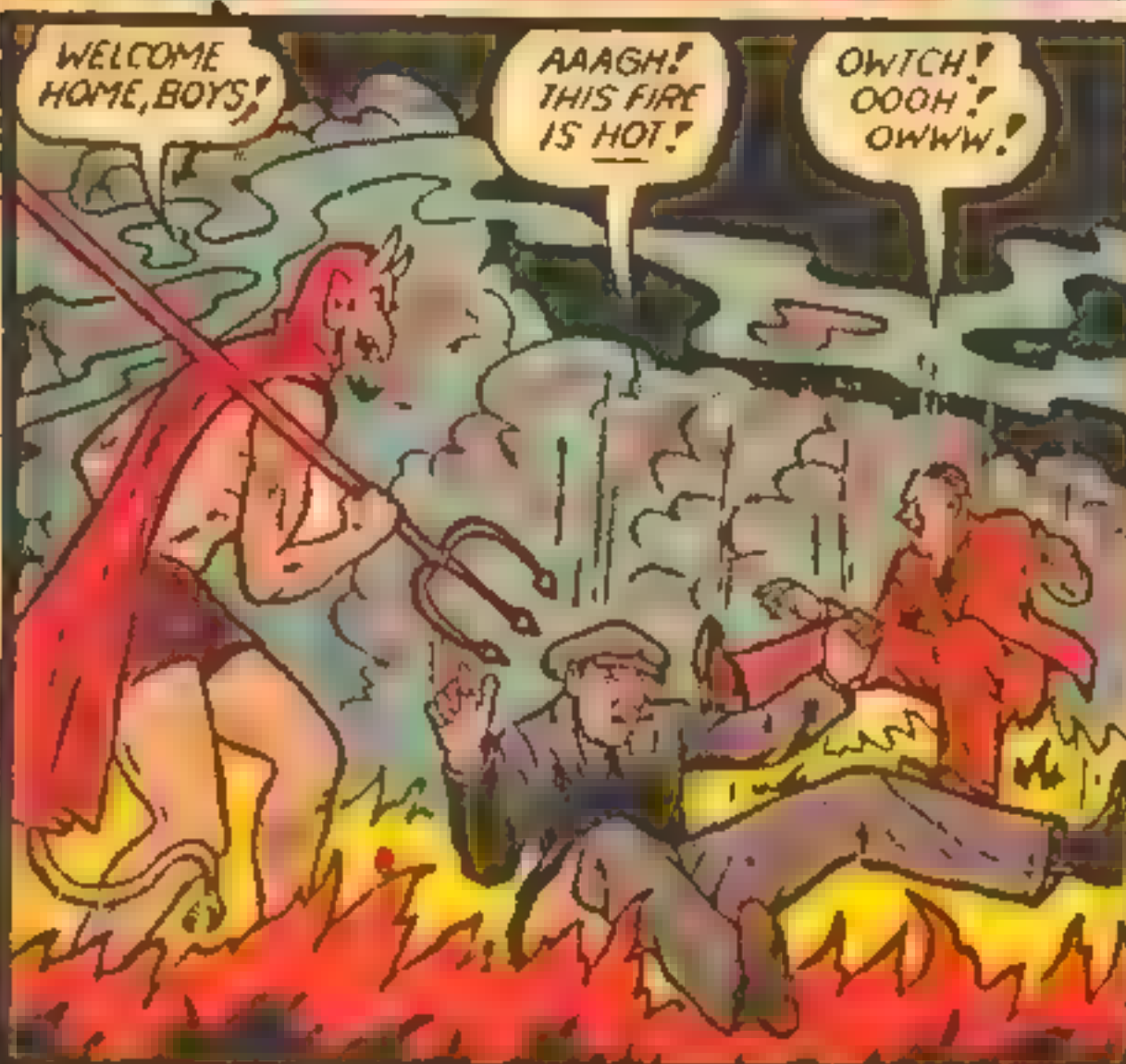
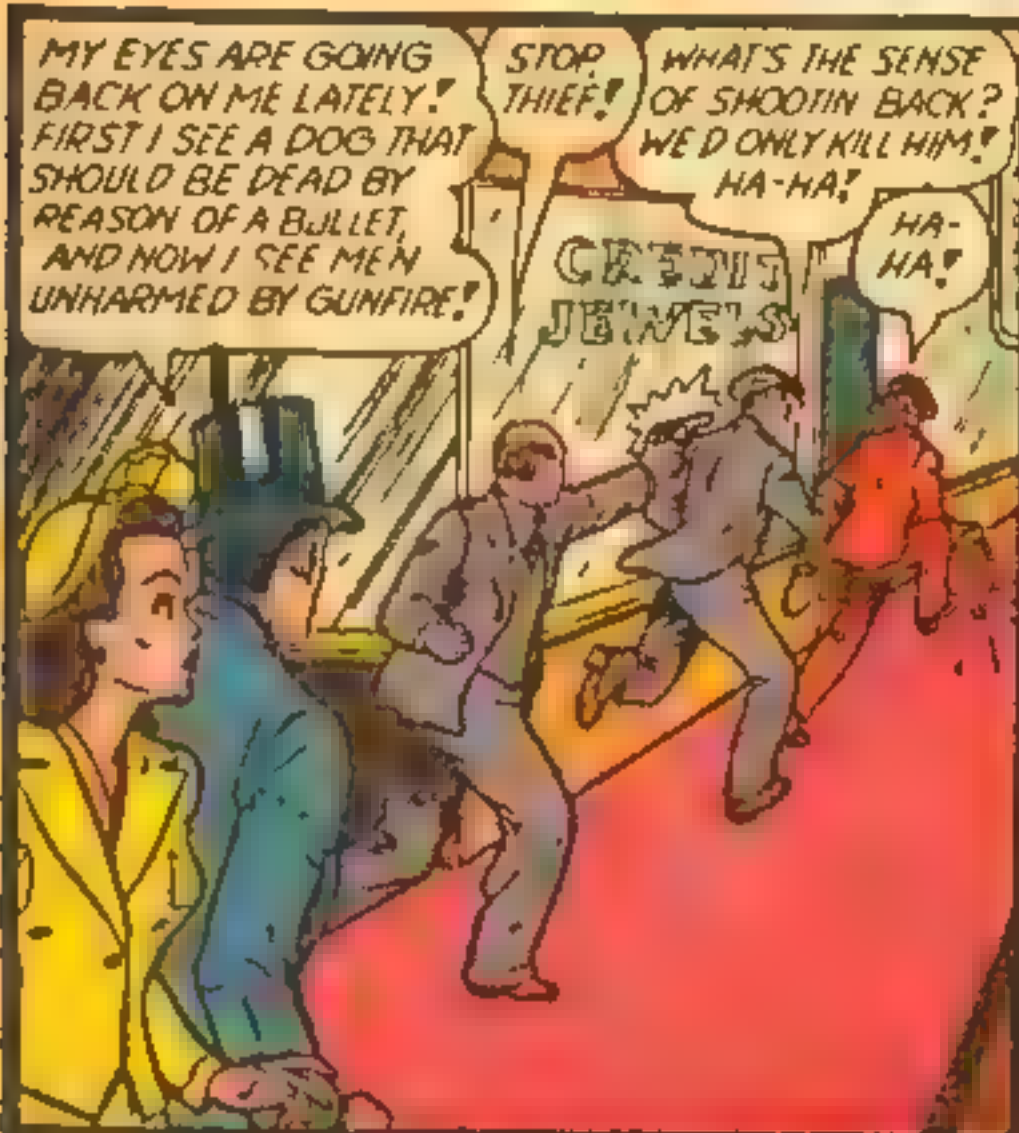
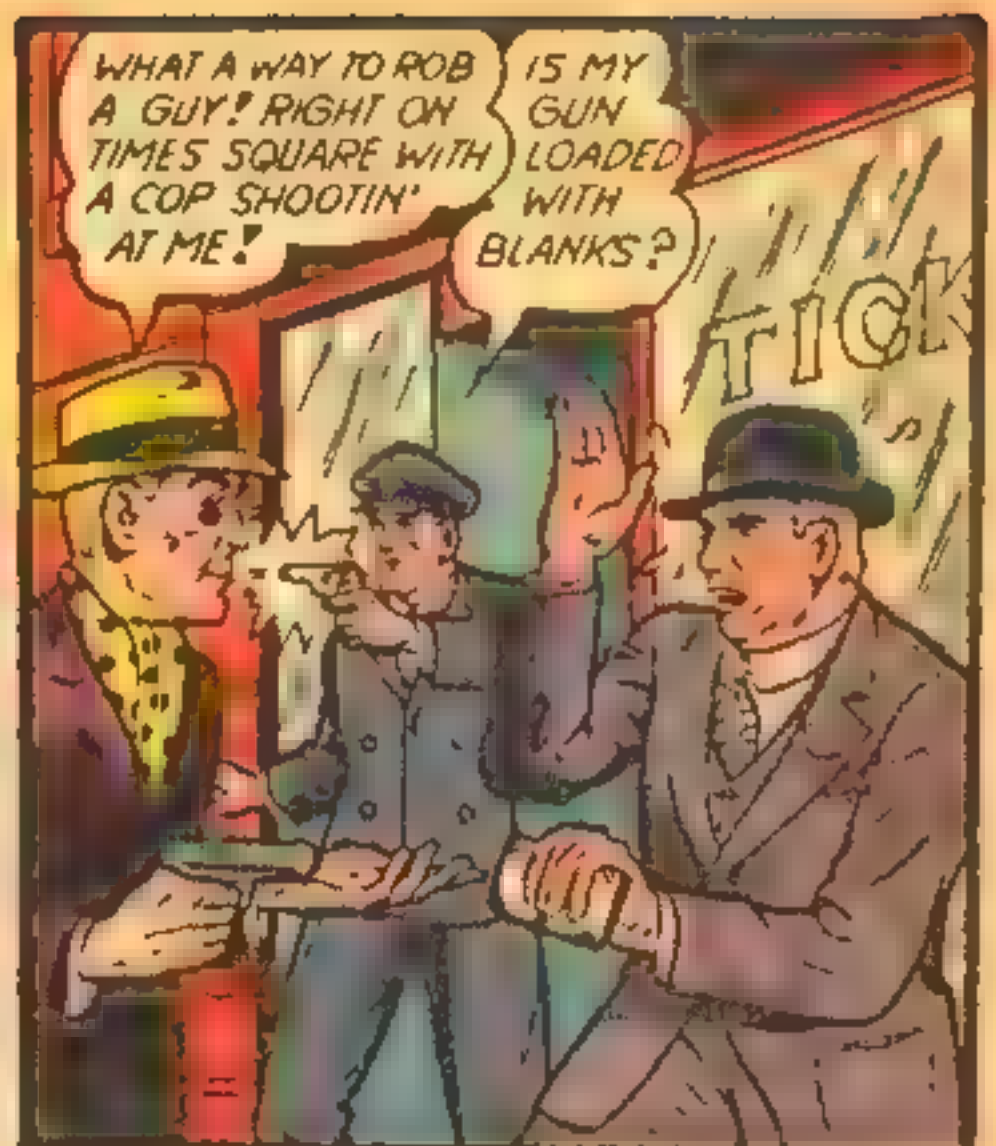
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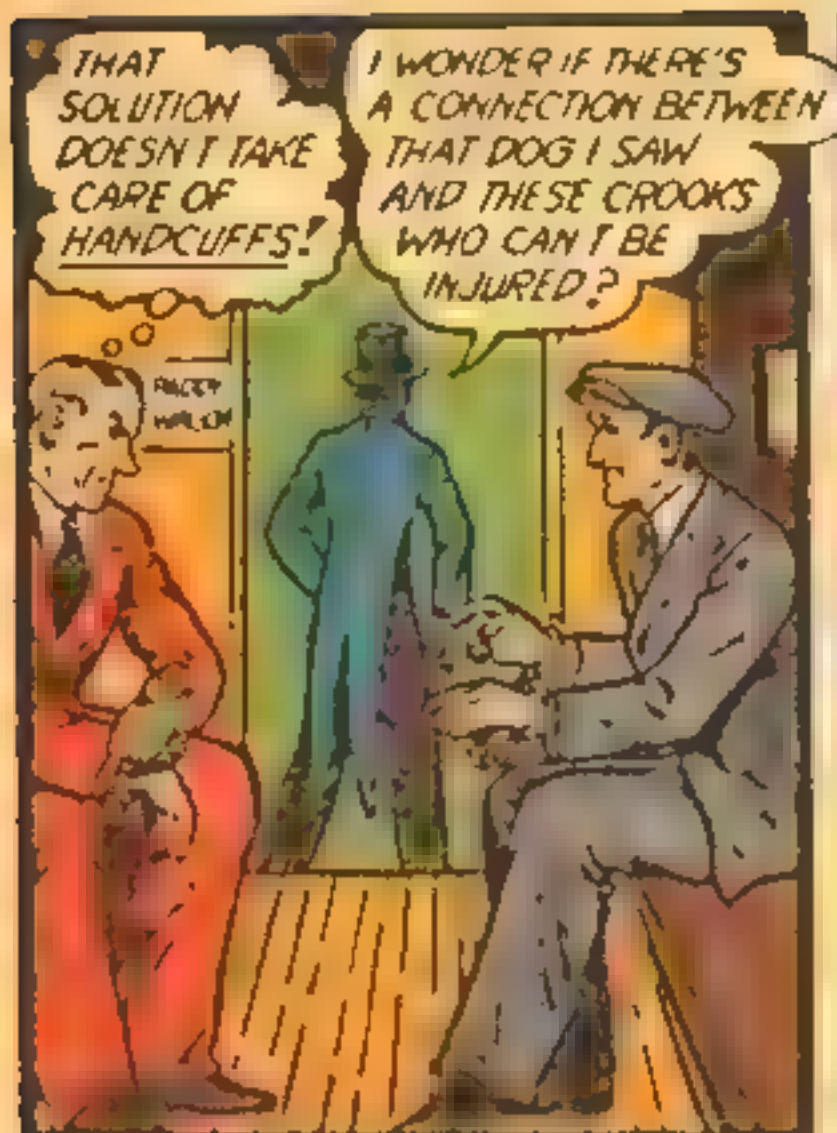
I KNOW THE BULLET HIT HIM! HE OUGHT TO BE DEAD - BUT ISN'T!

IN A LAVISH APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY ABNER JORKEN RECEIVES A TELEGRAM...

DOC'S HIT ON IT! IT'S A SUCCESS! BOYS I'M GOING TO GET INNOCULATED - AGAINST DEATH!









EB LEEHWNIPS!

SO YOU'RE THE ONE
THAT'S PLAYIN'
THEM TRICKS, EH?



DON'T MIND HIM.
HE'S SUFFERING FROM
JAZZY SPILLS!
NOW WHAT'S THIS
TALK ABOUT
A SOLUTION?

A FRIEND OF MINE
ABNER JWHEN
HAS BEEN IMMUNIZED
AGAINST DEATH!
HE EVIDENTLY
IMMUNIZED THESE
CROOKS TOO!



IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER
SEE JERRY AND WHO WOULD
BE BETTER TO LEAVE ME TO HIM
THAN MY FRIENDS HERE?
SNIER RAEPPA!

WHO DOES HE
THINK WE ARE?
DINNER AND BUTTER?



IF THE SHINING KNIGHT
HAS HIS WINKLED VICTORY
WHY CAN'T I HAVE MY
SINGED HICKORIES?

IS HE
TALKIN'
ABOUT US?

NIGHTMARES
AREN'T THEY?



HE ISN'T HOME YET!
HMM I WONDER IF
HE'S UP TO MORE
VILLAINY?



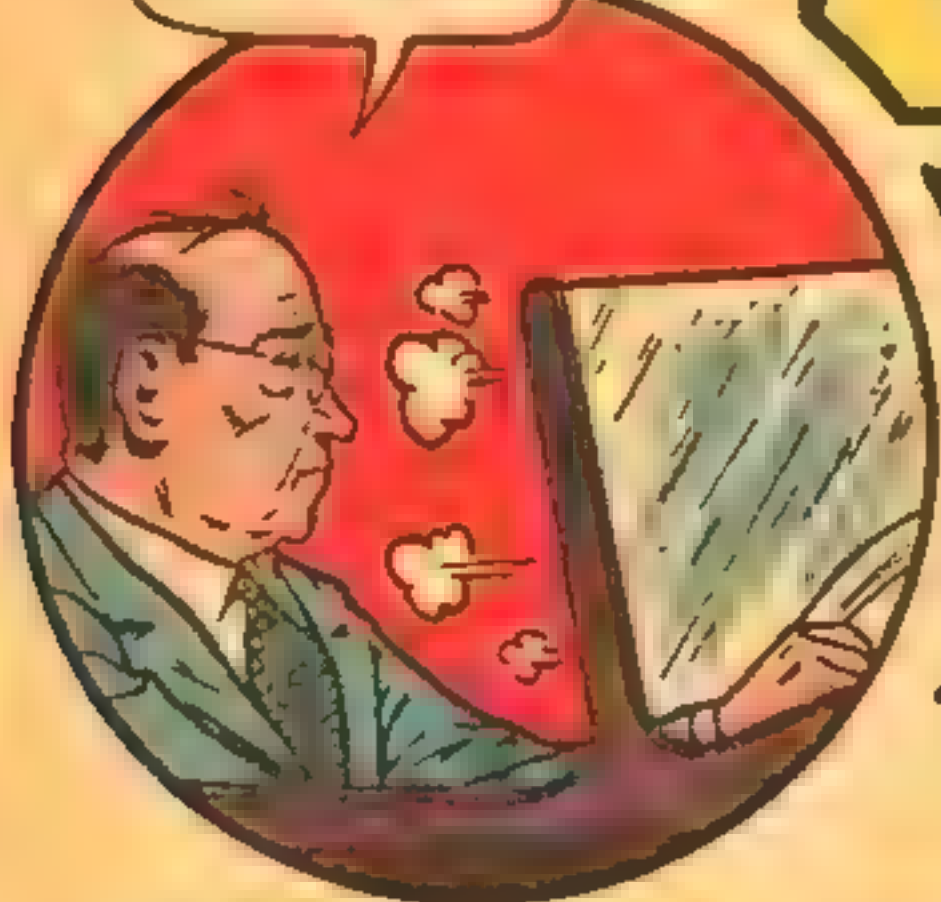
YLF RAEPPA!
FINE JERRY, HE'LL
TALK TO ME AND LET
ME KNOW
WHERE
HE IS!



THE DOG I TREATED WITH
MY SOLUTION--
THAT MEANS IT WEARS OFF!
I MUST GET TO ABNER AND
WARN HIM!

NOT REALIZING THE SOLUTION IS WEARING OFF, HE MAY BE KILLED BEFORE HE KNOWS HE IS VULNERABLE!

ABNER JORKEN GLOATS OVER HIS QUICKLY ACCUMULATED WEALTH.



I'M WEALTHIER THAN I THOUGHT I'D EVER BE! ONE MORE JOB, THEN I QUIT!

HAVEN'T WE GOT ENOUGH, BOSS?



I WANT ENOUGH EASY MONEY TO LIVE ON THE REST OF MY LIFE! I'M RETIRIN' YOUNG! THIS ONE JOB AND WE'RE THROUGH!

WHATEVER YOU SAY!



I GUESS I'M GETTIN' CHICKEN-HEARTED! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT AT ME, BOYS! I WON'T SHOOT BACK AT YOU!

ZATARA! ZATARA!



JORKEN IS AT THE UNION BANK!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



WHAT USE ARE THESE GUNS?!

WE HIT 'EM, BUT THEY JUST DON'T FALL DOWN!

UNION BANK AND TRUST CO.

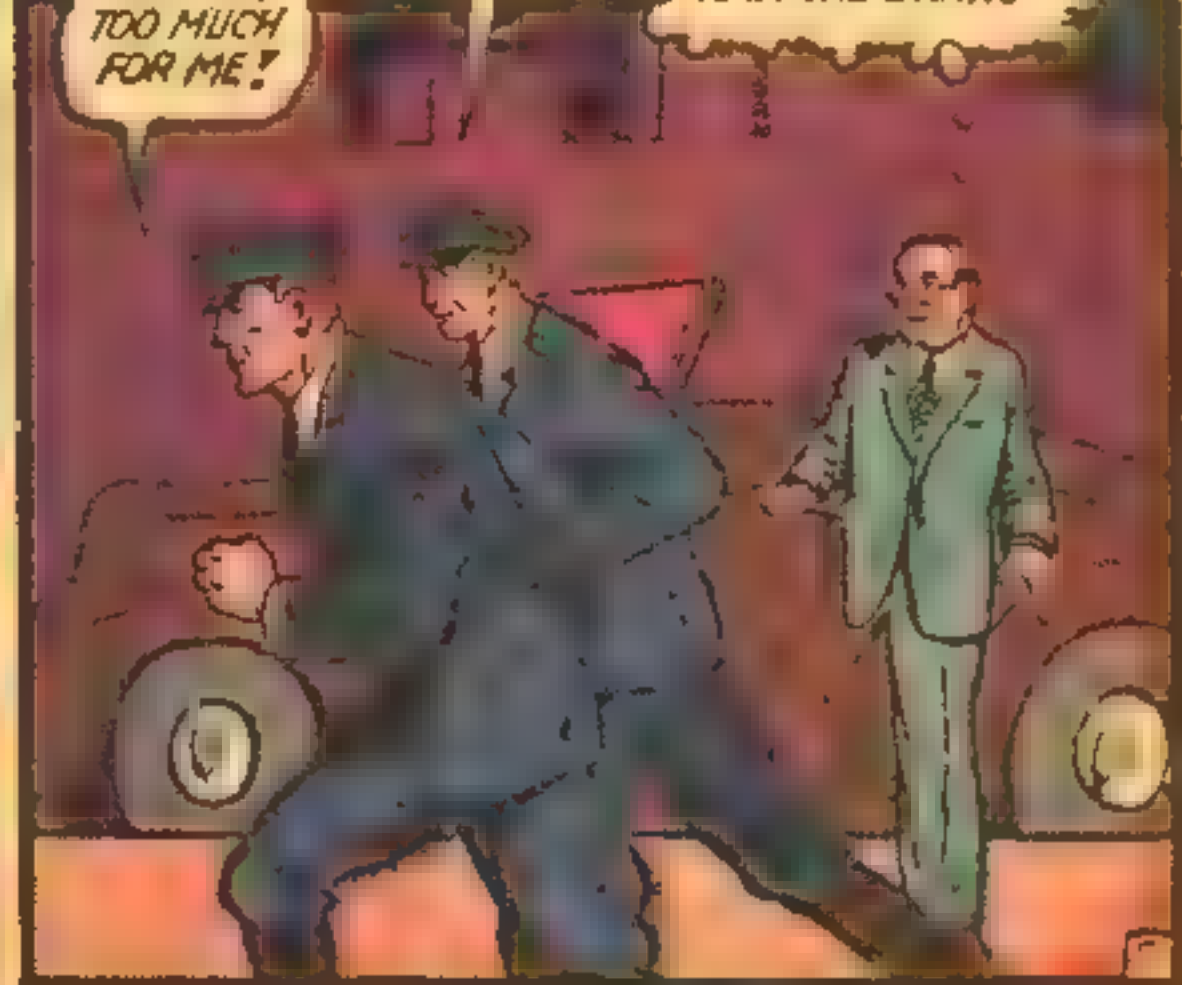


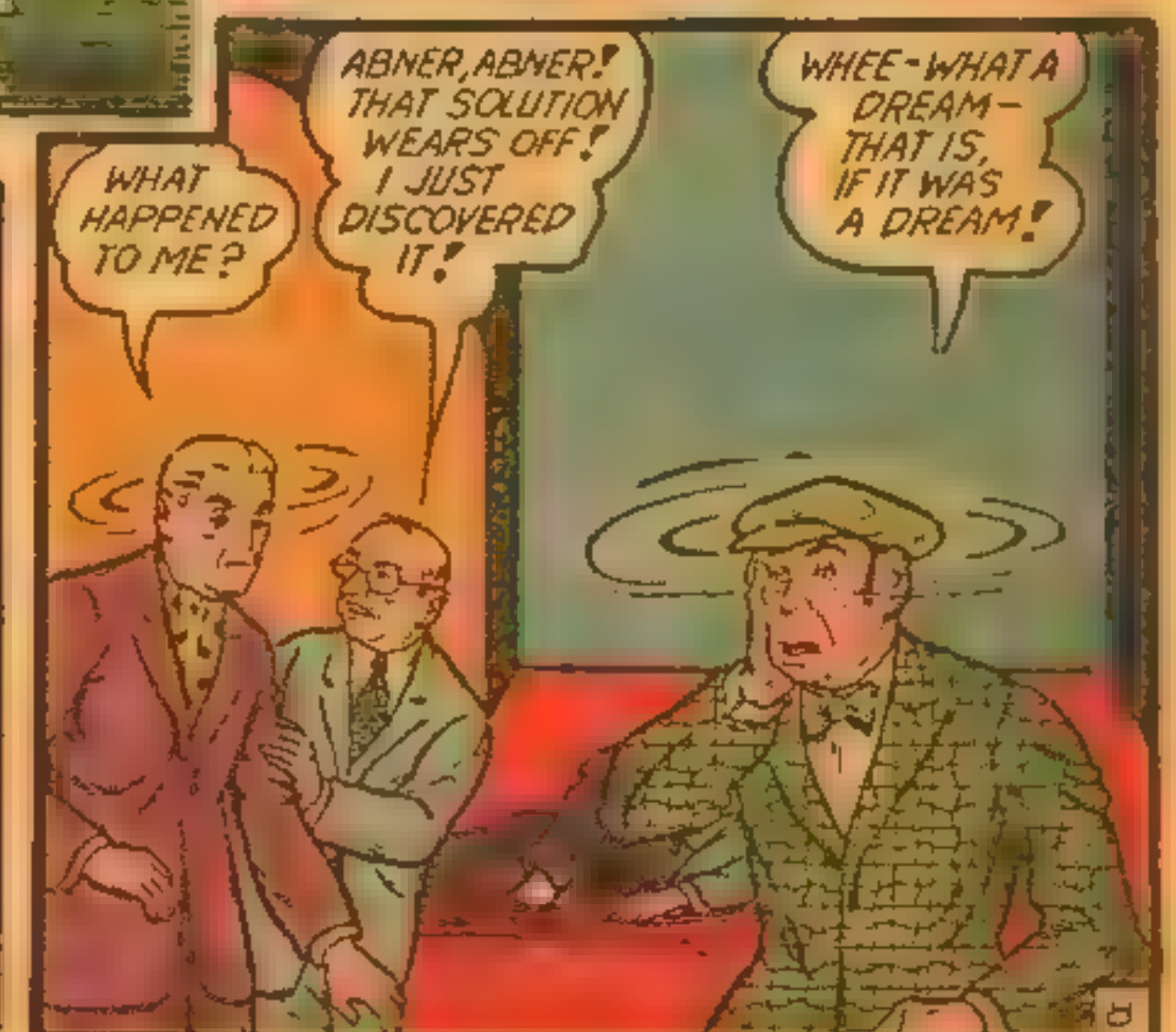
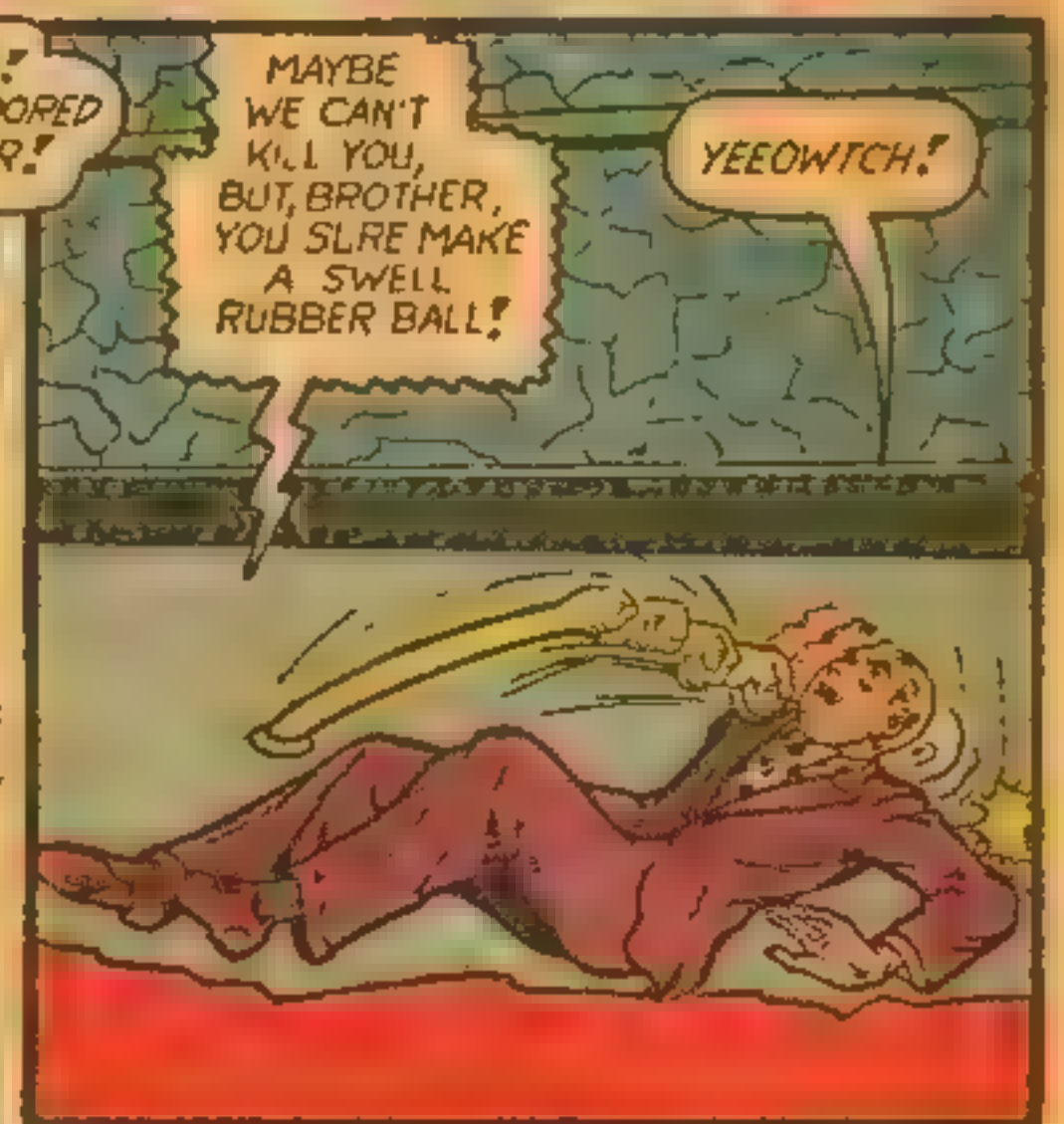
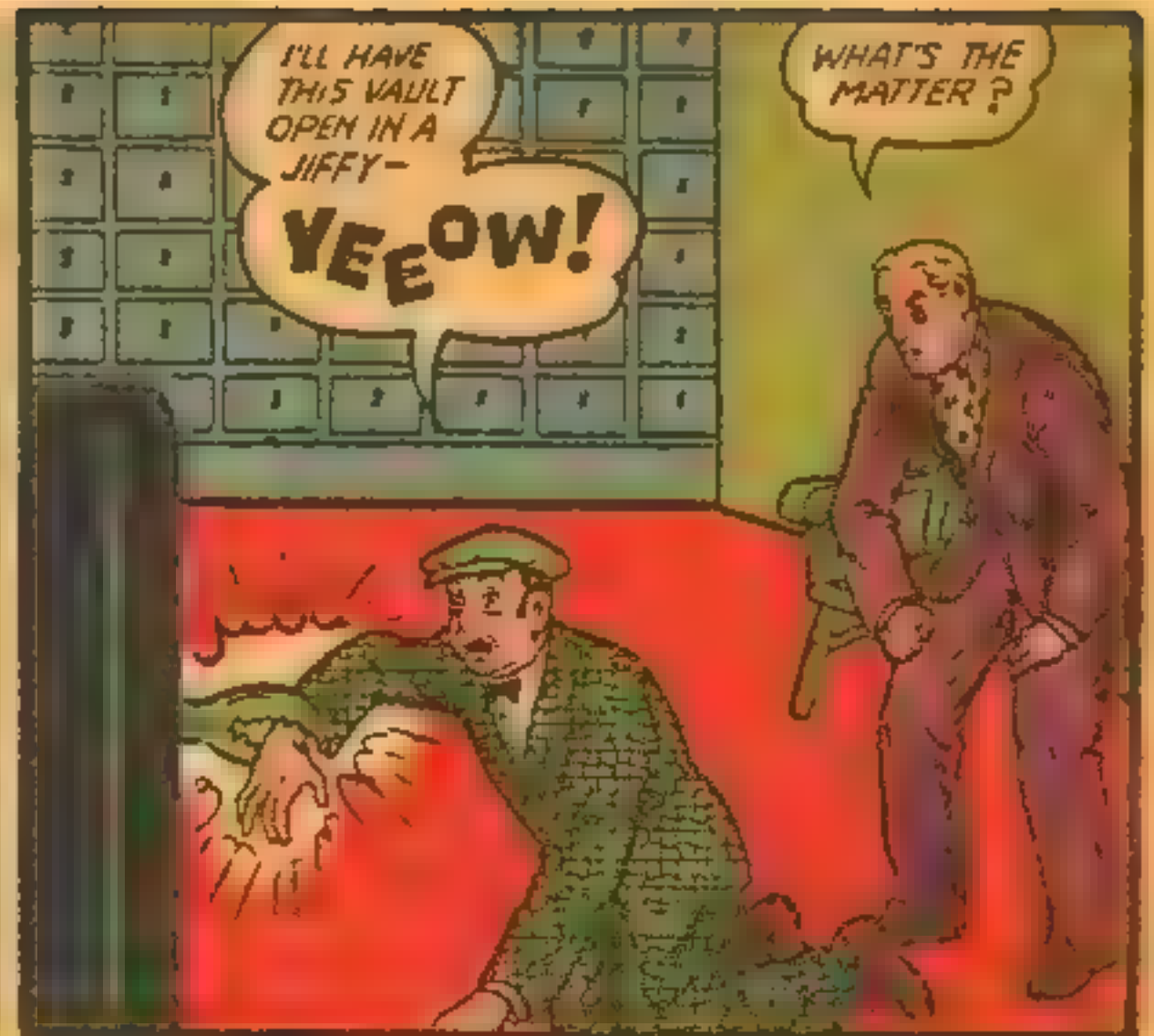
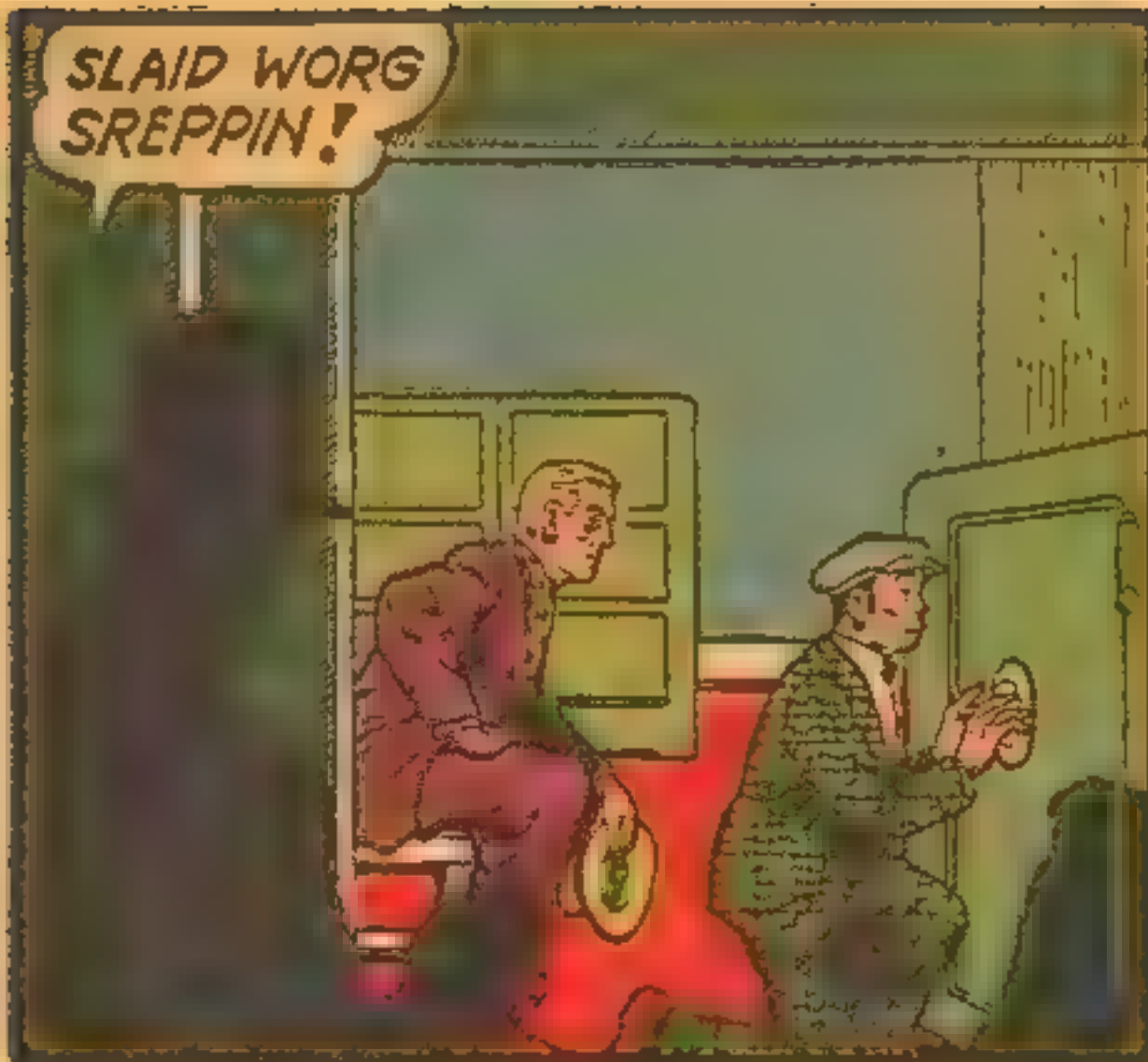
THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT!

THESE INDESTRUCTIBLE MEN ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME!

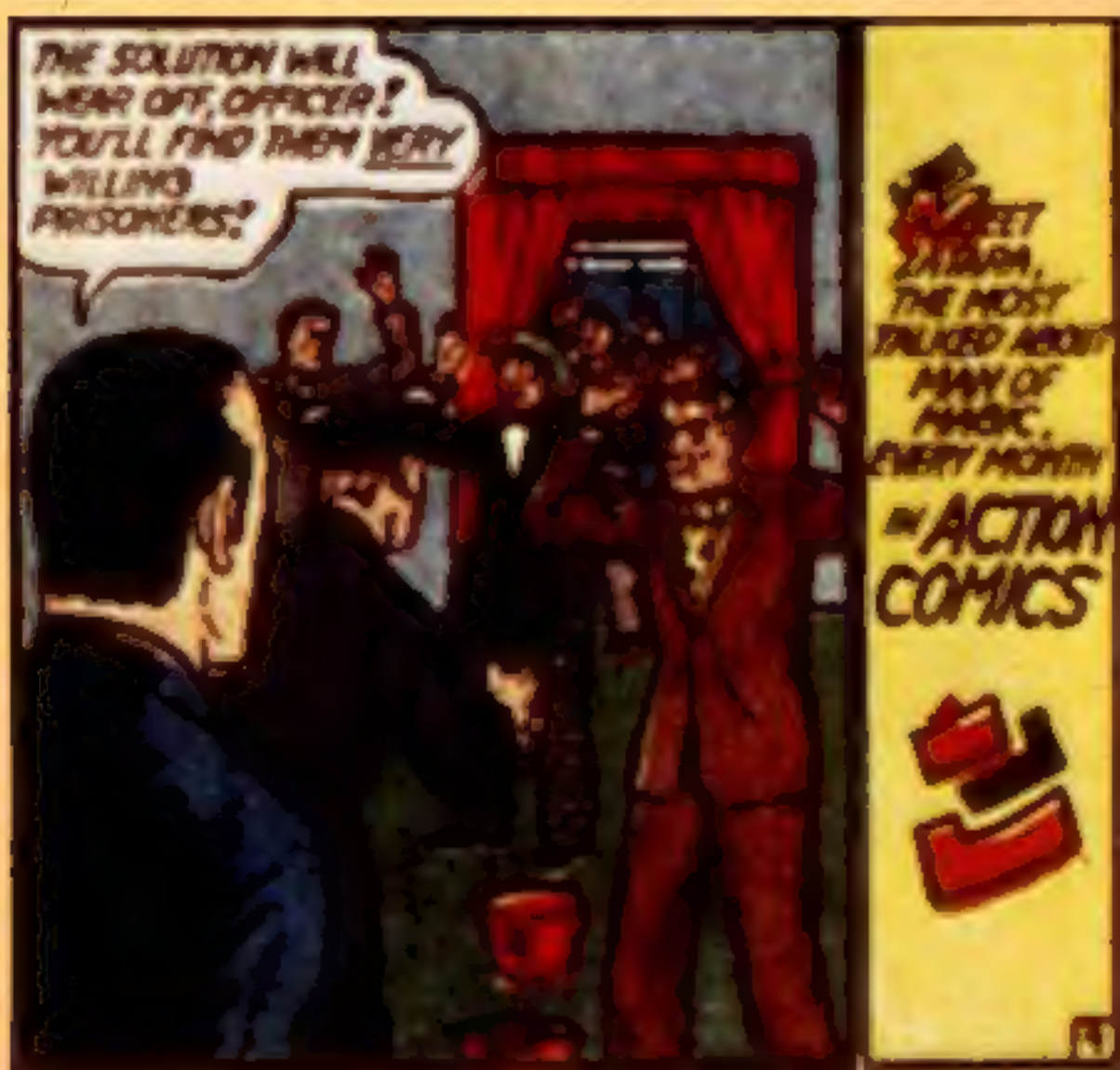
AND ME, TOO!

INDESTRUCTIBLE MEN? MAYBE-MAYBE ABNER IS IN THE BANK!









**ADVENTURE
THRILLS
ACTION!**



**LOOK
FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!**

NOW ON SALE

PRESENTING
the New DAISY

DEFENDER

1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 18-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer can't fit, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

Featuring

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming) ★
- DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down) ★
- AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on) ★
- FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE ★
- LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds) ★
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\$3

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THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



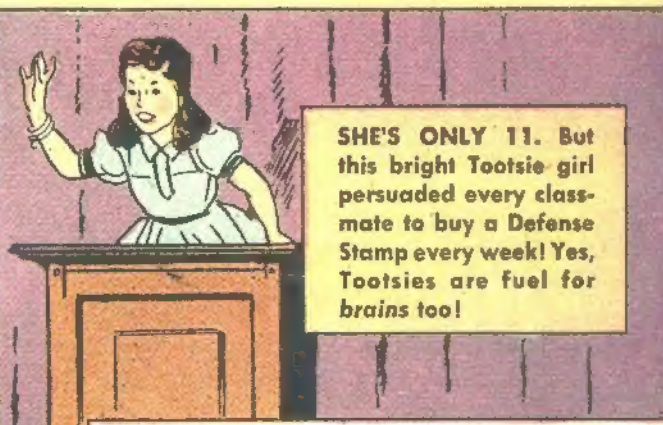
THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go...



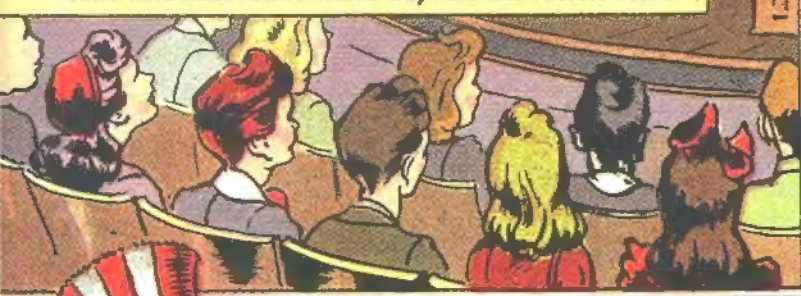
YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!



EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢